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THE SELECTED POEMS OF VICTOR HUGO

H.D.

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The Buckner Library Edition

Selected Poems

by

Victor Hugo

WITH ETCHINGS

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POEMS

THANKSGIVING

Odes, 5, XIV *Charles Matthew, M. A.*

My bark thou bring'st to port, safe from the stormy main,
My branches well-nigh dead have budded forth again;
I bless and thank Thee, Lord, for that life-giving breath,
Which kindled up the flame so nearly quenched in death.

An eaglet in its nest, on me the tempest broke,
A helpless fledgling then I fell from topmost branch of oak;
Dire sorrow's laws from earliest years I knew,
As sailing in my cot o'er stormy seas I flew.

For me life's lessons hard were learnt in childhood's hours,
Though lightning's flash from heaven will always spare the flowers.
A child without defence is Heaven's especial care,
The bitterness of tears it ne'er should have to bear.

Youth promised me with smiles, but promising
it lied,
A future full of love, of glory, and of pride;
But when my heart pursued these dreams so
fair and bright,
I woke to find myself encoffined in dark
night.

From home and brethren then an exile lone I
fled,
Calm, for my sorrow deep on no remorse was
fed.
I followed then from far each sad funereal
train,
Thinking the orphan's cry might wake the
dead again.

Turning my eyes to heaven, I crossed the deep
abyss,
Grieving to think that cruel fate had stolen all
my bliss;
From out my inmost thought the flame kept
rising higher,
And settled on my brow in burning tongues of
fire.

Of Patmos' isle in ecstasy I learned the fear
and dread,
Which now before, and now behind, over my
spirit spread.

My soul in truth was sad, my songs, once my delight,
Resembled now the voice of those that weep by night.

I saw without a sigh my happiness depart;
O Lord, I felt condemned to weariness of heart.
Along the desert path, I wandered all forlorn,
And yet I never cursed the day when I was born.

This is the truth which now to all the world I tell:
Emptied of self, I longed that I in heaven might dwell.
Praise God! When bleats the sheep, the lamb comes straightway home;
I call upon my Lord, and lo! my Lord is come.

To me He said: "My law can never heavy be
To thee, who in My steps dost follow faithfully.
Amongst the happy ones a bright robe thou shalt wear,
And wash thine hands from stain in innocency there.

"My life obscure from far I offer not to thee,
But in eternal light reflected thou shalt see
Of heavenly wisdom's course the pure and brilliant ray,
Brightening and shining more unto the perfect day."

An angel spreading now his wings above my heart
Said: "Orphan nevermore, but a dear friend thou art."
Each hour of every day by his side shines so bright,
That now the yoke is easy, and now the burden's light.

MOSES ON THE NILE

Odes, 4, III *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

"Sisters! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning; the reapers are asleep;
The river bank is lonely: come away!
The early murmurs of old Memphis creep
Faint on my ear; and hence unseen we stray,—
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn,
Save by the dewy eye-glance of the dawn.

"Within my father's palace, fair to see,
Shine all the arts, but oh! this river side,
Pranked with gay flowers, is dearer far to me
Than gold and porphyry vases bright and wide;

How glad in heaven the song-bird carols free!
Sweeter these zephyrs float than all the showers
Of costly odors in our royal bowers.

"The sky is pure, the sparkling stream is clear:
Unloose your zones, my maidens! and fling down
To float awhile upon these bushes near
Your blue transparent robes: take off my crown,
And take away my jealous veil; for here
To-day we shall be joyous while we lave
Our limbs amid the murmur of the wave.

"Hasten; but through the fleecy mists of morn,
What do I see? Look ye along the stream!
Nay, timid maidens—we must not return!
Coursing along the current, it would seem
An ancient palm-tree to the deep sea borne,
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous Pyramids.

"But stay! if I may surely trust mine eye,—
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Iris, wafted gently to the sighs
Of the light breeze along the rippling swell!
But no: it is a skiff where sweetly lies
An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
Looks as if pillowed on his mother's breast.

"He sleeps—oh, see! his little floating bed
Swims on the mighty river's fickle flow,
A white dove's nest; and there at hazard led
By the faint winds, and wandering to and fro,
The cot comes down; beneath his quiet head
The gulfs are moving, and each threatening wave
Appears to rock the child upon a grave.

"He wakes—ah, maids of Memphis! haste, oh, haste!
He cries! alas!—What mother could confide
Her offspring to the wild and watery waste?
He stretches out his arms, the rippling tide
Murmurs around him, where all rudely placed,
He rests but with a few frail reeds beneath,
Between such helpless innocence and death.

"Oh! take him up! Perchance he is of those
Dark sons of Israel whom my sire proscribes;
Ah! cruel was the mandate that arose
Against most guiltless of the stranger tribes!
Poor child! my heart is yearning for his woes,
I would I were his mother; but I'll give
If not his birth, at least the claim to live,"

Thus Iphis spoke; the royal hope and pride
Of a great monarch; while her damsels nigh,
Wandered along the Nile's meandering side;
And these diminished beauties, standing by

The trembling mother; watching with eyes wide
Their graceful mistress, admired her as stood,
More lovely than the genius of the flood!

The waters broken by her delicate feet
Receive the eager wader, as alone
By gentlest pity led, she strives to meet
The wakened babe; and, see, the prize is won!
She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
That knew no flush save modesty's till now.

Opening with cautious hands the reedy couch,
She brought the rescued infant slowly out
Beyond the humid sands; at her approach
Her curious maidens hurried round about
To kiss the new-born brow with gentlest touch;
Greeting the child with smiles, and bending nigh
Their faces o'er his large, astonished eye!

Hasten thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear,
Dost watch, with straining eyes, the fated boy—
The loved of Heaven! come like a stranger near,
And clasp young Moses with maternal joy;
Nor fear the speechless transport and the tear
Will e'er betray thy fond and hidden claim,
For Iphis knows not yet a mother's name!

With a glad heart, and a triumphal face,
The princess to the haughty Pharaoh led
The humble infant of a hated race,
Bathed with the bitter tears a parent shed;
While loudly pealing round the holy place
Of heaven's white throne, the voice of angel choirs
Intoned the theme of their undying lyres!

"No longer mourn thy pilgrimage below—
O Jacob! let thy tears no longer swell
The torrent of the Egyptian river: Lo!
Soon on the Jordan's banks thy tents shall dwell;
And Goshen shall behold thy people go
Despite the power of Egypt's law and brand,
From their sad thrall to Canaan's promised land.

"The King of Plagues, the Chosen of Sinai,
Is he that, o'er the rushing waters driven,
A vigorous hand hath rescued for the sky;
Ye whose proud hearts disown the ways of Heaven!
Attend, be humble! for its power is nigh:
Israel! a cradle shall redeem thy worth—
A Cradle yet shall save the widespread earth!"

THE MOON

L'art d'être grand-père,
3, IV *N. R. Tyerman*

"WHAT greedy little rascals!" mother cries;
"They long for all that meets their roving eyes,—
Cakes, cherries, apples, all must pleasure yield.
If they but hear a cow low in a field,
'Tis 'Quick! some milk!' They raise banditti's cries
If bags of bonbons look a likely prize;
And now they'd have the moon!"

Why not? I hate
The pettiness of those miscalled the great,
And love, amazed, the grandeur of the small.
Ah, yes! an infant's soul expands for all.
I'm lost in thought before such greed as sees
Worlds shadow-girt, and stammers: "If you please!"
If it were mine to give, indeed, yon moon
Should in a moment be my pet's bright boon.

I know not what they'd make of thee, 'tis true,
But yet, O moon, I feel thou art their due.
Thy heaven where Swedenborg still travels on,
Thy vast abyss with all its mystery wan,
I would entrust unto the children's care.

That sombre sphere still spinning through frore air,
With jagged craters no loud storm assails,
With solitudes of shadow and death, with vales
Blissful as Edens or like hells accursed,
And awful mountain-vistas light-immersed,
Methinks yon little kneeling ones would make
A holier place of for the angels' sake:
In it they'd place their love, their hope, their prayer,
And the vast, weird adventuress should bear
To God profound the thoughts of sweet small hearts.
When the child slumbers dream by dream departs
To holier realms than ours can ever reach.
A new child-faith unto the world I preach:
If little fearless darlings set their love
On something sparkling bright in heaven above,
I feel they ought to have it. That a sphere
Should be ruled over by a child is clear.
Ev'n our demerit masters many things.
Oh! what a lesson to astonished kings,
Seeing a world by infant-hands controlled!
To little angels crowned with locks of gold,
To them who'd blithely reign by love's sole sway,
I'd give vast worlds immersed in wondrous day;
Those, too, by darkling spirits blindly led,—
The enormous circle of the planets dread.

Why not? To them who have no thought of ill
The power is given to wield a world at will.
Yes! often when my thought gets free of earth,
Musing on innocent love's transcendent worth,
I deem there must be, in some heaven unknown,
Some angel grander than our dreams have shown,
Bidden by God, in some supreme sweet hour,
On souls of children gifts of stars to shower.

HANGMAN'S ROCK

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
I, XV — *C. E. Meetkerke*

THEY came to me and said: "Two brigs went down
Upon the rocks at Hangman's Hill last night."
I shook my finger at that murderous height
And answer'd them: "Your ghastly gibbets frown
Above the deep, and you would have the sea
Look upon human souls more pitifully.
You set a bad example, sowing death
Upon your hills, and in the self-same breath
You marvel that the rocks which man depraves
Should teach their savage secret to the waves."

THE SIESTA

L'art d'être grand-père,
2, I *David Tolmie*

SAFE sheltered from the noontide glare,
And noises of the busy day,
There sleeps, serene and free from care,
Jeanette, my child, tired out with play.

They, more than we, the dreamland need,
Those children fresh from Heaven's own smile;
The world is cold and bleak indeed
For gentle hearts that know no guile.

She seeks the angels and the fays,
Titania, Puck, and Ariel, too;
With cherubs she in fancy plays
'Mid sylvan groves and skies of blue.

Oh, great our wonder could we know
The hidden joys of that blest sleep;
What dazzling sights, what visions glow,
While watch her guardian angels keep!

Thus at the still meridian hour
When birds are mute and winds are stayed,
When e'en each fragile leaf and flower
Forgets to tremble in the glade,

Jeanette takes her siesta then,
And her mamma can also rest,
For nature wearies even when
We're helping those we love the best.

These tiny feet of roseate hue
Are resting like the peaceful soul;
The cradle lace of azure blue
Seems an immortal's aureole.

There looks to my enraptured sight
A rosy light amidst the folds.
I laugh, and sadness takes its flight;
A radiant star that cradle holds.

The cooling shadows round her creep,
The wind holds back and dares not blow;
When suddenly from out her sleep
Her eyes re-ope with morn-like glow.

Her lovely arms she first extends,
Then foot and foot with charming grace,
And now her mother o'er her bends,
And gazes on her darling's face.

She thinks of all the sweetest names
To call her for her own dear sake,
And then, 'twixt smiles and tears, exclaimed:
"You horror! there you are awake!"

THE POOR CHILDREN

L'art d'être grand-père,
15, V *David Tolmie*

Of little children take fond care,
God is within them, they are great.
For they have breathed a purer air
As stars in the celestial state.

He in His goodness sends us those,
Endowed with messages of love;
Their sunny laugh His wisdom shows,
Their kiss His pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad,
For theirs is happiness untold;
The angels weep when they are sad;
The heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's pure soul
To vicious man alone is due,
Who holds the angels in control;
Oh! what a blot on heaven's blue.

God looks upon those children dear
Whom He has sent us while we slept,
He sent them clad in kingly gear,
How oft in rags and tears they're kept!

ONWARDS

Les contemplations, 5, III *Dean Carrington*

["Sir: When you were a child I used to see you at your revered mother's house, and indeed we are somewhat related, unless I am mistaken. Your first odes, 'La Vendée,' 'Louis XVII.,' etc., I praised; but since 1827, when your ode called 'A la Colonne' was written, you have forsaken those wholesome doctrines and abjured legitimacy. The liberal faction clapped their hands at your apostasy—I deplored it. You to-day are a pure demagogue in the full current of Jacobinism. Your anarchical speech on the affairs of Gallicia was more fit for the benches of a convention than for the tribune of a Chamber of Peers. You are now actually joining in the Carmagnole! I tell you you are ruining yourself! What are you now aiming at? Since those honorable days of your youth, what have you done, and whither are you bound? . . ."]—THE MARQUIS DU C D'E., *Letter to Victor Hugo*, PARIS, 1846.

I

MARQUIS, with my loved mother, many a day
You spent, and would my lessons hear me say.
You always brought me bonbons nice and rare,
And while there were "My Lords," we cousins were.
You were old, I was young: and by your knees
You took me, and 'twixt two antistrophes
In praise of kings and Coblentz you would tell
Stories of wolves, of rustics punished well;
Of ogres, Jacobins, all true and grave,
And which I swallowed with the sweets you gave;
And with good appetite devoured all
When I was yet a royalist . . . and small.

I was a gentle child, a good man's seed:
When simple, truthful, credulous, indeed
Upright and pure, my eyes to fancy wide,
In lisping tones my earliest rhymes I tried,
Marquis, you found them somewhat rough, you said
(You in the Graces' grotto being bred)—
"Still . . . 'Tis not bad . . . You're born to fill a place,"
And, sacred thought—bright beamed my mother's face,
When greeting you—still clings to memory
My mother's tone: Morn! April! fleeting joy!
Where is that smile, that voice that so could please?
All fled away, as do the leaves of trees.
O kisses of a mother! my sad brow
Is still the same, though deeper shaded now.
No kisses there, but numerous wrinkles show.

And you were witty, Marquis.—High or low,
Luck or ill luck, with easy soul you met;
Rich, poor, the page of Marie Antoinette.
As emigré, at that uncertain date
Well did you bear the heat and frost of fate.
You hated Rousseau, but Voltaire you loved;
Pigault-Lebrun, your polished taste approved.
Diderot you voted to the pillory,
And much detested Madame Dubarry,

While Gabrielle d'Estrée you pronounced
divine—
Not more than she, who did in letters shine
De Sevigné, sweet dame, was moved to see
Bleach 'neath the moon, and dangle from the
tree
'Mid yellow leaves, rocked by the winds and
blown,
Rustics hung up by the good Duke of Chaulnes.
Did you take care for villagers beat down
By force, or for the poor ill-treated clown?
Ere eighty-nine, incendiary gay,
You wore your sword after the sprit-sail way;
Your velvet back with powder whitened o'er—
With light and heavy step you crushed the
poor.

Though the old wrongs did you no injury.
Young, you had in you all nobility:
Bright spirits! Montmorency, Choiseul,
Noailles,
With courteous honor of a lover's broil,
Sulks and caresses—Titus—Berenice.
Your youth the Revolution seemed to please;
You followed in the wake of Talleyrand—
Sphinx whom you thought quite plain to
understand.
When he was christened you were standing near.
And joyous called the babe "You pretty
dear!"

Protest, Ligne, Fronde, Reform, or Deficit,
You knew not greatly what to make of it.
You fairly clapt your hands when Lafayette,
Leviathan, in baby linen set;
Next, panic-struck when blazed the torches round,
In tiger Mirabeau, you beauty found.
And you at evening near your hearth that blazed;
While Paris from her breast the Bastille razed,
While all St. Antoine in its sabots sped,
And the great people, as from tombs the dead
Sprang forth amazed from its long-borne disgrace
While six October, twenty June took place,
And August ten, you sang some trifling air,
Which Boufflers simpered to the lightning's glare.

For you, at first, were of the purblind band
Who France, night, tide, did nothing understand,—
Who laughed as if all this were harmless sport,
Who,—the heaped plaints, by roaring ages wrought,
And haggard men, deemed but a noisy pack;—
And, to the crowds, to famine, and attack
Lightly gave drawing-room riddles to be guessed:
And when fierce storms all the black skies possessed,

When crouched on threshold of dark mystery
The Revolution watched terrific nigh:
Sceptic, unskilled her savage eye, to trace
Her claws! or through the night her unknown face—
The unshaped darkness—mocked with jests and winks;
And bandied riddles with th' enormous sphinx.—
You said—Ill luck, beggars dissatisfied
Went mad. Too late to stop the flood we tried.
Some bargain would have saved the whole, may be,
Mayn't freedom well consist with monarchy?
Subjects, to save the throne were a grand thing!
Then you grew sad and gloomy muttering
The wisest could not save that good old throne:
All's dead; great kings! that Paris! Babylon!
Montespan, Marly, Maintenon, St. Cyr!
You wept.—Good God! could they the crash defer?
Those men who wished—with forms of rule and sure
Wrongs we blushed over, laws that galled us sore,
The nation, right divine, old codes, old use,
To fit on Revolution kingly shoes?
The lion's paw, this crazy slipper burst.

II

Then you lost sight of me.—A wind dispersed
Our days, our reason, hearts, and destinies,
To the four corners of the livid skies.
Each in his darkness sought some light to find,
And on my first was graft my second mind.
Aye the same stem, with other bloom and leaf,
Combats I well have known, and toil and grief,
False friends, those ties soon truly serpents styled,
Borne loss on loss, and works on works have piled.
Having forgotten you—I nothing hide—
Lo, Marquis! in my house I hear a stride—
'Tis yours; a voice, 'tis yours.—And me you name
Apostate, who th' Apostle's title claim.
'Tis you indeed, by fear to fury wrought.
Old goose! The Marquis by the Terror caught,
Half swallowed by the hydra, scolds and calls.

Time having 'twixt us kept his intervals,
Which makes the old to count as children still
Grown men; moreover, seeing me but ill,
You cry with haggard eyes, and anger red:
"Ah, see the rogue who from his side has fled!"
With fist you show, not finger, on the wall,
Your kindred. And my mother's faith recall.

I kiss your cold feet, O my mother dead!—
Then you, shame, anarchy, rebellion, said,
Detested age where none will quiet stay.
And next—the why and how you bid me say.
And stirring the still dead who sleep in night,
Robespierre, Charette, Lambese, and Marat cite.
You tell me in a tone replete with gall,
"The knave's a Jacobin, a Liberal.
Hoarse with the people's songs his voice resounds
Why look at me across the wall that bounds?
Whence came? where go you? why this boldness shown?
What's happened since I saw you?"
"I have grown!"

What? 'cause 'mongst men my cradle chanced to be,
Who, Hell, Gomorrah, Sodom, could but see
Beyond the ancient customs, the old faith;
What? Because once my mother saved from death
Twelve priests in Vendée in a single day.
Because in childhood 'neath ancestral sway
I only knew at first the lesson set,
A bird caught in the past as in a net;
Ere I could 'scape and to the forest go,
My feathers in my cage were forced to grow.

Because I wept; and who can say—weep yet?
O'er the poor little boy, "Louis dix sept."
Because when young with but false lights to guide,
Vendée my sight engrossed, and France could hide;
Because I Breton heroism praised,
Chouan o'er Marceau, Stofflet o'er Danton raised,
Because great rustics, hid great men from me,
And I misread the age where now we be;
Because I lisped in songs of Royalty?
Am I then clenched to imbecility?
Shall I cry, back! to thought, my age, and sense?
Not so, good sooth! unblushing dotard, hence!
In trees shall I mere water sprinklers find?
In Nature's bosom, in life's storm and wind
Shall I exist by ignorance enthralled,
In Loriquet, Laharpe, entombed and walled?
To be, yet not to live—look—yet not see—
And when night comes must the sky seem to me
Spangled with fleur-de-lys, and not with stars!

III

E'en in his church, the king masks God, and bars
Heaven's sight! . . .

IV

Now listen. I have lived and dreamt—
A life of tears has brought enlightenment.
You held my cradle in your hands and made
My thought, and to my brain your thoughts
conveyed;
Alas, you were the axle, I the wheel,
And, what of God, of truth, of right to feel,
Of all the lights our reason brings to view,
You and your like (and I forgive it you,
Marquis) had led my footsteps quite astray.
I aimed awry. But I retrieved my way.
Thought is the right, man's life supremely
needs,
God takes him by the hand, a child, and leads
To Nature's school, which in the fields, the
wood,
He founds, to give each man the spirit's food.
I've thought, I've dreamt by seas, by grassy
roads,
And the first furies, of my beardless odes,
As I marched on, fell back themselves from
sight.
Nature became my terror and delight.
Yes, at the time you made my lyre untrue,
Marquis! I learnt to read in spite of you,
In that vast hieroglyphic, Nature's world,
Where fields their pages to my eyes unfurled.
That bible as a child I learnt to spell,
Where strangely mix the lovely and the fell.

Book writ upon the sky, the sea, the land,
With flower, and wind, and star, which in its hand
Creation, statue-like, holds up to sight.
Prodigious poem! Where the storm, to-night
Adds fear, and ocean makes infinity.
Afield, 'neath some vast sacred oak placed high,
I was more strong, more gentle, and more free,
And with the world felt my soul more agree.
I sought to know, dazed, trembling, colorless,
If when the dark says No, the sun says Yes,
To seize the sense of phrases dark, I sought,
Beneath my eyes by shape and number wrought.
Throughout I saw life, love, space, liberty,
God everywhere—but nowhere royalty.

Nature's a play where many persons move:
There did I live and listen. This can prove
Birds, flowers, streams, and eve about to set.
Then I learnt man;—another alphabet.

Evil seemed to me happy, strong, robust,
Triumphant; I but thirsted to be just.
And as a highway robber you arrest,
Stern judge, I collared then the human breast,
And said: Why all this envy, hate, and strife;
And I the pockets emptied out of life,

And found there, mourning, want, and weary sweat.
I've seen the wolf accuse the lamb he eat.
Truth halting, lies careering, high and haught,
Stones cast from every side, at every thought.
Alas, I've seen of right, and wrong, the reigns:
Christ, Socrates, Columbus, Huss in chains;
For prejudice to thorns which in a wood,
You break to pass, is like. The multitude
Harks back, and wounds, while one you trample low.
Woe to Apostles, and to tribunes woe!

With care they kept true history from my sight.
I read! and day compared with the black night—
The Ninety-three with St. Bartholomew;
For Ninety-three, which you with horror view,
Which was to be, yet ne'er shall be again,
'Twas the blood tints which early morning stain;
For revolutions, which revenge fulfil,
Eternal good produce from fleeting ill.
These revolutions are the evidence
Of horrors through long years become intense.
When sufferance has attained lugubrious size;
When tyrants long have turned on human cries
The lower empire and the middle age,
And north and south in noxious union rage;

When history nought but one vast graveyard shows,
Crecys and Rosbachs fed upon by crows;
When foot of villains reigns, and bows the head
Of poor man, in the trough with cattle fed;
When at this Babel's either end we spy
The eleventh Louis with his hangman by,
And the fifteenth, with his vile harlotry,
Harem for prince, gallows for minister;
When all flesh groans, and Heaven, now sinister,
Sees human grass downtrod, its term has reached,
And bones enough have on the gibbet bleached;
When Jesus' blood falls vainly drop by drop
For eighteen hundred years, nor crimes can stop;
When ignorance does e'en the future blind,
And being able nought to seize or find,
Hope is no more but a small part of man;
When by all plagues consumed, and gaunt and wan;
When everywhere are wars and enmities,
Then suddenly one day uprise—uprise
The plainings by the wretched spectre made,
Grief the fell giant, vast, unmeasured shade
Starts forth. A cry from height to height is flashed.
The social worlds are 'gainst each other dashed.

All the dread hulks of pariah arise,
Whips, fetters, swords, affront the ears, the eyes;
Murder, sobs, hunger, howlings of abuse,
Noises of all the past in hell let loose.
God slips the populace, the tocsin fell
Shakes with its rope, and hoarse sepulchral knell.
The church, the palace. So to ruin bring
Luther the pope, and Mirabeau the king.
The whole is said, thus old worlds crumbled are.
The time is come! Floods roll unheard afar,
And across rumors, corpses, mourning, foam,
And mountain tops, which sunken rocks become,
The ages, in despair, before them drive
These revolutions, tides that whelm and rive,
Oceans which human tears create, expand.

V

'Tis kings who made these gulfs, but the same hand
Which sowed the seed, shrinks from the crop that grows.
The sword, rebellion names the blood which flows.

This history taught me. Yes, in single fight,
My reason killed my love of kings outright.

This made me Jacobin : what could be said ?
The Louis tail, of which you loved the head,
Scared me. In following free the forward path,
Advancing, well, I know I pain your faith,
Your creed, that cause which deathless seems to you,
Your ancestors, codes, gods, your flannels too,
And of your good old bones ne'er formed to try
And tire, that rheumatism, royalty—
'Tis vain, despite gold stick and such like things,
As owning men, I can't believe in kings,
And not believing—as I feel I speak.
Aurelius wrote—" I erred the other week ;
But seeking right and truth, I ne'er allow
My former faults to bar my passage now."
I but an atom ; yet like him have done.
Marquis ! these twenty years, one thought alone
Has filled my soul, the human cause to serve.
Life is a sessions. At whose bar, observe !
The weak are coupled with those steeped in crime.
I have in books, in plays, in prose, in rhyme
Fought for the small, the wretched, early, late,
Before the ruthless and the fortunate.
Raised up, of clowns and actors all the tribe,
Friboulet, Marion, all whom men proscribe—

The lackeys, convicts, prostitutes; and glued
My mouth to every soul by curse pursued,
As children do, angels with golden hair—
On dying flies, their vigor to repair.
I've bent o'er every tottering thing and weak.
Kind; I did universal pardon seek,
And as I angered many people so,
While some perhaps said: "Thank you" from below,
I often gathered, soaring in the cloud,
The savage dark applause of hisses loud.
I claimed for woman and for child their right.
And tried, while warning men, to give them light.
To read, to write, to learn was all my cry,
Absorbing hulks by schools, my remedy.
For me the guilty were but witnesses,
Hoping all progress:—Greater, I confess,
The brain of Paris seemed than crown of Rome.
I saw man's spirit free. His heart the home
Of slavery. Those chains I would remove,
And set at liberty the powers of love.
'Gainst homicidal laws I've spent my breath,
And like Alcides battle done with death.
Now here I am, still marching,—having won,
Lost, suffered, fought.—One word and I have done.
Marquis, since now we chat two doors between,
Mark you, two kinds of renegades have been;

Some become Christians, some are heathen made.
By error is a pleasant look displayed,
Leave her, she sets two fists upon her flank.
Truth, gentle to the good, but rough and frank,
Betrayed for gold, power, purple robes, instead
Becomes the spectre that shall haunt your bed.
That, is a scold; this, the Eumenides.
Keep cool. Good-bye now, Epimenides.

The past will not begone. On its old track
It will return, wills back, takes back, keeps back;
With black nails scratches, and in raging mood
Blows its old storm, and swells its ancient flood;
Cries havoc, death, and vomits its old night.
Well cry, storm, thunder, burst, and howl and bite.
The future smiling says: "Friend, go your way."

Marquis, the renegade of yesterday,
Is called To-morrow,—may from winter parts,
The butterfly no less the worm deserts.
Falstaff reformed! Apostate he from wine.
My feet (those renegades) old shoes decline.

Love is the gentle renegade of hate,
And when with day o'erflowing and elate,
He 'scaped their dismal prisons, shining bright
The sun forswore the powers of the night.

Marquis! you show of old wolf-lords small trace
Frank renegade from Celts! Come, let's embrace;
Own, Marquis, that you felt too fierce a heat! . . .

VI

Nought in my heart's real depth, I must repeat,
No, nought is changed; I still am always he
Who goes straight to the duty he can see;
Who like to Job; frail plant shakes in the wind,
Yet would truth, beauty, grandeur, justice, find.
I am that man, that child. Only one day
My spirit spread its wings and flew away.
I saw the large, pure space which claims control—
Marquis, th' horizon shifted, not the soul,
Nothing within me, but all things around:
History beamed on me, and the law I found
Of ages seeking God, bearing the ark,
Who step by step climb the vast stairs and dark.

The heavens had varied, but unchanged the eye.
Is it my fault if the blue, timeless sky—
More blue, more vast than Versailles' ceiling is?
Is it my fault, O God! you thrill with bliss
My pulsing heart, at cry of liberty?
That man can more of light and morning see!—
So much the worse, the dawn with blame assaults!
The sun, and not the eyesight, is in fault.
You say, where go you? I can't tell, yet go—
No road I reckon bad, which straight I know.
Night is behind me, and the day before—
That is enough, all bars I trample o'er.
I see, that's all; believe, and nothing less!
I for my future little care profess.
Men of the past and soldiers of the shade
Assail: I face them, of no odds afraid.
The match unequal; sometimes hazardous—
Longwood and Goritz both may witness thus,
Misfortune's privilege, I ne'er profaned,
Ill fate is nigh, and while therein contained
Men, like the skies, appear star-glorified,
And when the evening falls, and when aside
Princes are cast,—never refused by me,
Are tears to exile, to the grave my knee,
Pangs of the fallen I must still allay,
On their black tombs their heads will answer, Yea.

My mother knows it, too, and more, can see
With joy, new duties God entrusts to me:
Being in the tomb: of truth she reads the page.
On earth man serves an angel's prentisage.
Let's love, serve, help, strive, bear. My mother knows
I now am all released from empty shows;
She knows my eyes to progress open wide,
That peril, proof, reverses, I can bide;
That always ready, help, to speed, I tend
That great to-morrow, when mankind shall mend;
That happy, sad, praised, exile, victor, beat,
Nought from that goal shall make my heart retreat.
This does my will, steps, cries, vows, life, control.
O sainted tomb, you see my inmost soul.
Never, whate'er my fortune, high or low,
Shall my pure conscience bend its honest brow.
It walks serene, unconquerable, proud.
For far-off counsel, light without a cloud,
I see, across my lot whatever fate,
Disaster, or astonishment await,
In noise, or stormy winds that sweep me by,
In dawn, in dark, my sainted mother's eye!

PARIS, *June*, 1846.

POSTSCRIPT

After nine years this postscript I appended.
Are you still there? Doubtless you've made an end.
But Marquis, hence, with ghosts one may converse.
Your grave gapes! Where are you? Outside my hearse
Like you! Dead? Nearly so, in shade profound,
My home a rock which the dark waves surround,
Sharp sea-worn crags which clouds and darkness load,
Where livid shipwreck has its fell abode.
Well, you will say, what then? The loneliness
Around me never changes more or less.
I only see the depth, the sea, the sky,
And the black clouds that pass in silence by.
The night wind shakes my roof, mixed by the gale
With frantic blasts of ocean and of hail;
The horizon seems with veil of crape spread o'er,
Insult sits at the threshold of my door,
The crumbling rock my foot denies to bear,
The wind seems frightened to approach, nor dare

To tell me whispering, in half-uttered tone,
A friend's mysterious greeting hither thrown.
The noise of living creatures grows less loud;
All that I dreamt has flown, a passing cloud.
My days are now as phantoms, lone and sere,
I see the infinite, that shroud, draw near.
You say, what then? Beside the moaning wave,
'Neath an o'erhanging cliff, I've marked my grave.
There from th' abyss are ceaseless wailings sent,
Night, horror reign—What then? I am content.

JERSEY, *January*, 1855.

JEANNE IN DISGRACE

L'art d'être grand-père,
6, VI *N. R. Tyerman*

IN the dark room a convict, Jeanne confined,
Her fare dry bread, puts duty out of mind,
And makes me creep—old rebel that I am!—
To smuggle in the den a pot of jam.
Caught in this treacherous act, straightway all those
On whom the righteous household laws repose,

Cry: "Shame!" though Jeanne avers with guileless grace
That never more she'll make an ugly face.
Still, all repeat: "For shame! That naughty child
Knows by what paltry pleadings you're beguiled;
She sees you always smile when scolding's due;
Punishment's made a mock of, thanks to you!
At every moment, all the livelong day,
You break some rule in your bad reckless way;
Order's impossible." I hang my head,
And say: "To that, there's nothing to be said;
I'm wrong. Ah, yes! when such the reins assume
They quickly drive the nations to their doom.
Put me on dry bread, please, in this dark room."
"None could deserve it better, so we will."
Then from the corner dark where small and still
Jeanne sat, she whispered, lifting eyes that swam:
"Don't mind, dear! Soon I'll bring you a pot of jam."

1853

Les châtiments, 7, IX *C. E. Meetkerke*

MIDNIGHT. It rained: the sea ran mountains high,
A heavy mist hung down upon the shore,
The breakers howled like hounds, the weeping sky
Mingled its tear-drops with their angry roar.
The infinite in seething cauldron stirred
The elements of doom, and suddenly
Through wailing voices of the night I heard
A signal-gun like thunder on the sea.
Some vessel by the frantic waters tossed
Upon the rocks lay helpless—stranded—lost!
It was the sailor's last appeal for aid!
"*She has gone down,*" a woman passing said.
I could see nothing but the winding-sheet
Of mist and rain: the sea roared at my feet,
And then a fierce wave raised its angry crest
And dashed its furious foam upon my breast
As if to crush the witness of its crime!
O God of vengeance! God of fate and death,
What art Thou? that not sated with Thy wrath
On great and proud and strong, canst still find time
To strike these slighter things! to set Thy mark
After wrecked France upon this little bark!

AN EXILE'S DEATH

Les châtiments, 7, XIV *N. R. Tyerman*

Of what does this poor exile dream?
His garden-plot, his dewy mead,
Perchance his tools, perchance his team,—
But ever of murdered France indeed:
Her memory makes his sad heart bleed.
While those that slew her clutch their pay,
The exile pleads with bitter cry;
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

The workman sees his workshop still,
And the poor peasant his loved cot;
Sweet homely flowers on the window-sill,
Or the bright hearth (when flowers bloom not)
Smiling on all things unforgot,—
E'en flickering on that nook whence aye
His grandam's bed erst met his eye.
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

In springtime swarm the honey-bees;
Pert sparrows, quick Heaven's gifts to share,
Blithe 'mong the barley-crop one sees;
Sad little rogues, *sans* thought or care
They rob, as though they eagles were.

An old-world chateau, ivied, gray,
Crumbles the snug farmstead anigh:
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

With file and mallet one can live
And keep one's wife and youngsters bright;
One works from faintest dawn till eve,
And in the toil finds true delight.
O sacred labor! life and light!
Our fathers toiled till, wearied, they
Resigned the tools with a smile or sigh.
One cannot live with bread away:
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

On holidays the artisan,
His tools and cares all cheerily stowing,
Singing brave songs which bless or ban,
Cap jaunty on brow, blouse loosely flowing,
Forth to some festal haunt is going.
One eats a rabbit (so they say!)
And quaffs sour wine of Hungary.
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

On Sundays aye the peasant strong
Sings out for Jeanne or Jacqueline:
"Now, sweetheart, quickly come along—
I warrant me, with ribbons fine,—
To dance on the hill till stars bright shine."

The sabot hath a tricksy way
Of making music in July.
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

Mournfully aye the exiles muse,
With spirit, alas! nigh broken down.
Still they regard the darkling yews
That on green peaceful graves still frown.
One dreams of Germany, and one
Of poor bruised Poland, hapless prey,
And one of beauteous Italy.
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

An exile, tired of hopeless pain,
Lay dying; calm, scarce sad looked he.
"Why die?" I gently asked him then.
He answered: "Is life sweet to thee?"
Then smiled: "I shall at length be free!
Farewell, I die. O France, for aye
Thee shall the tyrant crucify?"
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

"I die, because I see no longer
The fields, erewhile the world to me.
I die because I hear no longer
The birds, my whole world's melody.
My soul is where I cannot be.

'Twixt four rough planks my body lay,
And bury me . . . I care not, I!"
One cannot live with bread away;
Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die.

SACER ESTO

Les châtiments, 4, I *Dean Carrington*

No, Freedom! People, no! He must not die—
'Twould be too simple, too unscorned an end,
After all law destroyed.—The hour brought nigh,
When holy shame must back to heaven ascend.

After his blood wager, so foully won,
Conqueror by ambush laid, by fire and sword;
After his perjury, plots, murders done,
His false oath taken—crime by God abhorred.

After he has dragged France, stabbed to the heart,
To his polluted car tied by the feet,

Should the vile wretch by a sword-stroke depart,
And death like Pompey or like Cæsar meet?

No! He th' assassin is, who basely killed,
Who sabred, and shot down without remorse;
Who has made houses empty, graves has filled,
And walks 'neath the fixed gaze of many a corpse!

By this man's deed—ephemeral emperor—
Daughters and sons are fatherless and sad;
The widow weeps, kneels, sobs, her anguish o'er;
The mother seems a ghost in mourning clad.

The reels which weave his robes of royalty,
Deep dyed, are wound about with blood-stained thread;
Montmartre's boulevard doth the vat supply,
And steeps his mantle in imperial red!

He exiles you to Afric, to Cayenne—
Heroes and martyrs! whom he convicts calls.
His dripping guillotine its knife doth stain,
And drop by drop the blood upon him falls.

When livid treason, of his crimes the guide,
Raps at his door, he welcomes his ally.—
He is the fratricide, the parricide:
People, on this account he must not die.

Keep the man living.—Noble punishment!
Would that some day, him we may wandering find,
Naked, crouched, shivering, like reed tempest bent,
Beneath the execration of mankind.

Clasped by the past—crammed with those crimes of his,
As with a crown all bristling o'er with nails,
Seeking dark spots—the forest, the abyss;
Pale, scared, and whom the wolf as kindred hails.

In some vile hulks, fetters his only sound,
Telling to the deaf rocks his vain despair;
Alone, alone, silence and hate around—
Men nowhere near, and spectres everywhere!

Agéd, rejected by Death's scornful hand,
Doomed, abject, trembling, through long years to plod—
People, avoid that man, marked by a brand:
Let Cain pass by, for he belongs to God.

THE BLACK HUNTSMAN

Les châtiments, 7, III *N. R. Tyerman*

"What art thou, wanderer? The wood is eerie,
The far rooks fly, and their flight grows weary,
Near rides the rack!"
"I am he that hunts through darkness dreary,—
The Huntsman Black!"

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Shriek . . . one had said
That a witch's revel, with wild cries drifted,
Through the wood was spread;
In a clear cloud-way, with pale locks uplifted,
The moon smiles dread.

Cleave to the buck, cleave to the hind,
Scour the dark woods, scour wastes yet lined
With eve's wan track.
Cleave to the Czar, cleave to Austria blind,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

Girth thy garb, let thy blast ring not least,
Cleave to the deer that wend slowly to feast
On the rich grass track.

Cleave to the king, cleave to the priest,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

It thunders, the rain blinds, the river-floods rise!
No rest for the fearful fox under the skies,—
Thou'rt still on his track!
Cleave to the judge, cleave to the spies,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

The myriad imps of St. Anthony leap
'Mong oats which wild dance i' the wind aye keep,
But can turn thee not back—
Cleave to the monk, goad him from sleep,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

Cleave to the bears, thy hounds in full cry!
The wild-boar knowing no shelter shall die:
On, on with thy pack!
Cleave to the crowned, to the mitred lie,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, etc.

The dastard wolf from thy following has turned;
Round with thy hounds for the death he hath earned,
Quick, follow him back!
Crush the foul beast that all pity hath spurned,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Fall . . . one had said
That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted
Through the wood was sped;
The clarion of dawn through the cloud is uplifted,—
Sweet sunlight's spread!

The world reneweth its old-world might;
Our France art thou that of yore brake night
In splendid attack;
Our fair Archangel clothed round with light,
O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
Fall . . . one had said
That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted
Through the wood was sped;
The clarion of dawn through the cloud is uplifted,—
Sweet sunlight's spread!

IV

Whitened with grain, see Egypt's lengthened plains,
Far as the eyesight farthest space contains,
Like a rich carpet spread their varied hues.
The cold sea north, southwards the burying sand
Dispute o'er Egypt—while the smiling land
Still mockingly their empire does refuse.

Three marble triangles seem to pierce the sky,
And hide their basements from the curious eye.
Mountains—with waves of ashes covered o'er!
In graduated blocks of six feet square
From golden base to top, from earth to air
Their ever heightening monstrous steps they bore.

No scorching blast could daunt the sleepless ken
Of roseate Sphinx, and god of marble green,
Which stood as guardians o'er the sacred ground.
For a great port steered vessels huge and fleet,
A giant city bathed her marble feet
In the bright waters round.

One heard the dread simoom in distance roar,
Whilst the crushed shell upon the pebbly shore
Crackled beneath the crocodile's huge coil.
Westwards, like tiger's skin, each separate isle
Spotted the surface of the yellow Nile;
Gray obelisks shot upwards from the soil.

The star-king set. The sea, it seemed to hold
In the calm mirror this live globe of gold,
This world, the soul and torch-bearer of our own.
In the red sky, and in the purple streak,
Like friendly kings who would each other seek,
Two meeting suns were shown.

"Shall I not stop?" exclaimed the impatient cloud.
"Seek!" trembling Tabor heard the voice of God.

V

Sand, sand, and still more sand!
The desert! Fearful land!
Teeming with monsters dread
And plagues on every hand!
Here in an endless flow,
Sandhills of golden glow,
Where'er the tempests blow,
Like a great flood are spread.
Sometimes the sacred spot
Hears human sounds profane, when

As from Ophir or from Memphre
  Stretches the caravan.
From far the eyes, its trail
Along the burning shale
Bending its wavering tail,
  Like a mottled serpent scan.
These deserts are of God!
  His are the bounds alone,
Here, where no feet have trod,
  To Him its centre known!
And from this smoking sea
Veiled in obscurity,
The foam one seems to see
  In fiery ashes thrown.

"Shall desert change to lake?" cried out the cloud.
"Still further!" from heaven's depths sounded that Voice aloud.

VI

Like tumbled waves, which a huge rock surround;
Like heaps of ruined towers which strew the ground,
  See Babel now deserted and dismayed!
Huge witness to the folly of mankind;
Four distant mountains when the moonlight shined
  Seem covered with its shade.

O'er miles and miles the shattered ruins spread
Beneath its base, from captive tempests bred,
The air seemed filled with harmony strange and dire;
While swarmed around the entire human race
A future Babel, on the world's whole space
Fixed its eternal spire.

Up to the zenith rose its lengthening stair,
While each great granite mountain lent a share
To form a stepping base;
Height upon height repeated seemed to rise,
For pyramid on pyramid the strainéd eyes
Saw take their ceaseless place.

Through yawning walls huge elephants stalked by;
Under dark pillars rose a forestry,
Pillars by madness multiplied;
As round some giant hive, all day and night,
Huge vultures, and red eagles' wheeling flight
Was through each porch descried.

"Must I complete it?" said the angered cloud.
"On still!" "Lord, whither?" groaned it, deep not loud.

VII

Two cities, strange, unknown in history's page,
Up to the clouds seemed scaling, stage by stage,
Noiseless their streets; their sleeping inmates lie,
Their gods, their chariots, in obscurity!
Like sisters sleeping 'neath the same moonlight,
O'er their twin towers crept the shades of night,
Whilst scarce distinguished in the black profound,
Stairs, aqueducts, great pillars, gleamed around,
And ruined capitals: then was seen a group
Of granite elephants 'neath a dome to stoop,
Shapeless, giant forms to view arise,
Monsters around, the spawn of hideous ties!
Then hanging gardens, with flowers and galleries:
O'er vast fountains bending grew ebon trees;
Temples, where seated on their rich tiled thrones,
Bull-headed idols shone in jasper stones;
Vast halls, spanned by one block, where watch and stare
Each upon each, with straight and moveless glare,

Colossal heads in circles; the eye sees
Great gods of bronze, their hands upon their knees.
Sight seemed confounded, and to have lost its powers,
'Midst bridges, aqueducts, arches, and round towers,
Whilst unknown shapes fill up the devious views
Formed by these palaces and avenues.
Like capes, the lengthening shadows seem to rise
Of these dark buildings, pointed to the skies,
Immense entanglement in shroud of gloom!
The stars which gleamed in the empyrean dome,
Under the thousand arches in heaven's space
Shone as through meshes of the blackest lace.
Cities of hell, with foul desires demented,
And monstrous pleasures, hour by hour invented!
Each roof and home some monstrous mystery bore!
Which through the world spread like a two-fold sore!
Yet all things slept, and scarce some pale late light
Flitted along the streets through the still night,

Lamps of debauch, forgotten and alone,
The feast's lost fires left three to flicker on;
The walls' large angles clove the light-lengthening shades
'Neath the white moon, or on some pool's face played.
Perchance one heard, faint in the plain beneath,
The kiss suppressed, the mingling of the breath;
And the two sister cities, tired of heat,
In love's embrace lay down in murmurs sweet!
Whilst sighing winds the scent of sycamore
From Sodom to Gomorrah softly bore!
Then over all spread out the blackened cloud,
"'Tis here!" the Voice on high exclaimed aloud.

VIII

From a cavern wide
In the rent cloud's side,
In sulphurous showers
The red flame pours.
The palaces fall
In the lurid light,
Which casts a red pall
O'er their façades white!

Oh, Sodom! Gomorrah!
What a dome of horror

Rests now on your walls!
On you the cloud falls,
Nation perverse!
  On your fated heads,
From its fell jaws, a curse
  Its lightning fierce spreads!

The people awaken
  Which godlessly slept;
Their palaces shaken,
  Their offences unwept!
Their rolling cars all
  Meet and crash in the street;
And the crowds, for a pall,
  Find flames round their feet!

Numberless dead,
Round these high towers spread,
Still sleep in the shade
By their rugged heights made;
Colossi of rocks
In ill-steadied blocks!
So hang on a wall
Black ants, like a pall!

To escape is in vain
From this horrible rain!
  Alas! all things die;
In the lightning's red flash
The bridges all crash;

'Neath the tiles the flame creeps;
From the fire-struck steeps
Falls on the pavements below,
All lurid in glow,
Rolling down from on high!

Beneath every spark,
The red, tyrannous fire
Mounts up in the dark
Ever redder and higher;
More swiftly than steed
Uncontrolled, see it pass!
Horrid idols all twist,
By the crumbling flame kissed
In their infamous dread,
Shrivelled members of brass!

It grows angry, flows on,
Silver towers fall down
Unforeseen, like a dream
In its green and red stream,
Which lights up the walls
Ere one crashes and falls,
Like the changeable scale
Of a lizard's bright mail.
Agate, porphyry, cracks
And is melted to wax!
Bend low to their doom
These stones of the tomb!

E'en the great marble giant
Called Nabo, sways pliant
Like a tree; whilst the flare
  Seemed each column to scorch
  As it blazed like a torch
Round and round in the air.

The magi, in vain,
From the heights to the plain
Their gods' images carry
  In white tunic: they quake—
  No idol can make
The blue sulphur tarry;
The temple e'en where they meet,
Swept under their feet
In the folds of its sheet!
Turns a palace to coal!
Whence the straitened cries roll
From its terrified flock;
  With incendiary grips
It loosens a block,
  Which smokes and then slips
From its place by the shock;
  To the surface first sheers,
  Then melts, disappears,
Like the glacier, the rock!

The high priest, full of years,
On the burnt site appears,

Whence the others have fled.
Lo! his tiara's caught fire
As the furnace burns higher,
And pale, full of dread,
See, the hand he would raise
To tear his crown from the blaze
Is flaming instead!

Men, women, in crowds
Hurry on—the fire shrouds
And blinds all their eyes
As, besieging each gate
Of these cities of fate
To the conscience-struck crowd,
In each fiery cloud,
Hell appears in the skies!

IX

Men say that *then*, to see his foe's sad fall
As some old prisoner clings to his prison wall,
Babel, accomplice of their guilt, was seen
O'er the far hills to gaze with vision keen!
And as was worked this dispensation strange,
A wondrous noise filled the world's startled range;
Reached the dull hearing that deep, direful sound
Of their sad tribe who live below the ground.

X

'Gainst this pitiless flame who condemned could prevail?
Who these walls, burnt and calcined, could venture to scale?
Yet their vile hands they sought to uplift,
Yet they cared still to ask from what God, by what law?
In their last sad embrace, 'midst their horror and awe,
Of this mighty volcano the drift.

'Neath great slabs of marble they hid them in vain,
'Gainst this everliving fire, God's own flaming rain!
'Tis the rash whom God seeks out the first;
They call on their gods, who were deaf to their cries,
For the punishing flame caused their cold granite eyes
In tears of hot lava to burst!

Thus away in the whirlwind did everything pass,
The man and the city, the soil and its grass!
God burnt this sad, sterile champaign;
Nought living was left of this people destroyed,
And the unknown wind which blew over the void,
Each mountain changed into a plain.

XI

The palm-tree that grows on the rock to this day,
Feels its leaf growing yellow, its slight stem decay,
In the blasting and ponderous air;
These towns are no more! but to mirror their past,
O'er their embers a cold lake spread far and spread fast,
With smoke like a furnace, lies there!

A DAY COMES

Les feuilles d'automne,
XXXVI — *C. E. Meetkerke*

A DAY comes when upon the weary head
The weight of gathered years falls suddenly.
One morning we are wakened with the sigh,
O golden days of youth! So you have fled!
How little now remains! We see the end
As prodigal his purse: What more to spend?
The sun still shines, but like the midday flowers
We fade and faint before the glowing hours.
If, straying listlessly, our footsteps pass
Where still the moisture lingers on the grass,
We know that dawn has wandered onward, too,
And say—it is the rain and not the dew.

MAZEPPA

Les orientales, XXXIV *Emily Hickey*

II

THUS when a mortal on whom his God is outpoured indeed,
Is bound on thy fateful croupe, O genius, fiery steed,
He struggles in vain; with a bound, untouched of his hand or heel,
From the real thou bearest him forth, whose gates burst and break as they feel
Thy feet, feet of steel.

Thou clearest the deserts with him, and the hoary tops of the proud
Old hills of strength, crossest seas, and beyond the depths of cloud
Where darkness heavily lies; and, awaked by thy footsteps' sound,
A thousand spirits impure in their legion close press round
Thy traveller bound.

In one flight on thy wings of flame he reaches and sees the whole
Wide fields of the possible there stretched out, and all realms of the soul;

He drinks from the river eternal; in storm-
night or star-night now
His locks with the locks of comets commin-
gled, all flaming glow
On the firmament's brow.

The six moons of Herschel he sees; the ring
of old Saturn there;
And the pole that bends round her brow the
nightly Aurora fair;
All he sees; the ideal horizon, the limitless
world's, in his sight
Moveth on till it knoweth no limit, displaced
through the darkness and light
By thy untired flight.

And who, saving only the demons and angels,
may know or may dream
What he suffers in following thee, or guess the
strange lightnings that gleam
On his eyes, and the scorching and burning
of many a fiery spark,
And how, in the night, those cold wings shall
strike at his brow in the dark
And no one shall mark.

Affrighted he cries, but in vain: relentless,
thy flight will not fail,
The flight that o'erwhelms him and crushes;
exhausted, and gasping, and pale,

Each step thou dost take seems to hollow his
tomb, and he sinks in affright;
Till the end comes—he runs, and he flies, and
he falls—and he rises upright,
A king in his might.

EXPECTATION

Les orientales, XX *John L. O'Sullivan*

Squirrel, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
Bends and trembles as a flower!
Strain, O stork, thy pinion well,—
From thy nest 'neath old church-bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
And its tallest donjon tower!
To your mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold,
Kisses the last ray of even!
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, O mount, thou joyous lark—
Joyous lark, O mount to heaven!
And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
And heaven's arch—O, can you
see

One white plume that like a star,
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me?

RELEASED

Les feuilles d'automne, XVI *N. R. T.*

"Where should I steer."—BYRON.

WHAT time dull books have drowsed my mind at even,
What time my room's hot air's nigh stifling grown,
What time the town's monotonous hum hath striven
All day to hush all spirit of song with moan,—

What time the countless cares of toil or pleasure
Which make the narrow circle of our days,
Have touched once more, at length, their utmost measure,
Until to-morrow's dawn renew their race,—

No moment my poor soul, released, delayeth;
But, as a bird might flutter to its nest
After long capture, blithely so it strayeth,
Though wingless, weak, on yet diviner quest.

To the woods it hies, and there, deep in the gloaming
Just thrilled with the moon's first melodies and rays,
Finds Reverie, loved comrade of its roaming
Through what delightful faery-haunted ways!

THE POET'S LOVE FOR LIVELINESS

Les feuilles d'automne, XV *Fraser's Mag.*

For me, whate'er my life and lot may show,
Years blank with gloom or cheered by mem'ry's glow,
Turmoil or peace; ne'er be it mine, I say,
To be a dweller of the peopled earth,
Save 'neath a roof alive with children's mirth
Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more
Those scenes my footsteps tottered in before,
An infant follower in Napoleon's train:
Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,
And both Castiles, and mated Aragon;
Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities scant between,
Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,
  Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's time;
Or the swift snakings of thy Guadalquiver,
Save in those gilded cars, where bells forever
  Ring their melodious chime.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

Odes, 5, XXII *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

That brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
  Beseem my child, who weeps and plays:
  A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare.
  Through all her features shining mild,
The poet sees an angel there,
  The father sees a child.

And by their flame so pure and bright,
  We see how lately those sweet eyes
  Have wandered down from Paradise,
And still are lingering in its light.
All earthly things are but a shade
  Through which she looks at things above
And sees the holy Mother-maid,
  Athwart her mother's glance of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,
And virgin souls are whispering near,
Till by her radiant smile deceived,
I say, "Young angel, lately given,
When was thy martyrdom achieved?
And what name dost thou bear in heaven?"

BOAZ SLUMBERING

La légende des siècles, II, 6 *N. R. Tyerman*

Boaz lay slumbering, with fatigue o'erworn;
On his threshing-floor he'd winnowed all the day,
Then, in his wonted place, at eve's last ray,
Had laid him down nigh bushels of bright corn.

This agéd sire owned fields of barley and wheat;
Though rich, his soul inclined to justice still;
No filth defiled the water of his mill;
No fire of hell glowed in his forge's heat.

White was his beard and silver-gray his head.
With greed nor envy were his sheaves amassed;
If nigh him some poor back-bowed gleaner passed,
"Take heed to let the full ears fall," he said.

Clad in white linen and pure probity,
This holy man walked far from crookéd ways;
And free and fair, like fountains, all his days,
His sacks of grain for the poor flowed plenteously.

A faithful friend, a lord compassionate,
Large-souled was Boaz, and he found in truth
In woman's eye more favor than finds youth;
If youth be fair, then honored age is great.

The old man, who reverts to life's source bright,
Leaves changeful days to enter days eterne;
In youth's bold blithesome eyes one seeth burn
Flame; but in eyes of an old man glows clear light.

*

So Boaz through the night sleeps midst his own.
Anigh the stacks, which like heaped ruins loom,
The harvesters make strange groups in the gloom,
And all this came to pass in days long gone.

The tribes of Israel had a judge for a lord;
Earth, where man wandered with his tent, afeard
If any track of giant-feet appeared,
Was moist yet with Heaven's flood in wrath outpoured.

*

As Jacob and as Judith slumbering,
Boaz lay 'neath the leaves in trance profound;
When from heaven's gate, half-opened without sound,
Above his head, a wondrous dream spread wing.

And in his slumber Boaz saw a tree
Which from his bosom stretched to the blue sky;
A vast race thronged its boughs, and far on high
A God died, at its base sang joyously

A King. Then Boaz with the hushed soul-voice
Murmured, "How from my bosom may such spring?
Past fourscore are my years; no wife to bring
A son have I, in whom I might rejoice.

"'Tis a long while since she with whom I slept
Forsook, O Lord, my bosom for thine own!
And at this hour again are we nigh grown
One, for me, too, in death Thou wilt accept.

"A race from such stem sprung! How can that be?
How from my seed may a man-child be born?
In youth right joyous truly is the morn;
Day from night blossoms like bright victory!

"But, old, one trembles like a tree in frost.
Widowed am I, O God! and darksome even
Weighs on me, and toward the grave my soul bereaven
Bows low, as toward the water an ox athirst."

Thus Boaz murmured in a dream most sweet,
Godward upturning eyes sleep sealéd close:
The cedar at its root feels not a rose,
And he felt not a woman at his feet!

*

For while he slumbered, Ruth, a Moabite,
At Boaz's feet lay couched with bosom bare,
Hoping she knew not what mysterious star
Would bloom when shone awaking's sudden light.

Boaz knew not that there a woman lay;
And Ruth knew not what thing God willed of her.
Fresh perfume shed from asphodel and myrrh
O'er Galgala soft night-airs wafted aye.

Nuptial the gloom, august, soul-wildering;
Above, bright angels hovered viewlessly,
For through the midnight one saw momently
Some gliding silvery streak which seemed a wing.

The breath of Boaz in his slumber deep
Mingled with muffled hum of moss-banked streams.
That month it was when earth soft-smiling seems
Heaven, for tall lilies bloom on the hill-steep.

Ruth mused and Boaz dreamed; black was the grass;
Vaguely the sheep-bells tinkled from afar;
A vast love streamed from heaven with star on star;
'Twas the calm hour when parchéd lions pass.

In Ur and Jerimadeth all was still;
Bright stars thick-studded holy hushful heaven;
Amidst these blooms the moon-scythe dropt at even
Shone in the west; and, 'neath her shadowy veil,

Ruth motionless, half-opened drowsy eyes;
Wondering what God, what heavenly harvester
Had left this golden sickle seen of her
Upon the starry fields of the still skies.

LITTLE PAUL

La légende des siècles, LVII, 2 *N. R. Tyerman*

Giving her baby birth, the mother died.
O sombre fate, why thus on sorrow's side?
Why take the mother, and leave the tender child
To one the cold world also a "mother" styled?

For the young father needs must marry again.
Ah me!
'Tis soon, at *one*, a pariah to be:
This pretty babe did wrong to have been born!
A good old man then took the thing forlorn,—
Its grandsire. Sometimes what scarce is hath care
Of what will be: so now aged arms upbear
In mother-wise an infant—strange but true!
What the poor dead have left to life to woo;

The old are good for only that; they can
But play the part of good Samaritan,
Lend to the weak and fallen loving aid,
And chafe the tiny hands outstretched through
the cold shade.
Needs someone here must answer pity's cry!
Needs someone here be good beneath black
sky,
Lest pity and hope no longer sad hearts bless!
Needs must one lead to baby motherless
The wild-eyed goat, fain verdant hills to
rove,—
Needs must one here lead little hearts to
love;
And, old and weary, with compassion rife,
Foster frail blossoms of the spring of life!
Therefore it was that God, who took the
dead,
Thus placed the grandsire in the mother's
stead:
And, judging winter best love's warmth to
impart,
In an old man made throb a woman's heart.

So little Paul was born, an orphan-child,
With large blue eyes through which a seraph
smiled,
Lips blithe with babble as of cherubim,
Small rosy hands that stroked each rosy
limb,—

Yea, all the angel ere the little man!
And the old sire, by long years pale and wan,
Smiled on him as on heaven where day's just born—
Oh! how that even did adore that morn!

He took the child straightway unto his home,
'Mong fields spanned by so vast a skyey dome
But a little child could fill it. Green the plain,
All odorous with perfume sun and rain
Beguile from woods and waters; while around
Their cot a garden laughed, whose every sound
And sight—birds, flowers, yea, all within those bowers!—
Caressed the child: unenvious are the flowers.

Within this garden peach and apple grew,
Down-showering blossom on one scrambling through;
'Neath willows, waters tremulously gleamed,
With here and there a sudden flash that seemed
White shoulders bare of a nymph; and every nest
Murmured the hymn obscure of those love-blest.

All voices that one heard were calm and sweet
Like brooklets 'mong warm mosses at your feet;
While in all subtle sound and silence there
The happy trees a leafy burden bear.
God's Paradise, the angels' light and song,
Earth's humbler blissful warbling doth prolong
In summer when no star outshines a flower,—
And Paul, an angel, made this garden-bower
An Eden, while the soul of all was love.
Oh! in how warm a nest was fledged this hapless dove!

Surely a garden's a sweet thing? Place there
A baby; add an old man; such the care
God takes to make it perfect. Deeming right
To add to joy of sense the soul's delight,
This Poet with a child perfumes the roses,
Then with an old man the sweet triplet closes.
Among the flowers blooms baby for his part,
While grandsire fosters both with dew of his old heart.
Oh! what is sweeter in the month of May,
Oh! what were meeter, Virgil, for thy lay,
Than a babe's naked limbs 'mong daisied grass!
'Tis so divine that it is frail, alas!

And Paul at first is weakly. Scarce we know
If he will live; or if again will blow
The bitter blast that wailed o'er mother dying,
Come now to bear her sweet to where she's lying.
Paul must be fed; a goat consents with glee;
Soon foster-brother to a kid is he!
Since the kid leaps, the boy to walk is fain,
While anxious grandsire murmurs: "Yes, 'tis plain,—
Walk must we." Oh! the tiny tottering feet,
Charybdis here, dread Scylla there they meet!
With trembling limbs, knees bent, aye children strive,
The happiest and most hapless things alive.
When spring bids blossom, trembles most the tree!
One's a proud age, one step's a victory,—
And Paul's first step leads on to many another.
Can ye not see, bright eyes of many a mother,
The boy by grandsire followed? Charming sight!
"Be careful not to fall. Now, now! That's right."

Paul's brave, he looks, longs, laughs, then suddenly
Starts forward, and the old man, proud as he,
Spreads trembling hands round baby unafraid,
And, himself tottering, lends his tottering aid,
Till the goal's won with peals of merriment.
Oh! try to paint a star, or represent
A forest bathed in golden morning light,
But seek not to describe a child's laugh of delight.
'Tis sacred love, blithe innocence aflower,
Of grace ineffable the richest dower,
Most glorious bloom of purity,—aye, even
Of blossoms fragrant with the breath of heaven;
A smile of bliss that proves God's smile of love!

The grandsire, like the saints of yore who strove
On mountain solitudes with God in prayer,
Was just a good bewitched old grandfather.
Against the spell that guilelessly beguiled,
Powerless, he sought sweet council of th' adoréd child;
He watched the dawn that shone the clear eyes through,
While every month Paul babbled something new,—
Through bonds of speech thought's fitful flutterings,
That hesitate awhile on half-plumed wings,

Rise but to fall, then float more blithe and strong,
And failing earthly words, alight on heavenly song!
Paul captured sounds to set them quickly free,
Some strophe scanned of wondrous melody,
Chattered, lisped, laughed, was never an instant still,
And the whole house with rapture did fulfill.
With laughter and song he made perpetual May;
His waking word was sign of holiday;
All the trees talked of this delightful elf—
Poor little Paul was happiness itself!

By might of smiles which still are deaf to "Nay,"
Paul reigned; his grandsire being his docile prey,
Happy in strict obedience. "Wait for me,
Father!" He waited. "Come!" Straightway came he.
Spring's right to bind old winter with a chain.
What a blithe little household made these twain!
This despot-child an old man loves to obey,
Like January fain to pleasure May,
How, 'mid the song of birds, rich flower-scents,
Wandered delightedly these innocents,—

One two, gold-haired; and one fourscore and gray!
One oft forgetful, one remembering aye,—
The child. Night had no power to make them grieve.
Grandsire taught Paul to think, who taught him to believe.
You had said, beholding morn thus dwell with even,
That each showed each sweet diverse sides of heaven.

They mingled all; their games by day, by night
Their dreams: what love-bonds did these twain unite!
But one bower had they, and were never parted;
Like the first steps, so the first words they started,
While hour by hour their pure hearts closelier beat.
The grandsire knew no accent soft and sweet
Enough to teach his angel-scholar spell,
And murmur: "Little Paul, O loved too well!"
Exquisite dialogues! notes ineffable,
Such as in fairy-tales the blue birds trill!
"Don't go too near the water. Ah! now look!
Paul, you have wet your feet." "It was the brook."

"Those stones are slippery." "Yes, papa."
"Now run!"
And heaven laughed blue above, and bright the sun
Shone, as triumphant and resplendent now
To see an old man kiss a child's pure brow.

Meantime Paul's father with his new wife dwelt.
No more the presence of the dead is felt
When in her place there smiles another one.
And by this second wife he had a son;
But Paul knew nothing. What if he had? No fear
Could reach him hand in hand with his own dear
Kind grandpapa!
But the grandfather died.

*

When Sem to Rachel, to Ruth old Boaz cried,
"Weep; I depart!" the women, kneeling near,
Sobbed; but the children cannot; never a tear
Bedims the blithe blue eyes. When with a sigh
The old man said: "Paul, little Paul, I die!

No longer wilt thou see poor grandpapa,
Who loves thee!" Nought such mournful
words could mar
The child's bright innocent life of song, love,
bliss,—
Still gaily he laughed.

A rustic church there is,
Poor as the lowly roofs that nestle nigh.
It opened: in the funeral train was I.
The humble priest, vague prayers low-mur-
muring,
With friends and kindred from his home doth
bring
That gentle sire, to lay him low in earth;
And round that sorrow shone the field's May-
mirth,—
For flowers can smile on those in black ar-
rayed!
Mingling hushed voices, good old gossips
prayed.
We wound along a deep and narrow way,
On either side green fields where cattle lay
Regarding us with large eyes mild and sad;
In summer-smocks the peasants all were
clad;—
And little Paul followed the humble bier.
To the graveyard his kind old friend we bear!
'Tis a lone spot low crumbling walls enclose,
Where only simple folk seek last repose;

No lofty tombs, false epitaphs, are there,
But grassy mounds with crosses black and bare;
Drear spot, yet shielding some from sorrow and sin.
By night a wooden wicket shuts it in,
To the bars of which dense ivy-tangles cling:
The little child (a strange remembered thing!)
Was seen to gaze intently at this gate.

To children but as fancy is stern fate,
While to their wondering eyes life's but a dream.
Alas! night darkens round the starry beam.
But three years old was Paul.

"You wretched child!
Young Satan! Imp! Be off! You drive me wild,
I'll beat him black and blue! Too good am I
To let the little brat come ever nigh.
He's stained my gown! He's spilt the milk! For that,
Dry bread, the cellar! And what an ugly brat!"
To whom these words? To Paul. Poor gentle heart!
Scarce had he watched dear grandpapa depart,

Than one came to th' old home with loveless
air,—
His father; a woman next with bosom bare,
Suckling a child—his happy little brother.

At once the woman loathed him. Than a
mother
What sphinx more strange? Whose heart so
wondrous, say?
On this side darkness, and on that side day!
To her own child honey, to another's stone!
To bear when suffering's sacredness is known
Is well; but a child, gay sprite with golden
hair,
Cruel it is such suffering *he* should bear!
The thorn that stabs, for the oak that screened
of late,
What bitter change! In love's sweet stead
fell hate!

Paul understood it not. When he stole back
At dusk, his little room seemed strangely
black.
Long hours he wept; yet scarce knew why,
indeed,
But felt the vague chill fear o' the shuddering
reed.
Waking, he wondered at so dull a morn—
Ah! why then are these little sufferers born?

The house was windowless to let in day,
And dawn no longer seemed to smile his way.
If he crept nigh—"Be off! I want not you!"
His "mother" cried; and slowly Paul withdrew.
'Twas as a cradle drowning in Heaven's sight.
The child, who made all joyous, lost delight;
His sorrow saddened even the flowers and birds;
For blithe call-notes a volley of bitter words!
"He's odious, with his slinking dirty ways!"
She took his toys her little one to please.
And all Paul's father allowed,—so amorous he!
An angel once, a leper now to be!
Once the wife muttered: "Would the brat were dead!"

By a caress that dreadful curse was sped:
The *curse* was Paul's.

"Come thou, my love, my bliss!
O, God, the fairest of thy angels this!
A bit of heaven I've stole to swaddle him:
A child he is, but like the cherubim!
God's paradise is in my arms! Oh! see
How beautiful: I adore thee! Soon thou'lt be
A little man. O what a weight he is!
As heavy as many a toddling boy! I kiss

Thy tiny feet, my life, my love, my sky!"
And Paul remembered, with the memory
Possessed by rose, or lamb, or little bird,
Long, long ago the sweet same notes he'd heard,
He took his meals in a dark nook, on the floor,
Seeming quite dumb; at length he sobbed no more.
To silent suffering oft a child's soul's braced!

Nigh always sadly at the door he gazed.

The child one evening, looked for everywhere,
Could not be found. 'Twas winter, season drear
Whose soul of hate by night deals direst blow;—
Small footsteps then are quickly lost in snow . . .

They found the child upon the morrow morn.
For some remembered faint cries past them borne
At nightfall; one had even laughed to hear
Midst the weird wonted sounds that throng the air
A voice that seemed "Papa, papa!" to call.
Such tidings the whole village did appall:
All sought—the child was in the churchyard lone.
Calm as the night, and pallid as a stone,

Outstretched before the gate, quite cold he lay.
How he had found this sad spot who shall say,
Alone, by night, unlit by lamp or star?
One of his little hands clutched tight the bar
He vainly tried to open: feeling there
Was one within who yet for little Paul would care,
Long, long he had called and sobbed 'mid darkness dread,
And then had fallen upon the cold earth, dead.
Quite close to his old kind grandpapa he'd crept,
And, powerless even to awaken *him*, fast slept.

ARISTOPHANES

La légende des siècles, 36, IV — *N. R. Tyerman*

Under the willows to and fro young virgins
Walk; round bare shoulders cluster golden curls;
The amphora on white brows cannot prevent,
When fair Menalcus comes, a slackening step
And soft word: "Hail, Menalcus!" while the leaves,
Awakened by the mocking laughter of birds,

In the amorous encounter take glad part;
Beneath the lovely boughs so many sweets
Are snatched, the amphora reaches home half-
filled.
The grandam, glancing sharply o'er thread
she winds,
Grumbles: "What hast thou done, who hath
caught thy hand,
That all the water on the way is spilt?"
The maiden answers: "I know not," and
dreams.
What time the cool hill-shadow in the meads
Lengthens, and comes a far-off sound of
wheels,
'Tis sweet to dream of destinies storm-
driven,
And to prepare one's soul for future days.
'Tis by the little he covets, less he knows,
A man's most wise. Let's love! Divine is
spring;
By the small valley-blooms our souls are
stirred,
By bounteous April and warm nests ne'er dull,
Th' inviting moss, the roses' perfume sweet,
And the sweet silence of the wild wood-way.
Fair women, mingling voices, to their homes
Return, but at the door some stay to talk.
Wife, of thy husband speaking ill, take heed,—
Thy baby-boy regards thee with wide eyes.
Muses, revere we Pan, the ivy-crowned!

THEOCRITUS

La légende des siècles,
36, VI *N. R. Tyerman*

O LOVELY one, fear Love, the smallest god,
But mightiest; dire at heart yet radiant-souled;
Fatal his thought, his utterance honey-sweet!
At whiles one finds him cradled 'mong deep moss,
Fearful and smiling, with bright flowers at play;
No word he saith believes he; wild sweet cries
And tears are mingled with his tragic joy.
Maia the meadow makes, the georgic he.
Love always weeping, triumphs everywhere;
Woman is trustful of the boy-god's kiss,—
It pricks not, smooth as maiden's are his lips.
—"Thou'lt make thy flounces damp in meadow-grass.
Lyde, where venturest thou at early dawn?"
Lyde replies: "To direful fate I yield;
I love, and go Damoetas to waylay;
Till fall dusk even fondly still I stay,—
Till in the birch and elm 'tis almost night,
And from the fountain leaps the green-eyed nymph."
—"Ah, fly Damoetas!" "Trembling, I adore him.

I cannot cull him all the flowers at once,
For one in summer blooms, in autumn one,—
But, oh! I love him." "Lyde, fear Astarte.
Thy heart, a prey to sombre dreams, conceal."
Yet to her mother must the fond girl tell
Her loves at early dawn, when fades the moon,
And, laughing, she awakes in her white bed.

MOSCHUS

La légende des siècles, 36, VIII — *N. R. Tyerman*

O NYMPHS, in the forest-fountain bathe ye still.
The woods are dark, but though strange voices thrill
Their depths whence eagles take their tireless flight,
The darkness is not of that drear excess
Ne'er stirred by sweet Neæra's loveliness,
As by love's lovely star the sombre night.

Neæra's fair, tender and pure, and lo!
Starwise through darkling thickets she doth glow.

The humming bees cease valley blooms to mar,
The warm wind frets no longer languid trees:
What saith the wind? and, ah! what hum the bees?
"Clothed, she's a flower; but naked, she's a star!"

The stars of heaven envy thee more bright,
Bathing, O chaste one, with that vague affright
Which with its boldness beauty blends alway,
'Neath foliage whence the eye of Faunus glows.
Subtle and sweet Neæra, well she knows
Nymphs, naked, turn to goddesses straightway.

For me—albeit a harder lot is mine—
Yet o'er my head the summer sun doth shine
Through linkéd boughs of many a leafy tree;
The meadows, I, the woods, the wayward wind,—
And ah! Neæra, love I; soul-inclined
Aye unto Pan's soft pastoral melody.

Albeit within life's shade, where oft we weep,
Far, threatening discords roll from steep to steep;

Albeit across love's heaven keen lightnings
shoot,—
While with their flashes love's soft smiles are
hidden,—
Fearless at whiles to listen is't forbidden
Betwixt two thunder-peals an amorous flute?

THE SYLPH

Ballades, II *Ogilvie Mitchell*

Thou, whom within these happy walls, like
dream of Sylph art seeming,
Behind the lighted window-pane my lónging
eyes can see.
O maiden, open to me, for I hear the night-
bird screaming;
The darkness round about me is with wan
ghosts filled and teeming,
And souls of dead men gibber in their
vap'rous robes at me.

Sweet virgin, I'm no pilgrim, who from dis-
tant land returning
Has come to tell my story in thy little shell-
like ear,
Nor a paladin for conquest and for deeds of
prowess yearning,

Whose bugle-horn awakes the morn to set
your heart a-burning
With a war-cry which the fair ones hear
with mingled love and fear.

My hand holds neither staff nor lance within
its empty fingers,
Nor do I wear the knight's long hair, nor
pilgrim's silver beard.
I have no humble rosary, nor sword that never
lingers.
And if I blew a bugle-blast the merry min-
nesingers
At the feeble sound extracted would have
laughed at me and jeered.

I'm a sylph, an airy being, who is less than
poet's dreaming,
Son of the nascent springtide, and a child
of rising morn,
A guest of cosy hearth-fire when the winter
clouds are streaming,
A spirit that the light shows on the pearly
dew-drop gleaming,
A dweller in the ether, of all visibleness shorn.

This eve a happy couple were with solemn
voices talking
Of that eternal flame which burns within the
human breast.

I stayed my flight to listen. Ere they started
homeward walking,
They kissed and caught my wing, and thus,
my further progress baulking,
They kept me till 'twas far too late to seek
my rose and rest.

Alas! alas! my rose is closed, I may not
reach my dwelling.
Oh, open to me, Châtelaine! take pity upon
me!
Receive a child of sunshine, for the night-
fog's upward welling!
Within your bed I'll lie so light, my presence
never telling;
You'd waken and you'd wonder where this
little sylph could be.

My brothers all have followed with the light
that has departed,
Or the tears of night which softly all the
blades of grass bedew;
For them their horrid chalices, the lilies,
kindly-hearted,
Have opened, but alas, alas! my efforts have
been thwarted,
And now my hopes are centred, Lady
Châtelaine, in you.

Oh, listen to me, maiden; of the night-tide I
am fearful
Lest it close me in its shadow, as if in a
monster net,
Among phantoms white and pallid, among
ghosts that are uncheerful,
Among demons hell can't number, but of
which it's nearly full,
And the owls which haunt the grave-yards,
and with things more horrid yet.

This is the very moment when the solemn
dead are dancing
With faltering foot, while over them the
pale moon shows its face;
And the hideous vampire round him with a
horrid glare is glancing,
As he sees the trembling sexton who is towards
him slow advancing,
Whom he draws into an open grave with
fiendish-like grimace.

Now, dwarfs all black and hideous, with
powder and with ashes,
Like gnomes descend in hundreds to their
deep and soundless pit.
The sprite of style fantastic o'er the rushes
darts and flashes;

And the burning salamander on the fresh wave
sports and splashes;
While bluish flames arise around, and o'er
the waters flit.

Only fancy if a dead man, his lone weariness
to lighten,
Should enclose me in his funeral urn, alone
among his bones;
Or if some necromancer, thinking I his cell
might brighten,
Should entice me to his tower, where the mid-
night sounds would frighten,
And should link me to his belfry with its
sad, ill-omened tones.

Oh, let your window open! If away I now
am driven,
I must seek for some old bed of moss where
low the lizards lie,
Where, if I dare disturb them, into pieces I'll
be riven.
Oh, open! for my words are soft like those by
lover given
So gently to his mistress, and a pure light
fills mine eye.

And then, I am so pretty! If you could but
see my pinions
As they tremble in the daylight, so trans-
parent and so frail!

I've the brightness of the lily of the land of
the Virginians;
And the roses are my sisters, but they also are
my minions,
And they quarrel for my radiance and the
perfume I exhale.

I should like as in a happy dream to place
myself before ye,
Quite close to you (my sylphide recollects it
very well).
The butterflies have heaviness, and humming-
birds no glory,
When clad in gorgeous raiment, like a king in
Eastern story,
I visit all my palaces, the flow'rs wherein I
dwell.

I am cold and vainly weeping, for the frost
is very chilling;
If only I could offer you a bribe your home
to ope.
To give my golden corolls and my dew-drop
I'd be willing;
But I, alas! have nothing, so my anguish is
me killing,
For each sunshine gives and robs me, too, of
what might make me hope.

What will you, that while sleeping, I should
bring you as a present?

A fairy's scarf? or pinion of an angel from above?
Your night I will make lovely, ere the pale moon hides her crescent,
With thoughts of what the day will bring of all that's bright and pleasant,
And beauteous dreams of heaven will pass to softer dreams of love.

O virgin, do you fear lest in the gloom of night perfidious
The voice that now is speaking might the Châtelaine deceive;
That the wand'ring sylph is trying by a stratagem insidious
To betray a gentle maiden? Nay, the very thought is hideous!
If I had but a shadow I would flee it, I believe.

He wept—but all at once before the ancient bell was pealing,
There came a voice—a ghost, no doubt, that spoke in quiet way;
And forth upon the balcony a lady's form came stealing,
But what she said, or what she did, there's no means of revealing,
Or if she let her lover in, there's none of us can say.

THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE

Ballades, VI *Frank S. Mahony*

My lord the Duke of Brittany
Has summoned his barons bold—
Their names make a fearful litany!
Among them you will not meet any
But men of giant mould.

Proud earls, who dwell in donjon keep,
And steel-clad knight and peer,
Whose forts are girt with a moat cut deep—
But none excel in soldiership
My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals, forth he went,
With a bold and gallant bearing;
Sure for a captain he was meant,
To judge his pride with courage blent,
And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
A fear in secret creeping;
And to my patron saint I kneel,
That she may recommend his weal
To his guardian-angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot Bernardine
His prayers not to relax;

And to procure him aid divine
I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
Three pounds of virgin wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
The pilgrimage I've vowed:
"To wear the scallop I propose,
If health and safety from the foes
My lover be allowed."

No letter (fond affection's gage!)
From him could I require,
The pain of absence to assuage—
A vassal-maid can have no page,
A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's,
My cymbaleer's return:
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battlefield elate
His banner brings each peer;
Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state—
With the princes my cymbaleer.

We'll have from the rampart walls a glance
Of the air his steed assumes;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,

And on his head unceasing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes!

Be quick, my sisters! dress in haste!
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels decked, with true love graced,
While in his bold hands, fitly placed,
The sounding cymbals swell!

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear,
Embroidered by his bride!
Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
O'ershadowed by the dark horsehair
That waves in jet folds wide!

The gypsy (spiteful wench!) foretold,
With a voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have prayed so much, I trust
Her words may prove untrue;
Though in a tomb the hag accurst
Muttered: "Prepare thee for the worst!"
Whilst the lamp burnt ghastly blue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark! I can hear the drums!
And ladies fair from silken tent

Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes!

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pageantry;
Loud, as they tread, their armor clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks—
The pink of gallantry!

In scarfs of gold the priests admire:
The heralds on white steeds;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of some sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Feared by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance;
Then the tall halberds of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle van
Against the foes of France.

Now hail the duke, with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of his foe. Look, sisters, now!
Here come the cymbaleers!

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks—then, pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd! Death came in aid—
'Twas mercy to that loving maid—
The cymbaleers had passed!

THE CICATRIX

L'art d'être grand-père,
6, III — *Dean Carrington*

An ugly cicatrix was crusted o'er;
'Twas Jeanne's delight to pick and bleed the sore.
She comes and shows her hand in piteous case,
And says, "I've pulled the skin from off the place."
I scold! she cries; but when her tears I see,
I'm done! "I yield; come, make it up with me,
Jeanne! On condition that again you smile."
The sweet child sprang into my arms; the while
She said, with gently patronizing air—
"I love you, so no more my hand I'll tear."
Now both are pleased and on equality,
She with my kindness, with her pardon I.

ON THE CLIFFS

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XIX — *N. R. Tyerman*

I

In the viewless void thou smilest,
Gentle spirit that beguilest
From misery;

Thy dim raiment near me, Sweet,
Floats, while sobbeth at my feet
The sombre sea.

Night of my sad song is fain.
Gradually my soft refrain
Soft starlight brings:
For, O angel mine, the song
With thy pure heart's beat is strong
And with thy wings'.

Of poor fisher-folk my dreams;
Born 'neath yon low blackened beams,
Which yet were bright—
Grizzled beards and golden hair
Yon dark billows have in care
The stormy night!

Aye they're drifted, phantoms stark,
Ne'er again from sea they'll mark
Black gables old,
Verdant woods, meads flower-bespread,
Nor the silver smoke soft-shed
Through sunset-gold.

Past their eyes the frantic wave,
Striving still itself to save
From the wild wind,
Hastens, sobbing, ne'er at rest—
Eyes that late were smiling, blest
By earth so kind.

Deaths' shoals are they, haggard, cold,
Still from wave to wave on-rolled,
In ebb or flow—
Never shall they reach the shore,
On their brows dawn nevermore
Shall brightly glow.

For *their* dead fall silent tears.
Ah! our bitter grief and theirs
Is but one brief.
We are in the watery space
The same bark that ends its race
On the same reef.

II

All those captains, sea-boys small,
Which so many a voice doth call,
So many a prayer,
Welter in th' unanswering tides,
While the silver fish quick glides
Through tangled hair.

'Neath waves fathomless, untold,
In dark dreams doth one behold
With never a breath,
Gaping mouths most horribly
Quaffing in the staunchless sea
Of sullen death.

III

Yet along the barren coast
Still one dreams of loved ones lost,
With hearts that yearn;
Still one hopes to clasp that form
Which ashore by calm or storm
Will ne'er return.

'Twas a husband! 'twas a child!
Still one calls them, still the wild
Hoarse billows rave;
Morning, noontide, even, night,
When the beacon is alight,
But not to save!

Murmurs one: "Ere summer's gone
All will be ashore, James, John,
Sweet Louis small;
When the ripe grapes darkly glow . . ."
But the night-wind answers low,
"Drowned are they all!"

Says another: "In the storms
Seaward gaze—lo, those loved forms
Long vanishéd!
Look when eve dies on the wave,
Every billow is a grave
Whence comes a head."

IV

From yon watery waste forlorn
For calm heaven their souls are born,
Birds plumed for bliss.
Every billow is a grave;
O my dove, yet every wave
A cradle is.

TO LITTLE JEANNE

L'année terrible, Sept., V *Marwood Tucker*

You've lived a year, then, yesterday, sweet child,
Prattling thus happily! So fledgelings wild,
New-hatched in warmer nest 'neath sheltering bough,
Chirp merrily to feel their feathers grow.
Your mouth's a rose, Jeanne! In these volumes grand
Whose pictures please you—while I trembling stand
To see their big leaves tattered by your hand—
Are noble lines; but nothing half your worth,
When all your tiny frame rustles with mirth
To welcome me. No work of author wise
Can match the thought half springing to your eyes,

And your dim reveries, unfettered, strange,
Regarding man with all the boundless range
Of angel innocence. Methinks 'tis clear
That God's not far, Jeanne, when I see you here.

Ah! twelve months old: 'tis quite an age, and brings
Grave moments, though your soul to rapture clings,
You're at the hour of life most like to heaven,
When present joy no cares, no sorrows leaven:
When man no shadow feels: if fond caress
Round parent twines, children the world possess.
Your waking hopes, your dreams of mirth and love
From Charles to Alice, father to mother, rove;
No wider range of view your heart can take
Than what her nursing and his bright smiles make;
They two alone on this your opening hour
Can gleams of tenderness and gladness pour:
They two—none else, Jeanne! Yet 'tis just, and I,
Poor grandsire, dare but to stand humbly by.
You come—I go: though gloom alone my right,
Blest be the destiny which gives you light.

Your fair-haired brother George and you
beside
Me play—in watching you is all my pride;
And all I ask—by countless sorrows tried—
The grave; o'er which in shadowy form may
show
Your cradles gilded by the morning's glow.

Pure new-born wonderer! your infant life
Strange welcome found, Jeanne, in this time
of strife:
Like wild-bee humming through the woods
your play,
And baby smiles have dared a world at bay:
Your tiny accents lisp their gentle charms
To mighty Paris clashing mighty arms.
Ah! when I see you, child, and when I hear
You sing, or try, with low voice whispering
near,
And touch of fingers soft, my grief to cheer,
I dream this darkness, where the tempests
groan,
Trembles, and passes with half-uttered moan.
For though these hundred towers of Paris
bend,
Though close as foundering ship her glory's
end,
Though rocks the universe, which we defend;
Still to great cannon on our ramparts piled,
God sends His blessing by a little child.

EXTRACT FROM "FALLING STARS"

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, III, VII — *Dean Carrington*

Lovers twain beneath the night,
Dream a young and happy pair;
Through the sky-space infinite,
Suns are seeded everywhere,

Athwart th' heav'n's loud-sounding dome,
While from night's extremest way
Showers of sparkling dawn-dust roam
Stars that pass and fade away.

Heaps of falling stars are shed
Through the vast dark zenith high;
Kindled ash, which censers spread,
Incense of infinity.

And beneath, which dews bedew,
Showing pinks and violets shy;
Yellow primrose, pansy blue,
Lilies, glory of July.

By the cool mist, nearly drowned,
Lies the meadow far away,
Girded by the forest round,
Shivering, so that one would say,

That the earth, 'neath veil of showers,
Which the tear-wet forest sheds
Wide its apron, decked with flowers,
To receive the stars outspreads.

GRANDFATHER'S SONG

L'art d'être grand-père,
16, 1 *N. R. Tyerman*

Dance, little girls, so gaily,
All in a faery ring:
Seeing you dancing, ere May be,
Woods will blossom and sing.

Dance, little queens, so stately,
All in a faery ring:
'Neath the oaks, dreaming sedately,
Tenderly lovers will cling.

Dance, little sprites, so frantic,
All in a faery ring:
Books in the schoolroom pedantic
Soon will be burgeoning.

Dance, little pets, so beauteous,
All in a faery ring:
Birds on the branches perched duteous,
Soon will be clapping each wing.

Dance, little fays, in the meadow,
All in a faery ring:
Soon in the sunshine and shadow
Lovelier flowers will spring.

Dance, little maids, so rosy,
All in a faery ring:
Each beau to each belle, quite cosy,
Says some pretty, false thing!

TO ROSITA

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 6, V — *Dean Carrington*

So, you won't love, you naughty thing,
And all the spring is dismal made;
Hear you not how the bird doth sing
In the deep forest's pleasant shade.

If love be missing, Eden dies;
For beauty springs from love alone.
Blue when the sun doth shine, the skies,
Are blackened o'er if he be gone.

Faded and lost your charms will prove
If you such foolishness prolong;
The bird sings that we ought to love,
And he can sing no other song.

Swifter far than the lightning he rushes,
On Pindus he seats himself strong,
The Bear he relieves of his burden,
As he draws the gold chariot along.

He sports in the heavens undaunted,
And plunges due north to the Pole;
Him the zodiac, in circle revolving,
Nigh crushes in ponderous roll.

God created the gulf for his pleasure,
And gave the wild skies to his will,
His flight in the gloom and the shadow,
His path through the lightning-cleft hill.

Through the dense mists of heaven he wanders,
And loves, as he moves on his way,
To fly till the thick murky darkness
Shrinks back from the presence of day.

And the fierce glaring look of his eyeballs,
Brought back from his mystic career,
He fixes on man, that bare atom,
And fills him with terror and fear.

Though not docile, he's hard to be guided,
As many a poet will find,
Who may use him to leap o'er a chasm
Which cannot be bridged by the mind.

And the grooms who attend in his stable
Are men of both talent and soul;
The first place is given to Orpheus,
With Chénier last on the roll.

All our soul and our spirit he governs;
Ezekiel waits him with awe,
And it is from the floor of his stable
That patient Job gathers his straw.

Nought but woe to the man he surprises,
Ill fortune attends all his play;
He resembles the last days of autumn,
When weariness reigneth alway.

From his back he's flung many a rider,
He loathes both the bit and the rein,
He delights to be held as a monster,
Nor thinks of his rider again.

He exhibits nor mercy nor patience,
But leaves far behind on his track
All the rash and adventurous spirits
Who mounted in vain on his back.

His flanks, with their myriads of sparklets,
Bear him on in his pride and his might;
Though Despréaux or daring Quintilian
Have ventured to curb him in flight.

But I dragged him from rapt contemplation
Of gods, and of crimes, and of kings,
The sad horse of the gulf and the darkness,
To fields where the soft idyl springs.

Then I drew him towards the sweet meadow,
Where the sunrise had just given birth
To an eclogue of loving and kissing,
And turned to an Eden this earth.

In a valley, not far from the meadow,
Where Plautus and Racan compose,
The epigram blooms like a hawthorn,
And that trefoil, the triolet, grows.

Abbé Chaulieu can there take his sermon,
And Segrais can gather fresh bays,
From the tender green grass 'neath the bushes,
To inspire him with musical lays.

The horse struggled, his eyeballs shot lightnings
Like sheen of a yataghan's blade,
His flanks heaved like the breath of the tempest,
When wind against tide is arrayed.

For he longed to return to the unknown,
To break from this earth and its ties,
With the sulphurous reek in his nostrils,
And the soul of the world in his eyes.

Loud he neighed as if looking for rescue
From all the invisible worlds;
And from heaven, as though in swift answer,
The thunderbolt crashing was hurled.

And the raving Bacchantes all joined
In the yell that went up to the skies,
Whilst a long line of solemn-faced sphinxes
Stood gazing with calm, steady eyes.

And the stars that in heaven's vault shimmer
All quivered on hearing his cry,
As a lamp in a woman's weak fingers,
When the evening breezes are high.

And each time that with wings black and gloomy,
He beat on the dull, cloudy sky,
All the clusters of stars in the shadow
Away to the infinite fly.

But my firm grasp I never relinquished,
And showed him the meadow of Dreams,
Where all Nature is gay and seductive,
And the firefly in cool grottoes gleams.

And I showed him the field, and the shadow,
The grass-plots made verdant by June,
The place that bards think of as Eden,
In whose praises their harps they attune.

"Tell me, what are you doing?" said Virgil,
Who by the spot happened to pass,
And I answered: "It's Pegasus, master,
I'm taking to turn out to grass."

WHENCE CAME THIS BOOK?

La légende des siècles, frag. — *Dean Carrington*

The wall of ages in my dream appeared
Of living flesh, and granite rocks upreared:
Fixed immobility by sorrows made!
A building which loud sounds of crowds invade—
Black holes, star-lighted by ferocious eyes,
Mutations strange of grouped monstrosities,
Vast statues, giant frescoes met the view.
At times the gaping wall showed chambers through;
Dens, where there sat the happy and the great,
Victors, crime-stained, with praise intoxicate;
Gilt rooms, of jasper and of porphyry;
And the wall shivered as a wind-blown tree;
All ages, crowned with coin or battlement,
Were there; wan sphinxes, o'er the riddle bent,
Each sat as vaguely living, then was lost
To sight in upper darkness—as a host

Together with its captain petrified.
Soon as to scale the realms of night I tried,
The mass swayed to and fro, as 'twere a cloud:
At once it was a wall, and was a crowd.
The marble clutched the sceptre and the sword,
And wept the dust, and the red blood was poured.
In human shape fell every shattered stone—
Man, with th' unknown breath that leads him on,
Eve, Adam floating, one and yet diverse,
Throbbed on the wall, and life, and universe,
And Fate—black thread that does the tomb divide.—
Lightning at times made on the wall's wan side
Millions of faces, of a sudden flame;
Then showed that Nothing, which the whole we name—
Kings, gods, law, glory, and the flow and fate,
Through every time and age, of man's estate;
And 'neath my sight stretched out the dismal tale
Of hunger, ignorance, plagues, wars, and wail;
And superstition, science, history,
Like a black screen, as far as eye can see.

That wall, built of black ruin, bleak and bare,
Reared itself rugged, mournful, shapeless, where
I know not—hid in darkness far away.

There are no mists, as nought in algebra,
Which can resist in numbers, or in skies,
The fixed, calm search of penetrating eyes.
This wall, which to my sight, as first I mused,
Seemed shifting as a wave, vague and confused,
Illusive, vaprous, giddy, full of change;
Yet 'neath my thoughtful gaze the vision strange
Grew clearer and less dim, as by degrees
My pupils scanned the scene with greater ease.

*

How then shall we describe this book aright—
Drawn from the past, the tomb, the gulf, the night?
'Tis the tradition which the tempest feeds
Of revolutions, God unchains and speeds—
After the earthquake shock, what still stands fixed,
A wreck, but with the future's vague dawn mixed,
Man's onward growth, the ruin of old times,
Which darkness fills, and poetry sublimes.
Palatial charnel-house, in ruined state,
Inhabited by death and built by fate,
Wherein, when not by numbing fear possessed,
As birds on wing, or passing sunbeams rest,
Life, Liberty, and Hope their own may keep—
'Tis the immeasurable tragic heap,
Where, in its hideous breach, do vipers glide,
And dragons, ere they in their caverns hide,

And mists before they back to heaven won.
This book is the dread wreck of Babylon,
The gloomy tower of things, the home concise
Of right, wrong, mourning, tears, and sacrifice;
Once proud, and ruling o'er horizons far,
Now having nought but blocks that hideous
are,
Scattered in the dark valley, lost and laid,
It is man's epic—harsh, immense—decayed.

THE BALLAD OF THE NUN

Ballades, XIII *Gilbert Campbell*

Come you whose eager eyes grow bright
At lays of legendary lore,
And I will sing the doleful tale
Of Doña Padilla del Flor.
She came from Alanje, on whose hills
The merry children sport and play,
And from the hedges pluck the flowers,
And gambol all the livelong day.
Girls, your red aprons hide away;
The bull will pass this road to-day.

In fair Grenada and Seville
Are maidens found, both bright and gay,
Who to the whispered tale of love
Will gladly listen night and day;

And wander in the dewy eve
With many a stalwart cavalier;
And give the kiss and fond embrace,
When the sweet tale of love they hear.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But tales of love could never charm
The fair Padilla's listening ear,
No brighter eye than hers was seen,
And yet she shunned each cavalier
Who passed the hours of night away
Beneath the poplar's grateful shade,
And well knew how to gain the heart
Of many a listening Spanish maid.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Nothing could touch her cruel heart;
No tender cares or stories gay
Could draw a smile from those soft lips,
Or from her eyes an answering ray.
Though haughty lords and cavaliers
Sought her with eager looks each day,
Yet all unmoved the wayward fair
Pursued the tenor of her way.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

At last she took the fatal vows
In gray Toledo's sculptured fane,
And left the world so gay and fair,
And severed every earthly chain;

As if the Church claimed her of right,
Although her looks gave no one pain.
All wept that fair Padilla's face
Would ne'er be seen on earth again.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

II

She murmured: "Afar from the world
I can live and can pray for you all;
What a boon and what perfect repose,
On my knees at His altar to fall,
To sing every day to His praise,
With kind angels to guard me from ill,
And to drive those bad spirits away,
Who are ever opposed to His will."

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But she scarce had retired from the world,
When Love slyly stole to her heart;
For a brigand of fearful renown
Made her know the first pang of Love's dart.
For a brigand will sometimes succeed
Where the most polished gallant will fail.
And vainly she strove with her love;
Nor were vigils and prayers of avail.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

He was rude and uncouth in his ways;
No glove masked those fingers of steel;
But Love's a hard riddle to solve—
Ah! who can its secrets reveal?
The hind will abandon the stag
To follow the boar to his lair;
And filled with a love for this wretch
Was the heart of Padilla the fair.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Disguised in the hermit's dark robe,
Or with cross of the Templar on breast,
The brigand would steal to the gates
Of that haven of sanctified rest.
By skill and by cunning combined,
They met to exchange the fond kiss,
When no one their secret might guess,
Or witness their moments of bliss.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

The nun in her frenzy of love
Would dare, so the chronicles tell,
To meet at Veronica's feet
This brigand the servant of hell,
At the hour when the black ravens croak,
And in gloomy sepulchral band,
Spread their pinions in flight, like a cloud,
And hover above the dark land.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Ah! wretched Padilla, one night,
Forgetting the vows she had made,
Would have yielded to Satan's dark wiles
At the hour when the dim tapers fade;
In the church where she'd taken her vows,
The saint to the demon gave way,
As the shadows of night disappeared
With the first pallid dawn of the day.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

On an evening appointed for love,
Padilla crept down to the nave,
And called on the name of the wretch
Who had made her of Satan a slave.
But instead of his voice it was thunder
That burst on her terrified ear:
For the vengeance of Heaven had come,
And stern retribution was near.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And sadly the shepherd now tells
Of the wrath of the Spirit Divine,
As he points to the mouldering walls
Which the close creeping ivy entwine,
And to two ruined towers, where the sheep
Are gratefully cropping the grass,
And he crosses himself as he tells
How the whole sad event came to pass.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

For, when night hovers o'er the old fane,
And darkens its wide-gaping rifts,
Those towers into vast giants change,
As the night-bird its hoarse voice uplifts,
And calls to its fellows to come
And fly in a vast gloomy flock,
O'er hill, and o'er dale, and o'er plain,
O'er pebbly stream and dark rock.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And at midnight a nun with a lamp
Creeps stealthily out of her cell,
And calls, as she steals round the wall,
On the name of the man she loved well.
Then another grim phantom starts up,
And vainly appears to entreat—
Iron collars are fixed on their necks,
And fetters embarrass their feet.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

The quivering flame of the lamp
Comes and goes with a dim lurid light,
Now hiding beneath some old arch,
Now moving to left, then to right;
It shines on the top of a tower,
Then trembles behind an old gate;
And ever within its faint rays
A wan spectral crowd seems to wait.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

To meet in one long, fond embrace,
The spectres endeavor again,
A sheet of fire seems to enwrap them;
And all their attempts are in vain:
They stagger o'er graves of the good,
Which the hallowéd precincts surround;
Till at last, at the foot of a stair,
These agonized spirits are found.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But the staircase is ever unreal,
And mocks the attempts that they make;
'Neath their feet the steps vanish away,
Or suddenly shatter and break;
Ever separate still do they roam,
Nor, spite of all effort, can they
Ascend or descend the charmed stairs,
Which appear, and then crumble away.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

In accents of fear and dismay,
Their voices ring out through the night,
And with arms wildly spread out before,
They grope to the left and the right.
But the magical staircase again
Coldly mocks every effort they make,
And ever beneath their light tread
Its steps seem to quiver and shake.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And the chill rain in torrents pours down
And lashes the frail lattice pane,
Whilst the wind echoes through the damp vaults,
That burrow beneath the old fane;
And a peal from the belfry rings out,
Not the work of a mortal man's hand,
And sighing and hideous laughs
Are heard from a grim demon band.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Then the voice of a man and a woman
Ring out through the darkness of night,
"Ah, when will our punishment finish—
Ah, when will our burthen grow light?"
But eternity comes to no end,
And never away will it pass,
For the clock of old time has no hands
And never reverses the glass.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Their torments, alas! never cease;
For each night comes a spectre in black,
That with eagerness seeks a white shade,
And follows in vain on its track.
And still they toil on till the night
Is lost in the morning's bright beam,
When the flood of the sun's golden tide
Bears down on the dim tapers' gleam.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And the traveller who chances to pass
  This cursed spot in the direst dismay
Asks in vain as he crosses himself,
  When will Heaven's just wrath pass away.
And a fiery-tongued serpent may see,
  Which upon some old tombstone will trace
The names of the two guilty ones,
  Who are doomed to this ne'er-ending race.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

That holy man Saint Ildefonse,
  To save some fair soul at the least,
Commanded this legend be told
  In each church in the land by the priest,
And by priest and by monk the sad tale
  Is repeated to this very day,
As a warning to every young maid,
  How Padilla, the sweet, went astray.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MADEMOISELLE SOMBREUIL

Odes, 2, IX — *Harrison S. Morris*

I

Behold, O Lyre, I sing the virtue loved by thee!
Too many tax thy chords with hopeless threnody

For sorrowing Isaiah, for sad Ezekiel.
They who console the dead or with the victims weep
Must from thy saddest strings a chant sublimely sweep
Whose echoes shall to highest heaven swell.

Her also God has called—
Heaven envied us Sombreuil.
We tread the earth appalled,
Exiled, our crepe we trail.
Has any seen her shade
Vanish into the night
Toward the immortal light
Of the days that shall not fade?
Where shall her dust be laid,—
In the tomb, or on the altar height?

O weep not, but pray; the saints have reclaimed her—
Pray and adore her, once loved as your own!
She has gone to her sisters, white angels enfold her,
Pure virgins who winged from the cross to the throne,
Or couching in flames as on flowers
Took death without moan.

Her life was a holy mystery
Of innocence and saintly dread;

Her spirit passing seemed to be
Between the living and the dead.
Too often, fair unfortunate,
As if death came to loose her chains,
She felt the frozen hand of fate
Congeal the blood of her pallid veins.

II

O day when Death fell from his high privilege
When, ransoming murder by impious pledge,
He stained with his brand her virginal breast!
Twixt the impure draught and the parricide's blade
The hangman pursued the pitiful maid
With laughter infernal and odious jest.

Her punishment became her crown:
For lo! she raised her eyes on high
And drained the self-same chalice down
Which Jesus quaffed without a sigh.
What noble courage in such love!
God looked benignly from above
And gave, for her lost kin to atone,
Into her tender hands His own.

III

Not for her was the part of the martyr. Behold!
On our borders where faith is an outflowing tide

Her presence was like the last radiant gold
From the sun in the west ere the daylight has died.
God made her a sign among women to be,
And willed in His fields, where the gleaners are few,
This ear of ripe harvest to rest and abide.

Happy she was in her daily round,
For the arm with which God claims his due
Is stretched to his own with love profound,
And he lightens the cross they bend unto.
In visions he shows his wiser way:
To Jacob the ladder of Seraphim,
To Saul the cavern of Endor grim;
His hand mysterious, day by day,
Hides honey in the wormwood roots
And cinder amid the golden fruits.

His justice eternal sleeps not through the years.
The wicked whose purple brings naught saving tears
Still envies the faithful his cottage of thatch;
While the happy unrighteous who stands at the brink
By his crimes makes a hell, in his doom welds a link;
But the just, though in tears, makes a heaven to match.

'Tis said she bade adieu
With many a cruel regret,
And turned her yearning eyes
To the fetters she must quit.
"O my God, delay my hour,
Am I worthy thus to leave
The valley where they weep
Who travel toward the grave?
Hearken, I ask no reprieve,
God, I can suffer still,
Suffer and sweeten ill."

"I part; oh, have pity on those whom I leave.
What love can e'er render the love which I gave?
Why crown me with bliss ere my soul is at rest?
Oh, spare, spare my spirit to soften their woes!
In heaven none is needed to free the oppressed
Nor to pardon their foes."

Even the good must die!
In vain, with each a sigh,
The long-accustomed poor
Have passed before her door.
Now, O cottagers,
Pay your tribute in prayers;
Pass with a pious adieu,
Orphans, widows ill-shod;
Ye also, cripple and thief,
Images august of God.

IV

O God, take not back whom thy light hath possessed.
If virtue go thither, what warning hath crime?
The eyes of the wicked, oh, where shall they rest?
We pray, leave a hope that shall quicken the time,
Spare the just to our eyes!
Are there not, O God, angels enough in the skies?

UNITY

Les contemplations, I, XXV *N. R. Tyerman*

From the bright sky, just o'er far shadowy hills,
The sun, vast flower, God's ageless smile fulfils,
Bows over earth, ere yet to-night it yield;
A humble daisy, blooming nigh a field
On an old wall quick-crumbling with decay,
Spreads snowy petals in her tender way.
And the small floweret, fain her lord to woo,
Regards intently 'mid the eternal blue
The grand star-dazzling sky and land and sea.
"Like mine thy rays, sweetheart!" soft murmurs she.

PATERNITY

La légende des siècles, XXI — *C. E. Meetkerke*

THE sire had struck the son.
Both heroes, peers,
Grandees of Spain. The son, Don Ruy, was bred
To play with peril and to mock at fears.
Scarce twenty summers bloomed above his head
When he who braved the bear within his den,
And rivalled deer in leap from hill to glen,
Waged war victoriously against the Moors.
Ever the first in battle, all the land
From Sangra, City of the Sycamores,
To Lojariz, was ravished by his hand.

The sire was greater still. His hair was white.
Snow lies on hills no footstep dares to tread,
And Time's rude hand despoils the noble head
No king has conquered: the tumultuous sea
Is stayed by rock and reef, but he, the son
Of great Alonzo, Jayme of Aragon,
Who made it his first duty to be free,
Was never known to stay his step in fight,
To flinch from peril, or to swerve from right.

Afar, upon the mist-clad hills there towered
His dwelling-place, in ancient forests bowered.
Storm-tossed still stood the battlemented wall,
The bridge, the keep; his soul above them all.
But there the ivy, humble parasite,
Securely clings: no wanderer of the way
Sought refuge vainly, and no deed of wrong
Dared come between him and the light of day.
Nor would he suffer sin or spoil among
His vassals. Without fear or faint or stain,
Brave knight he stood, and noble suzerain.

His creed was simple; to believe in God,
To hate no man, not even an enemy,
To know no turning and to speak no lie.
The chief and sovereign lord of all the sod,
His call to war lit up the midnight sky,
And red fires answered him from hill to hill.
Vultures to meet the mystic signal fly,
And watchful eagles wait till all is still.
Nor was the son a soldier of less fire,
But since change comes to all things here below,
And that the law of ancient chivalry—
To conquer and keep pure, to smite the foe
But spare the feeble—waxes weak, the sire
In war had ofttimes something to forgive,
And of the two was seen by all to live
The nobler life.

Don Ruy desired to lead
His band across a neighboring domain,
Neither for open warfare nor for greed.
But the demand was met with curt disdain.
Then lance on wrist he rode into the town
And slew the citizens and fired the place.
His soldiers, turned to bandits, showed nor grace
Nor pity; and three days the sun went down
Upon this horror. When the deed was done
He and his men turned homeward from the plains,
All glad and conquering, and counting gains.

And this is why the father struck the son.

"Then," said Don Ruy, "I go; the night is made
For endless flight; the forest's direst shade
For gloom, where all things vanish. This my goal.
An insult is a sling which throws the soul
Into the pit of darkness. I go hence,
And have a right to wrath, for an offence
From sire to son is of so deep a dye
That 'tis the end and death of infancy.
The desert is my place."
And having said,
He turned and went.

Man's heart is quick to change.
Quarrels, mistakes, the discords that estrange
Are swift to come and go. From loftiest tower
Don Jayme stood watching till the form of him
He loved had passed from view. The midnight hour
Struck from the belfry, and his eyes were dim,
Faltering his step. Unconscious that he wept,
He sought the crypt where his forefathers slept.

A feeble, trembling flame illumined the place
And fell upon the statue of his sire,
Alonzo. On his stern and tranquil face
The look of one who might awake to ire
When patience failed: his strange and solemn air
Befitted well the ghostly silence there:
Seated, his hand upon his knee, he seemed
Ever waiting.
Jayme, as if he dreamed,
Gazed on the form in that sepulchral gloom,
Mounting the steps he knelt: "I come to thee
Whom I have lost, and in thy silent tomb,
Father, my agony of tears let fall.
Alas! thou dost not hear me when I call,

Nor see me though thy grand eye rest on me.
I am a soldier and a conqueror;
And priests and kings have entered at my door.
I have lived gloriously, but I come
To kiss thy feet: I have no other home.
I am abandoned—desolate! My son,
As wolf from forest lair, has fled and gone.
Could he not think God chasteneth whom He loves?
And that though storm the angry ocean moves
It rests unchanged? May not a father chide?
Wert thou not voiceless here, my guardian, guide,
Thy word would be my law. For sixty years
The ancient hills have trembled at my tread,
And hosts have fallen, but I would bow my head
At thy command, and, should I please thee not,
Strike at my naked breast, and I will blot
Out of my soul thy wrath with penitent tears!
Terror of tyrants and of monsters wild,
I am an old man, but I am thy child!"

He ceased, bowed down upon the statue's knee;
The sobs, from which his wounded bosom bled,
Convulsed the stone, and hand no eye could see
Passed with sublime caress above his head.

FABRICE D'ALBENGA

La légende des siècles,
18, I, frag. *C. E. Meetkerke*

Upon a hill beside fair Genoa's sea,
Where passed of yore the Franks of Pharamond,
A fortress stood in old-time majesty.
And there, howe'er the world might rage beyond,
Lived side by side a grandsire and a child:
Only the deep ravines, and torrents wild,
And a few followers, who loved them well,
To guard them in their ancient citadel.
Heiress of Final, fief that Witikind
Had conquered with his sword, Isora knew
No home but this, where wailed the ocean wind,
And where alone the faithful ivy grew:
For all forlorn and desolate the place,
The winding-sheet of silence on its face.
No echoes sound within the lonely halls,
On the forgotten path no footstep falls;
For darkness gathers on the orphan's day
When father and when mother pass away.
The grandsire, Marquis of Albenga, far
Withdrawn from scenes of strife and din of war,

Had been a man whose honor and whose word
Were owned by all: his courage and his sword
Were things to fear. Upon his noble face
Was writ the grandeur of his Spartan race,
And loyalty went hand in hand with one
Whose every deed was well and justly done.
Breaker of dungeon door and captive chain,
None ever looked to him for help in vain.
Warrior at heart, with glory on his brow,
But, above all, deliverer! And now—
Now he is old: within his cloistral halls
Immured; upon his tranquil spirit falls
The calm of after-storm, the faith, the trust
Of noble souls, the credence of the just.
The brave suspect no coward, and the true
No falseness: what the vulgar crowd pursue,
And what the tyrant dares, he knew not.
Life
Had never shown to him its baser side,
And, if defeated in a valiant strife,
'Twas ever through his loyalty. His pride
Was still wrapt round him in his banishment.
Forgotten by the years that came and went,
The time-worn man, who was a star of yore,
Was hid in mists, to rise and shine no more.

He roams at eve, but seeing—hearing not—
Sombre decline of age! each well-known spot
He treads with tranquil air, as in a dream.
Silent and absent, it would almost seem

As if the weary soul had wandered on
To ask of heaven how soon it might be gone.
At times against some crumbling battlement
He leans and thinks: no deed he could repent.
His work is done. But those around him know
How much they love him: it needs love to
throw
Roots down in ruins whence all joys depart.

The ivy-leaf is fashioned like a heart.

Ignoring fear, foreboding nought of ill,—
His sword upon his side he buckles still,—
His trusty sword—which bore in former years
The weight of fateful things, for every man
Within his hand some ponderous weapon bears
Of which he feels the power to bless or ban,
To wound or else to heal; the judges hold
Their books of law, and kings the rod of gold,
And grave-diggers the spade.
Like old oak-tree
The grandsire shelters at his feet a flower.
The trembling hand guides tottering infancy.
And every evening, when the chapel bell,
Dim in the distance from the belfry tower,
Sounds for the Angelus with fitful swell,
He leads Isora, where on chancel floor
Range angel forms and warrior knights of yore.
The statues seem in dusk as if they smiled—
Knights on the old man—angels on the child.

In that wild century and barbarous day,
Midst vulture princes and midst kings of prey,
Certes, not one but fain had won from fate
Old Final's fortress and rich marquisate.
'Twas known that in a deep and secret cave
Beneath the rock the marquis kept his hoard.
Each year the lands their ready rental gave;
And sacks of gold and precious things were stored.
And there, besides, the son of Witikind
Had sealed in coffers, safe as chains could bind,
Such riches as, for warfare or for greed,
Some future prodigal might come to need.

One morn a horn was sounded at the gate,
And there appeared a herald from the king,
Imperial Rathbert, proffering with state
A visit to the citadel, to bring
Gifts to Isora, who was of his kin.
And, that his prayer a meet reply might win,
He sent the child full many a precious toy.
Isora clapped her hands and danced with joy.
And, as the marquis read the missive writ
By royal hand, his noble face was lit
With pride and pleasure: but a shadow crossed
The gracious words, as cloud by tempest tossed.

It was a raven sweeping closely by.
And the old seneschal said musingly:
"*A black crow guided Judas.*"

Soon there rang
Through the old towers loud sounds of merriment,
And unaccustomed footsteps came and went,
And in the chambers where Isora sang,
And laughed, and played, the festal robes were spread.
Upon a chair of oak, all lacquered o'er
And knit with maple and with sycamore,
The marquis sat: he touched her golden hair,
And warmed with tender hand her rosy feet.
"You must be grand and fine," he gaily said,
"To meet the king, who brings you playthings, Sweet!
And peasants all shall come from miles around,
And you shall strew before them on the ground
Bright golden pieces, for they love you well!
This, my beloved, is no light festival!"
Then to her women with a joyous air
He turned: "Stay, let me dress her! Ah! how fair
Is my young queen!" and with a trembling hand
He strove to tie the little silken band,
And with dim eyes the tiny clasp to feel,
Being more used to fasten skirts of steel.

Bells, acclamations, drums, and trumpets
sound.
High on the castle towers red brasiers burn
Like beacon-fires by night. In open ground
Colossal tables spread; but eyes must turn
In horror from the sight—a festival
Of evil and of sin. The castle hall
Holds orgie: it is Final; ay, but lost!
Final, but vanquished, wrecked by conquering
host!
Music where lurks below a bitter cry;
Abyss from whence up-flames a lurid gleam;
Banquet of Satan, like some hideous dream.

Before the castle-gate a herald stood
Proclaiming: "In the name of Rathbert,
king,
Whom God preserve! it is for all to know,
The Marquis of Albenga in this place
Is traitor to the crown, and fellest foe.
To high tribunal he shall swift be sped
And dispossessed of all estate. 'Tis said."

All at once, silence; and the silence grows
As when a tempest ceases suddenly.
This hell from whence such yells of triumph rose
Is quenched, the lurid flames extinguished, die.
An old man at the open portal stands,
His white hair crowning his white face, his
hands

Tied like a felon's; while behind him there,
Like vulture following his prey in air,
A swordsman, with a naked sword held high,
Ready to fall at signal of an eye.
Guards stood round him.
"Marquis," said the king,
"You have a treasure hidden in this place
To which you only have the key; but bring
Your secret here, and I will grant you grace,
Your life is saved."
The prisoner raised his head,
But answered not.
Then Rathbert frowned and said:
"Speak! Marquis of Albenga, or I swear
You, though a lion, shall be made to yell
Like any spaniel."
Cold and upright there
The marquis stood as stone, immovable.
"You dare to brave me? For the third time, speak,
Or, by my sires, your every bone shall break!"
Without a word the old man raised his eyes
And looked straight at the king, who quailed before
The lightning of that look.
"Beware!" he cries,
In fury, "or from dungeon tower
Your head, upon a pike, this very hour
Shall take its silence upwards to the skies."
He stood as if he heard not.

"Guards," the king
Called, frantic in his ire. "The bolts! the screw!
Break him upon the wheel!"
Round in ring
The gathering crowd in awe-struck silence drew.
They heard the bones cry out—the lips were still!
Ready to strike, the executioner
Stood waiting for the signal: none dared stir.
Then through the gaping throng there crept a thrill.
Even that horde of miscreants stood aghast
As slowly up the hall a litter passed.
It was half covered with a winding-sheet,
And from the end two little childish feet
Hung down.
The marquis shivered like a tree
About to fall—the man of flesh and blood
Burst through the man of marble. Desperately
He tore away his bonds, and fell beside
The little corpse—the soldiers stood around
In horror.
From his throne, unmoved, the king
Said, with a scoff: "Take off the covering."
And there Isora in her silence lay,
A cord about her neck; the cruel band
Had left a crimson stain: her little hand
Still held a plaything.

"Dead!" the old man cried.
"Oh, they have killed thee, and but yesterday
Thou wert so fair, so tender, and so gay!
A flower the very air of heaven caressed—
Only last eve she slept upon my breast!
This morn I robed her, for her burial!
We might have fought, we might have held
the place:
Have torn the rock to fling it in their face:
Have made them swallow fire—a very rain
Of shot and shell: the drawbridge had its
chain;
Portcullis—missile—javelin— We had all!
But no, we opened wide our gates! We said:
'Enter!' 'Be welcome!' —Fool!"

His hoary head
Fell on his darling's neck.
With fiendish sneer,
Rathbert said: "Now, then, executioner!
Strike, and strike hard! It is convenient so!"
E'en as he spoke, the sword came down, and lo!
As if the blade had struck a double blow,
Upon the throne there sat a hideous thing!
That which had once been traitor, tyrant, king,
But now a shapeless horror steeped in gore!

The head of Rathbert rolled upon the floor.
Who the avenger there, no tongue could tell;
No eye beheld the deadly blade that fell;

None knew from whence it came.
But when at even
The holy monk, Heraclius, raised his eyes
Up to the sombre depths of stormy skies,
He saw, where winds had cleft the clouds of heaven,
Just where the pallid moon her radiance poured,
An archangel stand still to wipe his sword.

THE STATUE

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXVI — *William Young*

He seemed to shiver, for the wind was keen.
'Twas a poor statue underneath a mass
Of leafless branches, with a blackened back
And a green foot—an isolated Faun
In old deserted park, who bending forward,
Half-merged himself in the entangled boughs,
Half in his marble settings. He was there,
Pensive, and bound to earth; and, as all things
Devoid of movement, he was there—forgotten.

Trees were around him, whipped by icy blasts—
Gigantic chestnuts, without leaf or bird,
And, like himself, grown old in that same place.

Through the dark network of their under-
growth,
Pallid his aspect; and the earth was brown.
Starless and moonless, a rough winter's
night
Was letting down her lappets o'er the mist.
This—nothing more: old Faun, dull sky,
dark wood.

Poor, helpless marble, how I've pitied it!
Less often man—the harder of the two.

So, then, without a word that might offend
His ear deformed—for well the marble hears
The voice of thought—I said to him: "You
hail
From the gay amorous age. O Faun, what
saw you
When you were happy? Were you of the
Court?

"Speak to me, comely Faun, as you would
speak
To tree, or zephyr, or untrodden grass.
Have you, O Greek, O mocker of old days,
Have you not sometimes with that oblique eye
Winked at the Farnese Hercules?—Alone,
Have you, O Faun, considerately turned
From side to side when counsel-seekers came,
And now advised as shepherd, now as satyr?—

Have you sometimes, upon this very bench,
Seen, at mid-day, Vincent de Paul instilling
Grace into Gondi?—Have you ever thrown
That searching glance on Louis with Fontange,
On Anne with Buckingham; and did they not
Start, with flushed cheeks, to hear your laugh ring forth
From corner of the wood?—Was your advice
As to the thyrsis or the ivy asked,
When, in grand ballet of fantastic form,
God Phœbus, or god Pan, and all his court,
Turned the fair head of the proud Montespan,
Calling her Amaryllis?—La Fontaine,
Flying the courtiers' ears of stone, came he,
Tears on his eyelids, to reveal to you
The sorrows of his nymphs of Vaux?—What said
Boileau to you—to you—O lettered Faun,
Who once with Virgil, in the Eclogue, held
That charming dialogue?—Say, have you seen
Young beauties sporting on the sward?—Have you
Been honored with a sight of Molière
In dreamy mood?—Has he perchance, at eve,
When here the thinker homeward went, has he,
Who—seeing souls all naked—could not fear

Your nudity, in his inquiring mind,
Confronted you with Man?"

Under the thickly-tangled branches, thus
Did I speak to him; he no answer gave.

I shook my head, and moved myself away;
Then, from the copses, and from secret caves
Hid in the wood, methought a ghostly voice
Came forth and woke an echo in my soul,
As in the hollow of an amphora.

"Imprudent poet," thus it seemed to say,
"What dost thou here? Leave the forsaken Fauns
In peace beneath their trees! Dost thou not know,
Poet, that ever it is impious deemed,
In desert spots where drowsy shades repose—
Though love itself might prompt thee—to shake down
The moss that hangs from ruined centuries,
And, with the vain noise of thine ill-timed words,
To mar the recollections of the dead?"

Then to the gardens all enwrapped in mist
I hurried, dreaming of the vanished days,
And still behind me—hieroglyph obscure
Of antique alphabet—the lonely Faun
Held to his laughter, through the falling night.

I went my way; but yet—in saddened spirit
Pondering on all that had my vision crossed,
Leaves of old summers, fair ones of old time—
Through all, at distance, would my fancy see,
In the woods, statues; shadows in the past!

I WAS ALWAYS A LOVER

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXVII — *N. R. Tyerman*

I WAS always a lover of soft-winged things.
When a child, allured by bird-murmurings,
I sought them, and took the small sweets from the leaves.
And at first my timid delight in them weaves
Reed-cages, and lo! they got plumes 'mong green moss.
Later I threw wide the lattice, but loss
Sustained not; they flew not,—or, if they *did* fly,
But went to the woods and came back at my cry.
A fond dove and I cooed together love's name . . .
Now I have knowledge, men's spirits to tame.

TO SOME BIRDS FLOWN AWAY

Les voix intérieures,
XXII *Mrs. Newton Crosland*

CHILDREN, come back—come back, I say—
You whom my folly chased away
A moment since, from this my room,
With bristling wrath and words of doom!
What had you done, you bandits small,
With lips as red as roses all?—
What crime?—what wild and hapless deed?
  What porcelain vase by you was split
To thousand pieces? Did you need
  For pastime, as you handled it,
Some Gothic missal to enrich
  With your designs fantastical?
Or did your tearing fingers fall
On some old picture? Which, oh, which
Your dreadful fault? Not one of these;
Only when left yourselves to please
This morning but a moment here
  'Mid papers tinted by my mind,
You took some embryo verses near—
  Half formed, but fully well designed
To open out. Your heart's desire
Was but to throw them on the fire,
Then watch the tinder, for the sight
Of shining sparks that twinkle bright

As little boats that sail at night,
Or like the window lights that spring
From out the dark at evening.

'Twas all, and you were well content.
Fine loss was this for anger's vent—
A strophe ill made midst your play,
Sweet sound that chased the words away
In stormy flight. An ode quite new,
With rhymes inflated—stanzas, too,
That panted, moving lazily,
And heavy Alexandrine lines
That seemed to jostle bodily,
Like children full of play designs
That spring at once from schoolroom's form.
Instead of all this angry storm,
Another might have thanked you well
For saving prey from that grim cell,
That hollowed den 'neath journals great,
Where editors who poets flout
With their demoniac laughter shout.
And I have scolded you! What fate
For charming dwarfs who never meant
To anger Hercules! And I
Have frightened you!—My chair I sent
Back to the wall, and then let fly
A shower of words the envious use—
"Get out," I said, with hard abuse,
"Leave me alone—alone I say."
Poor man alone! Ah, welladay,

What fine result—what triumph rare!
As one turns from the coffined dead
So left you me:—I could but stare
Upon the door through which you fled—
I proud and grave—but punished quite.
And what care you for this my plight!—
You have recovered liberty,
Fresh air and lovely scenery,
The spacious park and wished-for grass;
The running stream, where you can throw
A blade to watch what comes to pass;
Blue sky, and all the spring can show;
Nature, serenely fair to see;
The book of birds and spirits free,
God's poem, worth much more than mine,
Where flowers for perfect stanzas shine—
Flowers that a child may pluck in play,
No harsh voice frightening it away.
And I'm alone—all pleasure o'er—
Alone with pedant called "Ennui,"
For since the morning at my door
Ennui has waited patiently.
That doctor—London born, you mark,
One Sunday in December dark,
Poor little ones—he loved you not,
And waited till the chance he got
To enter as you passed away,
And in the very corner where
You played with frolic laughter gay,
He sighs and yawns with weary air.

What can I do? Shall I read books,
Or write more verse—or turn fond looks
Upon enamels blue, sea-green,
And white—on insects rare as seen
Upon my Dresden china-ware?
Or shall I touch the globe, and care
To make the heavens turn upon
Its axis? No, not one—not one
Of all these things care I to do;
All wearies me—I think of you.
In truth with you my sunshine fled,
And gaiety with your light tread—
Glad noise that set me dreaming still.
'Twas my delight to watch your will,
And mark you point with finger-tips
To help your spelling out a word;
To see the pearls between your lips
When I your joyous laughter heard;
Your honest brows that looked so true,
And said "Oh, yes!" to each intent;
Your great bright eyes, that loved to view
With admiration innocent
My fine old Sèvres; the eager thought
That every kind of knowledge sought;
The elbow push with "Come and see!"

Oh, certes! spirits, sylphs, there be,
And fays the wind blows often here;
The gnomes that squat the ceiling near,
In corners made by old books dim;

The long-backed dwarfs, those goblins grim
That seem at home 'mong vases rare,
And chat to them with friendly air—
Oh, how the joyous demon throng
Must all have laughed with laughter long
To see you on my rough drafts fall,
My bald hexameters, and all
The mournful, miserable band,
And drag them with relentless hand
From out their box, with true delight
To set them each and all alight,
And then with clapping hands to lean
Above the stove and watch the scene,
How to the mass deformed there came
A soul that showed itself in flame!

Bright tricksy children—oh, I pray
Come back and sing and dance away,
And chatter, too—sometimes you may,
A giddy group, a big book seize—
Or sometimes, if it so you please,
With nimble step you'll run to me
  And push the arm that holds the pen,
Till on my finished verse will be
  A stroke that's like a steeple when
Seen suddenly upon a plain.
My soul longs for your breath again
To warm it. Oh, return—come here
With laugh and babble—and no fear
  When with your shadow you obscure

The book I read, for I am sure,
Oh, madcaps terrible and dear,
That you were right and I was wrong.
But who has ne'er with scolding tongue
Blamed out of season? Pardon me!
You must forgive—for sad are we.
The young should not be hard and cold
And unforgiving to the old.
Children, each morn your souls ope out
Like windows to the shining day.
Oh, miracle that comes about,
The miracle that children gay
Have happiness and goodness, too,
Caressed by destiny are you,
Charming you are, if you but play.
But we with living overwrought,
And full of grave and sombre thought,
Are snappish oft: dear little men,
We have ill-tempered days, and then,
Are quite unjust and full of care;
It rained this morning and the air
Was chill; but clouds that dimmed the sky
Have passed. Things spited me, and why?
But now my heart repents. Behold
What 'twas that made me cross, and scold!
All by-and-by you'll understand,
When brows are marked by Time's stern hand;
Then you will comprehend, be sure,
When older—that's to say, less pure.

The fault I freely own was mine.
But oh, for pardon now I pine!
Enough my punishment to meet,
You must forgive, I do entreat
With clasped hands praying—oh, come back,
Make peace, and you shall nothing lack.
See now my pencils—paper—here,
And pointless compasses, and dear
Old lacquer-work; and stoneware clear
Through glass protecting; all man's toys
So coveted by girls and boys.
Great China monsters—bodies much
Like cucumbers—you all shall touch.
I yield up all! my picture rare
Found beneath antique rubbish heap,
My great and tapestried oak chair
I will from you no longer keep.
You shall about my table climb,
And dance, or drag, without a cry
From me as if it were a crime.
Even I'll look on patiently
If you your jagged toys all throw
Upon my carved bench, till it show
The wood is torn; and freely, too,
I'll leave in your own hands to view,
My pictured Bible—oft desired—
But which to touch your fear inspired—
With God in emperor's robes attired.

Then if to see my verses burn,
Should seem to you a pleasant turn,
Take them to freely tear away
Or burn. But, oh! not so I'd say,
If this were Méry's room to-day.
That noble poet! Happy town,
Marseilles the Greek, that him doth own!
Daughter of Homer, fair to see,
Of Virgil's son the mother she.
To you I'd say: Hold, children all,
Let but your eyes on his work fall;
These papers are the sacred nest
In which his crooning fancies rest;
To-morrow winged to heaven they'll soar.
For new-born verse imprisoned still
In manuscript may suffer sore
At your small hands and childish will.
Without a thought of bad intent,
Of cruelty quite innocent,
You wound their feet, and bruise their wings,
And make them suffer those ill things
That children's play to young birds brings.

But mine! no matter what you do,
My poetry is all in you;
You are my inspiration bright
That gives my verse its purest light.
Children whose life is made of hope,
Whose joy, within its mystic scope,

Owes all to ignorance of ill,
You have not suffered, and you still
Know not what gloomy thoughts weigh down
The poet-writer weary grown.
What warmth is shed by your sweet smile!
How much he needs to gaze awhile
Upon your shining placid brow,
When his own brow its ache doth know;
With what delight he loves to hear
Your frolic play 'neath tree that's near,
Your joyous voices mixing well
With his own song's all-mournful swell!
Come back, then, children! come to me,
If you wish not that I should be
As lonely now that you're afar
As fisherman of Etrétat,
Who listless on his elbow leans
Through all the weary winter scenes,
As tired of thought—as on Time flies—
And watching only rainy skies!

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

Les contemplations, 2, IV *C. H. Kenny*

SPEAK, if you love me, gentle maiden!
Or haunt no more my lone retreat.
If not for me thy heart be laden,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Ah! tell me why so mute, fair maiden,
Whene'er as thus so oft we meet?
If not for me thy heart be, Aideen,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Why, when my hand unconscious pressing,
Still keep untold the maiden dream?
In fancy thou art thus caressing
The while we wander by the stream.

If thou art pained when I am near thee,
Why in my path so often stray?
For in my heart I love yet fear thee,
And fain would fly, yet fondly stay.

GASTIBELZA

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXII *N. R. T.*

GASTIBELZA, the man with the carabine,
Sung in this wise:
"Hath one of you here known Doña Sabine,
With the gentle eyes?
Ay, dance and sing! For the night draws nigh
O'er hill and lea.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"Hath one of you here known Doña Sabine,
To me so dear?
Her mother, the old, old Maugrabine,
Erst made one fear,
For each night from the haunted cavern she'd
cry
With an owlet's glee.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"Ay, dance ye and sing! The hour's delight
One needs must use.
How young she was, and those eyes how bright
Which made one muse.—
To this old man whom a child leads by,
A coin cast ye!
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"In sooth the queen for envy had wept,
Had she seen her, alack!
As o'er Toledo's bridge she light-tripped
In a corset black.
A chaplet of beads that charmed one's eye,
From her neck hung free.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"The king, bedazed with her loveliness,
Bespake one there:

'For one only smile, for one only kiss,
One tress of her hair,
I would give my Spain and gold realms that lie
O'er yonder sea!'
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"I know not well if I loved this sweet,
But well I know,
If but one glance of her soul might greet
My soul, I would go
On the galleys to toil, on the galleys to die,
Right cheerfully.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"One summer morn when all heaven was bright,
All earth was gay,
To the stream with her sister for dear delight,
This sweet must stray.
The foot of her comrade I there did spy,
And saw *her* knee.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"When thus of me, a poor shepherd, was seen
This glorious May,
Methought, 'tis Cleopatra the queen
Who once, they say,

Won Cæsar, great Emperor of Germany,
Her slave to be.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"Dance ye and sing—lo, the night doth fall!
Sabine, one while
Her dovelike beauty, her soul, her all,
Her angel-smile,
For a ring of gold to the count hath sold—
Saldane is he.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"On this bench for a moment suffer me rest,—
Full-weary each limb.
With this count then fled this loveliest—
Alas! with him!
By the road that leads . . . but I know not, I,
Where then fled she.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Will madden me!

"I saw her pass at the death of day,
And all was night.
And now I wander and weary alway,
In pain's despite.
My soul's on quest; my dagger's put by,
Ne'er used to be.
—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high*
Has maddened me!

IN THE CEMETERY OF . . .

Les rayons et les ombres,
XIV — *Dean Carrington*

THE crowd still living, laughs on folly set,—
For weal or woe, for better or for worse:
The silent dead, the dead whom they forget,
See me the dreamer, and with me converse.

In me they know the solitary man,
The pilgrim sage who through the forest wends:
The soul that finds (life's sorrows wont to scan)
That all in grief begins—in quiet ends.

They've seen my pensive looks, my drooping head,
As 'mong the crosses and the tombs I stood;
Upon the fallen leaves have heard me tread,
Have seen me watch the shades that haunt the wood.

They understand the truths my words have told,
Far more than you who live in noise and strife;
The hymns which doth my lyric soul enfold
To you mere songs, to them with tears are rife.

Though men forget them, Nature still is theirs:
And in Death's garden, where we all shall meet,
Calm dawn an aspect more celestial bears,
The lilies purer seem, the birds more sweet.

'Tis there I live! and there white roses pick;
Repair the tombs, neglected long, and rent;
I come and go through branches dark and thick,
The dead my footsteps hear, and are content.

There, too, I dream. In that field-slumber furled,
Roving, I see with the keen eyes of thought,
My soul transformed into a magic world—
Mysterious glass of all, by Nature wrought.

I see not; yet behold strange insects fly,
Boughs indistinct, shapes, hues, around me play;
There, resting on the stones that broken lie,
I dazzling visions have of flower and ray.

The ideal dream which fills my eyelids, there—
Floats a bright veil, between the earth and me:
There my ungrateful doubts melt into prayer—
Standing at first—I end on bended knee.

As to the hollow in the rock doth come,
To sip a drop of dew, the humble dove;
So my proud soul, in shadow of the tomb,
Would drink a little faith, and hope, and love.

TRISTESSE D'OLYMPIO

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXIV — *C. E. Meetkerke*

Nor sombre were the fields, nor dark the sky,
No; the day glowed with sunshine gloriously
O'er all things shed,
The air was full of perfume and sweet sounds
When he returned where from so many wounds
His heart had bled.

The autumn smiled, the woods upon the hill
Bent branches to the valley, verdant still;
All heaven was gold.
The happy birds poured forth their joyous lays
From leafy depths to Him whom all things praise,
Sweet hymns of old.

He would revisit all—the pond—the grove—
The woodland shades—each happy haunt of love—
The old oak-tree—
The mossy glade—each sweet sequestered spot,
There—where together all things were forgot,
In ecstasy.

He sought the garden where the roses grew,
The ivy porch where round the swallows flew,
The primrose ways,
Walking as in a dream with mournful pace
He seemed to see in each familiar place
Departed days.

He pondered long on all the lovely scene,
All nature's radiant pictures, soft, serene,
Till evening fell,
Wandering aimlessly and lost in dreams
Amongst the hills and vales, the woods and streams
He loved so well;

Remembering vaguely each belovéd spot,
Like some forbidden outcast entering not,
Head downward bowed:
And when the shadows deepened into gloom
He felt his heart grow solemn as the tomb,
And cried aloud:

"O Grief! I sought, forgotten and alone,
To know if still the cup held any part
Of all its sweet, to ask what it had done
With all that I had left there of my heart!

"How short a space will alter everything!
Your swift oblivion, Nature! how profound!
And how you break with Time's resistless wing
The mystic thread with which our hearts are bound!

"Have we then played our part and had our hour?
Is all our joy gone by, our gladness o'er?
I weep, and in the sunshine smiles the flower;
The place that knew me knoweth me no more!

"And others' feet where we have trod will tread;
Others will find our pathway sweet and fair;
The words we spoke will be by others said;
Our dream be dreamt and left unfinished there.

"God lends us for a time the woods and plains,
The morning radiance and the evening light;
Gives us the scenes where sweet enjoyment reigns,
To place there all our love and our delight.

"And at a blow we are of all bereft!
A breath blows out the glory and the flame,
And bids the scene, where all our soul is left,
Efface our footsteps and forget our name!

"But thou, Love! in the night that knows no star,
What shall destroy and what shall conquer thee?
Through darkest night a light shines up afar:
Thy torch! thy beacon! sacred memory."

A MEETING

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXI *Dean Carrington*

When to the youngest he his alms had cast,
Musing, he stopped to see them. A long fast
Had thinned their cheeks the sun and wind embrowned.
They sat all four together on the ground,
Then having shared, as angels might have done,
A morsel of black bread from gutters won,
They eat, but with a look of woe so deep,
To see them must have made all women weep!
'Tis they are lost, in earth's vast crowded space—
Four children all alone—the world to face;
No father, mother, not a barn, a shed
For shelter—with bare feet the road they tread,
All save the last, who limped, poor little thing,
In shoes old and too large, and tied with string.
In ditches all night through they often sleep;
How cold they are at morn, when chill winds sweep,

When the trees, shivering at the lark's first cry,
Make a black profile 'gainst the clear pale sky!—
Their hands, which God made pink, now red remain.
Sundays they seek the hamlet for vile gain:
The little one, from illness pale and lean,
Sings songs unfit, not knowing what they mean,
To make (poor child, alas! to tears akin)
Some foul hoar villain laugh, who haunts the inn.
So is the pot-house merry made, and thence
To their sharp hunger thrown some paltry pence—
The alms of hell, designed sin's perquisite,
The hideous coin on which the fiend has spit.
And then to eat behind some hedge they go,
Hidden and trembling, more than fawn or doe—
For oft they're beaten, always chased away.
'Tis thus, poor innocents, condemned each day,
Beneath my walls and yours they famished stray;
As chance directs, the eldest leads the way.

Then he, the dreamer, turned his gaze on high,
And nought but calm warm ether meets his eye;

The bounteous sun, air full of golden wings,
From the blue vault the sweet soft peace that springs;
The joys, the shouts, that *Nature's* triumph swell,
Down from the sky-birds on the children fell.

TO LAURA, DUCHESS D'A——

Les rayons et les ombres,
XII — *Dean Carrington*

Since were their souls too mean to comprehend
That after so great splendors, power, and pride,
Duty and honor called on France to lend
A grave, wherein thy coffin might abide;

Since they not felt that she who, dauntless still,
Dared glory, praise, and ruffian knaves confound,
Has right to sleep upon the holy hill,
Has right to sleep where heroes rest around:

Of our great battles, since the memory
Burns not within them, like a sacred flame;
Since they are void of heart and sympathy,
Who could refuse (small boon) the tomb you claim?

'Tis mine to sing an expiatory song—
Mine, on my knees, our sorrow to rehearse;
To me to guard thy memory doth belong,
And to embalm in sweet and mournful verse.

This time, 'tis mine to shelter and defend
Death 'gainst its comrade, pale Forgetfulness;
With scattered roses, mine thine urn to tend,
To crown thy name with laurels—and redress.

Since fools heap insults, now thou'rt sunk to rest,
Upon thy brow, by Cæsar glorious made,
'Tis mine, whose hand thine own in friendship pressed,
To whisper: "I am near! be not afraid!"

For I my mission have. Armed with my lyre,
Full of fierce hymns, which would their wrath declare,
I guard the glories of the Empire,
Resolved that none these to attack shall dare.

Its memories in thy faithful heart were stored,
When adverse skies spread o'er us Sorrow's night.
On noble wings thy noble spirit soared,
Oft with an eagle's eye, with angels' flight.

Brave 'neath thy woes, of ours compassionate,
Woman! to storms and hostile strife a prey,
Thou never didst their baseness imitate,
Nor trod to safety's port by coward's way.

Thou glorious muse, and (though inglorious)—I,
Have each, our lives, this mandate laid upon—
A steadfast knot which each to each doth tie
The hero's widow, and the soldier's son.

Hence in this Babel, I forever more
Each scrap of our scorned flag shall kiss and save.
Unto the Emperor I bade France restore
His column, and to thee to grant the grave.

MOURNING

L'année terrible, March, 1871 *Marwood Tucker*

Charles, Charles, my son! hast thou, then, quitted me?
Must all fade, nought endure?
Hast vanished in that radiance, clear for thee,
But still for us obscure?

My sunset lingers, boy, thy morn declines!
Sweet mutual love we've known;
For man, alas! plans, dreams, and smiling twines
With others' souls his own.

He cries: "This has no end!" pursues his way.
He soon is downward bound:
He lives, he suffers; in his grasp one day
Mere dust and ashes found.

I've wandered twenty years, in distant lands,
With sore heart forced to stay:
Why fell the blow Fate only understands!
God took my home away.

To-day one daughter and one son remain
Of all my goodly show:
Well-nigh in solitude my dark hours wane;
God takes my children now.

Linger, ye two still left me! though decays
Our nest, our hearts remain;
In gloom of death your mother silent prays,
I in this life of pain.

Martyr of Sion! holding Thee in sight,
I'll drain this cup of gall,
And scale with step resolved that dangerous height,
Which rather seems a fall.

Truth is sufficient guide; no more man needs
Than end so nobly shown.
Mourning, but brave, I march; where duty leads,
I seek the vast unknown.

EARLY LOVE REVISITED

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXIV, frag. *Author of "Critical Essays"*

Our beautiful bowers are all laid waste;
The fir is felled that our names once bore;
Our rows of roses, by urchins' haste,
Are destroyed where they leap the barrier o'er.
The fount is walled in where, at noonday pride,
She so gaily drank, from the wood descending;
In her fairy hand was transformed the tide,
And it turned to pearls through her fingers wending.

The wild, rugged path is paved with spars,
Where erst in the sand her footsteps were traced,
When so small were the prints that the surface mars,
That they seem *to smile* ere by mine effaced.

The bank on the side of the road, day by day,
Where of old she awaited my loved approach,
Is now become the traveller's way
To avoid the track of the thundering coach.

Here the forest contracts, there the mead extends,
Of all that was ours, there is little left—
Like the ashes that wildly are whisked by winds,
Of all souvenirs is the place bereft.
For none upon earth can achieve his scheme,
The best as the worst are futile here:
We awake at the self-same point of the dream—
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere.

Yes! others shall come in the bloom of the heart,
To enjoy in this pure and happy retreat,
All that nature to timid love can impart
Of solemn repose and communion sweet.
In *our* fields, in *our* paths, shall strangers stray,
In *thy* wood, my dearest, new lovers go lost,
And other fair forms in the stream shall play
Which of old thy delicate feet have crossed.

THE STRUGGLE

L'année terrible, March, II *Dean Carrington*

'Tis angry ignorance, to pity those
Who still their eyes to truth's bright radiance close;
And, friend, why care? Honor with us we see.
Pity those rulers, who on bended knee
Sign the vile peace which France doth gripe and rend;
Let their insane ingratitude descend,
In history with your contempt and mine.
Jesus himself their malice would malign;
Paul a fierce democrat they would have named;
And Socrates as a mere quack defamed.
They're made so their blear eyes the daylight fear—
The fault not theirs, at Naples, Rome, or here,
Throughout—'tis natural these souls perverse
As soldiers envy you—as priests should curse;
The first being beaten—and unmasked the last.
The ice which by our quays this winter passed
Pell mell, and all things cold and gloomy made,
Yet drifting quickly melted in the shade,
Was not more hateful, nor more vain than this.
You who of old (as Heaven-sent warriors may)
Freed cities without armies and alone,
Let their vile clamors at your head be thrown.

What matters it!—clasp we our hands anew,
I, the old Frenchman—the old Roman you.
Let us go hence this place, unmeet and vain,
And let us each our lofty cliffs regain,
Where, if we're hissed—at least 'tis by the sea:
Come, let the lightning our insulter be—
Fury not base—grief worthy of the brave—
True gulfs—and quit their slaver for the wave.

IF MY VERSES HAD WINGS

Les contemplations, 2, II — *C. E. Meetkerke*

My song so frail and sweet would fly
Into your garden joyfully,
If like the lark that flies and sings—
If like the lark my song had wings.

Or when the summer goes from earth
Would hover round your shining hearth,
If like my vain imaginings—
If like my dreams my song had wings.

Near you, it would not wish to stray,
Tender and faithful night and day,
If, rising from eternal springs
Like deathless Love, my soul had wings.

BEFORE THE CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY

L'année terrible, Feb., I *Dean Carrington*

If this foul war we ended see,
And grant all Prussia longs to get,
Then, like a glass, our France would be,
Upon a pot-house table set:—

You empty it, and then you break!
Our haughty country is no more.
O grief, that shame should overtake
Where only honor lived of yore!

Black morrow, with dismay for text;
All dregs we drink—on ashes feed;
The eagles gone; there follow next
The vultures, these do hawks succeed.

Two provinces now torn away—
Metz poisoned, Strasburg crucified;
Sedan, deserter in the fray,
A brand on France that will abide.

There lives in souls degenerate
Base love of loathly happiness—
Pride cast way; they cultivate
The growth, the increase of disgrace.

Our ancient splendor stained, belied,
Our mighty wars dishonored now,

The country 'mazed and stupefied,
Unused to live with lowered brow.

The foeman in our citadels;
Attila's shadow o'er us thrown;
The swallow to its fellow tells,
This is not France that we have known.

Her mouth full of the foul Bazaine!
Renown, with slow and broken wing,
Does with unwholesome slaver stain
The trump that erst did nobly ring.

Brethren alone they dare to fight.
Bayard! thy name no longer lives;
They murder now, to hide from sight
That lately they were fugitives.

Black night mounts up on every brow,
And not a soul dares soar on high;
Heaven does itself our shame avow,
Since we refuse to seek the sky.

Chill hearts are here, and darkness deep—
People from people separate
All wide apart and hostile keep,
And love is dead, and turned to hate.

Prussia and France are foemen sworn;
That host is all with hatred fired;
Our dark eclipse their joyful morn—
Our tomb, by all of them desired.

Shipwreck! To mighty deeds good-bye!
Deceived, deceiving all is made;
"The cowards!" to our flag they cry—
And to our cannon: "They're afraid."

Our pride, our hopes, departed all,
A shroud on history fallen is—
O God! permit not France to fall
In gulf of such a peace as this.

GOD, WHOSE GIFTS IN GRACIOUS FLOOD

Les rayons et les ombres,
XLI *Dean Carrington*

God, whose gifts in gracious flood
Unto all who seek are sent,
Only asks you to be good,
And is content.

So the world, where all things are
Sparkling, yet does nought ignite,
Only asks you to be fair,
And finds delight.

And my heart, in the sweet shade
Of two beauteous eyes steeped o'er,
Only asks if you be glad,
And nothing more.

YE MARINERS WHO SPREAD YOUR SAILS

Les rayons et les ombres,
XVI *Author of "Critical Essays"*

Ye mariners! ye mariners! each sail to the breeze unfurled,
In joy or sorrow still pursue your course around the world;
And when the stars next sunset shine, ye anxiously will gaze
Upon the shore, a friend or foe, as the windy quarter lays.

Ye envious souls, with spiteful tooth, the statue's base will bite;
Ye birds will sing, ye bending boughs with verdure glad the sight;
The ivy root in the stone entwined will cause old gates to fall;
The church-bell sound to work or rest the villagers will call.

Ye glorious oaks will still increase in solitude profound,
Where the far west in distance lies as evening veils around;

Ye willows, to the earth your arms in mournful trail will bend,
And back again your mirrored forms the water's surface send.

Ye nests will oscillate beneath the youthful progeny;
Embraced in the furrows of the earth the germing grain will lie;
Ye lightning-torches still your streams will cast into the air,
Which like a troubled spirit's course float wildly here and there.

Ye thunder-peals will God proclaim, as doth the ocean wave;
Ye violets will nourish still the flower that gave;
Upon your ambient tides will be man's sternest shadow cast;
Your waters ever will roll on when man himself is past.

All things that are, or being have, or those that mutely lie,
Have each its course to follow out, or object to descry;
Contributing its little share to that stupendous whole,
Where with man's teeming race combined creation's wonders roll.

The poet, too, will contemplate th' Almighty
Father's love,
Who to our restless minds, with light and
darkness from above,
Hath given the heavens that glorious turn of
tranquil majesty,
Whence in unceasing stores we draw calm and
serenity.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Les rayons et les ombres,
4, VI, frag. *Author of "Critical Essays"*

O Eighteenth Century! by Heaven
chastised!
Godless thou livedst, by God thy doom was
fixed.
Thou in one ruin sword and sceptre mixed,
Then outraged love, and pity's claim de-
spised.
Thy life a banquet—but its board a scaffold at
the close,
Where far from Christ's beatic reign, Satanic
deeds arose!
Thy writers, like thyself, by good men
scorned—
Yet, from thy crimes, renown has decked
thy name,
As the smoke emplumes the furnace flame,
A revolution's deeds have thine adorned!

THE FAY AND THE PERI

Ballades, XV *Asiatic Journal*

THE PERI.

BEAUTIFUL spirit, come with me
Over the blue enchanted sea;
  Morning and evening thou canst play
In my garden, where the breeze
Warbles through the fruity trees;
  No shadow falls upon the day;
There thy mother's arms await
Her cherished infant at the gate
Of Peris I the loveliest far—
My sisters, near the morning star,
In ever youthful bloom abide;
But pale their lustre by my side—
A silken turban wreathes my head,
Rubies on my arms are spread,
While sailing slowly through the sky,
By the uplooker's dazzled eye
Are seen my wings of purple hue,
Glittering with Elysian dew
  Whiter than a far-off sail
    My form of beauty glows,
Fair as on a summer night
Dawns the sleep-star's gentle light;
  And fragrant as the early rose
That scents the green Arabian vale,
  Soothing the pilgrim as he goes.

The Fay.

Beautiful infant (said the Fay),
In the region of the sun
I dwell, where in a rich array
The clouds encircle the king of day,
His radiant journey done.
My wings, pure golden, of radiant sheen
(Painted as amorous poet's strain),
Glimmer at night, when meadows green
Sparkle with the perfumed rain
While the sun's gone to come again.
And clear my hand, as stream that flows;
And sweet my breath as air of May;
And o'er my ivory shoulders stray
Locks of sunshine;—tunes still play
From my odorous lips of rose.

Follow, follow! I have caves
Of pearl beneath the azure waves,
And tents all woven pleasantly
In verdant glades of Faëry.
Come, belovéd child, with me,
And I will bear thee to the bowers
Where clouds are painted o'er like flowers,
And pour into thy charméd ear
Songs a mortal may not hear;
Harmonies so sweet and ripe
As no inspired shepherd's pipe
E'er breathed into Arcadian glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men.

The Peri.

My home is afar in the bright Orient,
Where the sun, like a king, in his orange tent,
Reigneth forever in gorgeous pride—
And wafting thee, princess of rich countree,
To the soft flute's lush melody,
My golden vessel will gently glide,
Kindling the water 'long the side.

Vast cities are mine of power and delight,
Lahore laid in lilies, Golconda, Cashmere,
And Ispahan, dear to the pilgrim's sight,
And Bagdad, whose towers to heaven uprear;
Alep, that pours on the startled ear,
From its restless masts the gathering roar,
As of ocean hamm'ring at night on the shore.

Mysore is a queen on her stately throne;
Thy white domes, Medina, gleam on the eye—
Thy radiant kiosques with their arrowy spires,
Shooting afar their golden fires
Into the flashing sky,—
Like a forest of spears that startle the gaze
Of the enemy with the vivid blaze.

Come there, beautiful child, with me,
Come to the arcades of Araby,

To the land of the date and the purple vine,
Where pleasure her rosy wreaths doth twine,
And gladness shall be alway thine;
Singing at sunset next thy bed,
Strewing flowers under thy head.

Beneath a verdant roof of leaves,
  Arching a flow'ry carpet o'er,
Thou mayst list to lutes on summer eves
  Their lays of rustic freshness pour;
  While upon the grassy floor
Light footsteps, in the hour of calm,
Ruffle the shadow of the palm.

THE FAY.

Come to the radiant home of the blest,
Where meadows like fountain in light are dressed,
And the grottoes of verdure never decay,
And the glow of the August dies not away.
Come where the autumn winds never can sweep,
And the streams of the woodland steep thee in sleep,
Like a fond sister charming the eyes of a brother,
Or a little lass lulled on the breast of her mother.
Beautiful! beautiful! hasten to me!
Colored with crimson thy wings shall be;

Flowers that fade not thy forehead shall twine,
Over thee sunlight that sets not shall shine.

The infant listened to the strain,
Now here, now there, its thoughts were driven—
But the Fay and the Peri waited in vain,
The soul soared above such a sensual gain—
The child rose to heaven.

THE LOVE-SONG

Les contemplations, 2, XIII *N. R. T.*

Come, O come! an unseen flute
'Mid the orchard-bowers is sighing!—
Ah! the song that makes most mute
Is the shepherd-song soft-dying.

Breezes, 'neath the elm vine-clad
Gently fret the river-shadows.—
Ah! the song that makes most glad
Is the bird-song from the meadows.

Be no care in thy bright breast.
Let us love! Ay, love forever!—
Ah! the song the loveliest
Is the love-song silenced never.

THE PASSAGE OF THE STATUES

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
4, I — *C. E. Meetkerke*

THE statue loomed against the midnight sky:
The city's thousand roofs lay hushed in sleep;
Its steeples lifting shadowy spires on high
Looked like gigantic shepherds watching sheep.
The towers of Notre-Dame in murky air
Frowned each on each, whilst voices of despair
Moaned in the wind, and heavy cloud on cloud
Hung down as if the dead day's solemn shroud
Would never more be lifted, nor again
The splendor of the morn arise and reign:
As if the sun burnt out on darkened hearth
Had passed away from the forsaken earth,
And left the desolate and rayless sky
Wrapt in eternal night's obscurity.

Calm, sword in hand, and bearing on his breast
The harness of his ancient warrior race,
Sits the bronze horseman, ready, lance in rest,
Hero and king—and set upon his face
An iron smile. Tranquil, immutable
He looked, as down the inky darkness fell,
With that untiring gesture pointing there
As if he petrified the very air.

All that upon a regal brow may lie
Of force, in tragic brass captivity,
All that of lightning flash an eye may keep
Bound in its prison-house of endless sleep,
All the strange life that lies in death, combined
In that colossal form to lend the hour
The solitude, the gloom its direful power.

Around the statue wailed and wailed the wind;
And through its arches wild with terror vain,
There fled the rushing waters of the Seine.

With sudden blast—and whence what tongue may tell?
A voice upon the icy stillness fell:
It smote the ear upon the statue's face,
It said:
"See if your son is in his place."

If in that hour a wanderer had passed by,
Horror had froze his blood, for earth and sky
Ne'er heard before so hoarse, so strange a sound.
It struck like thunder on the air around.
The monstrous muscles of the brass-bound steed
Quivered; the foot, so long upraised in air
That through the marble crevices the weed

And fragile wild-flower bloomed untrodden there,
Drew near the margin of the pedestal,
And as on viewless plains in hideous dream
Horseman and horse descended.

Over all
Reigned the still night without one passing gleam.
No light of star, no ray of moonlight shone,
And swift the waters of the Seine fled on.

Strange sight! past palace, hovel, square, and street
The man in bronze advanced; beneath his feet
The city shook and dismal murmurs rose
And followed him—a wail of ghostly woes
From phantom lips—the exceeding bitter cry
Of ancient wrong and ancient slavery.
The moaning of a past of blood and tears,
The howling of revolt, of outraged years;
It was the tomb that opened forth to yield
The shrieks of slaughtered men on battle-field
And cries from burning towns; one seemed to hear
Women's and children's voices in their fear,
Whilst loud "Te Deums" for glorious victory

Rung out and drowned the captive's bitter sigh;
Loud shouts from ruthless power, despairing groans
From torture-chamber, pæans round the thrones—
It was the blood, the flesh, the fire, the steel,
Bearing to God on high a last appeal;
And on the horseman passed with ceaseless tread
Until he came where gleaming overhead,
'Mid trembling leaves, a phantom grand and white
Shone in pale splendor through the gloom of night,
Dreaming, august, serene, a laurel wreath
About his brow, upon the column's base
A hand of Justice.
Then that icy breath
Once more came hoarsely like the sob of death.
It said:—
"See if your son is in his place."

E'en as the hunter wakes at sound of horn
The white king wakened from his placid dream
And followed the bronze horseman, whilst the dawn
Broke and the morning star began to gleam,
On to the Place des Victoires. Neither said
This way or that, but on with measured tread

Until they stood before another king.
Nay, not a king—a god:

Erect his head
As if with viewless spirits communing,
Seemed formed to gaze on skies forever fair.
Strange lustre on his pallid brow was shed,
He stood irradiate in his glory there.
In naked splendor, with *nor* crown nor sword,
Still—as if borne on distant breeze he heard
The shock of battle, and without a word
Commanded.
Stern, the man in bronze drew near
And stood before the conqueror face to face.
It seemed the wind grew still that all might hear.
He said:
"See if your son is in his place."

The statue god, dim starlight on his brow,
Opened his lips and murmured:
"Who art thou?
Whom dost thou name?"
"They call him Well-beloved."
Slowly the god descended.
"Where is he?"
The man in bronze said hoarsely:
"Come and see."
On through the ghostly gloom the phantoms moved,

And side by side by quay and palace passed,
On to the Tuileries: here, stunned, aghast,
They stood in fear.

Night blackened overhead,
The waters of the Seine in terror fled.

O horror! in the dark and desolate square,
Instead of crowned triumphal statue there,
Instead of sceptred "well-belovéd" king,
A hideous, menacing, appalling thing!
Two blackened posts upheld a triangle
From which a ladder trembled, and beneath
There seemed to yawn a pit as still as death.
The hideous vision stood a monster there,
Crimson as carnage, black as funeral pall.
It seemed the door of one vast sepulchre,
Apart, aloof, betwixt mankind and all
That God keeps secret: fearful threshold, gate
Of nothingness of direful gloom and hate!
Above, the hand that traced them who could see?
Two lurid numbers shimmered,—

93.

No breath, no murmur in the world around,
No whisper of the wind, no cry, no sound,
But in the silent sky so dim, so far,
The mist broke suddenly and showed a star.

Then to the place where still the statue stood
There rolled a head, death-white and stained with blood.
"Who art thou, spectre? Speak!"
"Son of your son."
"Whence comest thou, grim vision?"
"From a throne."
"What is this fell machine that bars our path?"
"Its name is Retribution—End—and Death."
"By whom constructed?"

He of ashen hue
Looked up and answered:
"*O my fathers, You!*"

ABOVE THE BATTLE

Les chants du crépuscule,
XVI *N. R. T.*

In a brief moment can the hero fall
From out his pride of place high-throned o'er all
Earth's petty kings that shiver,
Of all his glory and might discrowned, ay, even
Of that bright spell which seemed a dower of Heaven;
But his high heart keeps ever!

Thus, when the blast of battle doth enfold
A banner bright, its azure, scarlet, gold,
Adorned with glorious vallance,
About th' ensanguined field lies scatteréd,
Torn fiercely asunder shared by glittering shred,
As by a vulture's talons.

What matter! O'er the ghastly strife that streams
Hither and thither, wild with fire, smoke, screams,
Of aspect calm and regal,
High on the staff—last sight of warriors dying—
Whence late the last proud purple rags were flying,
Still stands the brazen eagle!

MORNING

Les chants du crépuscule, 20, I, frag. *W. M. Hardinge*

Morning glances hither,
Now the shade is past;
Dream and fog fly thither
Where Night goes at last;

Open eyes and roses
As the darkness closes;
And the sound that grows is
  Nature waking fast.

Murmuring all and singing,
  Hark! the news is stirred,
Roof and creepers clinging,
  Smoke and nest of bird;
Winds to oak-trees bear it,
Streams and fountains hear it,
Every breath and spirit
  As a voice is heard.

All takes up its story,
  Child resumes his play,
Hearth its ruddy glory,
  Lute its lifted lay.
Wild or out of senses,
Through the world immense is
Sound as each commences
  Schemes of yesterday.

OUTSIDE THE BALL-ROOM

Les chants du crépuscule,
VI — *G. W. M. Reynolds*

Behold the ball-room flashing on the sight,
From step to cornice one grand glare of light;

The noise of mirth and revelry resounds,
Like fairy melody on haunted grounds.
But who demands this profuse, wanton glee,
These shouts prolonged and wild festivity—
Not sure our city — web, more woe than bliss,
In any hour, requiring aught but this!

Deaf is the ear of all that jewelled crowd
To sorrow's sob, although its call be loud.
Better than waste long nights in idle show,
To help the indigent and raise the low—
To train the wicked to forsake his way,
And find th' industrious work from day to day!
Better to charity those hours afford,
Which now are wasted at the festal board.

And ye, O high-born beauties! in whose soul
Virtue resides, and Vice has no control;
Ye whom prosperity forbids to sin,
So fair without,—so chaste, so pure within,—
Whose honor Want ne'er threatened to betray,
Whose eyes are joyous, and whose heart is gay;
Around whose modesty a hundred arms,
Aided by pride, protect a thousand charms;

For you this ball is pregnant with delight;
As glitt'ring planets cheer the gloomy night:
But, O ye wist not, while your souls are glad.
How millions wander, homeless, sick, and sad!
Hazard has placed you in a happy sphere,
And like your own to you all lots appear;
For blinded by the sun of bliss your eyes
Can see no dark horizon to the skies.

Such is the chance of life! Each gallant thane,
Prince, peer, and noble, follow in your train;—
They praise your loveliness, and in your ear
They whisper pleasing things, but insincere;
Thus, as the moths enamored of the light,
Ye seek these realms of revelry each night.
But as ye travel thither, did ye know
What wretches walk the streets through which you go.
Sisters, whose gewgaws glitter in the glare
Of your great lustre, all expectant there,
Watching the passing crowd with avid eye,
Till one their love, or lust, or shame may buy;
Or, with commingling jealousy and rage,
They mark the progress of your equipage;
And their deceitful life essays the while
To mask their woe beneath a sickly smile!

PRAYER FOR FRANCE

Les chants du crépuscule,
VII *J. S. Macrae*

O God! if France be still thy guardian
care,
Oh! spare these mercenary combats, spare!
The thrones that now are reared but to be
broke;
The rights we render, and anon revoke;
The muddy stream of laws, ideas, needs,
Flooding our social life as it proceeds;
Opposing tribunes, even when seeming one—
Soft, yielding plaster put in place of stone;
Wave chasing wave in endless ebb and
flow;
War, darker still and deeper in its woe;
One party fallen, successor scarce preludes,
Than, straight, new views their furious feuds;
The great man's pressure on the poor for
gold,
Rumors uncertain, conflicts, crimes untold;
Dark systems hatched in secret and in fear,
Telling of hate and strife to every ear,
That even to midnight sleep no peace is
given,
For murd'rous cannon through our streets are
driven.

THE PAST

Les voix intérieures,
XVI *Dean Carrington*

THE pile was of the thirteenth Louis' days;
Red sunset glowed the dismal palace round;
Each far-off window seemed a fiery blaze,
Unseen its shape, hid in a crimson haze,
And in the gleam the lofty roof was drowned.

Stretched 'neath our eyes, its ancient glory flown,
A park where grass o'er every pathway swarms;—
And in some niche with ivy half o'ergrown,
Winter, grim statue! on a gray worn stone,
Her hands above a marble fire warms.

In slumber lay the solitary lake,
Where moulded a gaunt Neptune, green with slime;
Reeds hid the water which the banks did break,
And trees their ancient solemn branches shake,
Where erst did Boileau muse his learned rhyme.

At times you saw stags in the forest range,
Who seemed to linger for the hunter's cry;
And prompt, by stumps, white marbles, lost and strange,
Mixed with the hedgerow trees—ignoble change!
Twin sisters—Gabriel, Venus—mourn and sigh.

Cloaks from whose lifted folds long rapiers peep,
No longer in that voiceless garden stood;
The Tritons seem to shut their eyes and sleep;
A cavern its strong jaws doth open keep,
And yawns aweary in the lonely wood.

And then I said, this palace lone and sad
Held love as bright as in your heart can shine;
Fame, glory, laughter, endless feasting had;
And all those vanished joys now sorrow add,
As vessels rust and blacken from their wine.

Within that cave, where the damp mosses crawl,
Came, with drooped eyes and palpitating heart,

The beauteous Caussade, or the young Candale,
Who of a royal lover, willing thrall,
Said "Sire" on entering, "Louis" when they part.

There, as to-day, for Candale or Caussade,
White fleecy clouds in the blue heaven streamed;
Soft golden rays upon the roof were spread,
A blaze of light was from the windows shed,
And the sun sweetly smiled, and Nature dreamed.

Then, as to-day, two hearts that one became,
Did through these glades to love devoted, stray,
His duchess all angelic he would name;
Eyes darting sparkling rays, and eyes of flame,
Each fuel found in each, then as to-day.

In the far wood vague sounds of laughter rise—
'Twas other lovers steeped in happiness.
Sometimes would silence hush their ecstasies,
And tenderly he asks: Whence come your sighs?
She softly answers: Whence your thoughtfulness!

The charmer and the king, hands interlaced,
Trod the green sward in proud and glad delight—
Their looks, their breath, their thoughts, and hearts embraced;
O vanished times! O splendors all effaced!
O suns now sunk away in dismal night!

MY THOUGHTS OF YE

Les voix intérieures,
XXIII — *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

What do I dream of? Far from the low roof,
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall.
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,

Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought—
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves opening all their nostrils breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back—
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite main,
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful and everlasting—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

The vicar passes by and shuts his book
Too late to read. The small remains of sun
Invite to prayer him who with love has done;
Love, prayer, are dawn and evening of the soul,
In nature much akin. 'Neath love's control
And 'neath the power of prayer, we kneel alone;
To you when you're a man will this be known.
Meanwhile, my large-eyed child, all this is told.

To you my George, as to my Charles of old,—
When die the rose-wings, then the blue ones grow,
And prayer, no less than love, does boldness show,
And Love, as prayer, does equal fear display.

Still in the open glade 'tis almost day,
The Angelus proclaims th' approach of night,
O sky sublime, dark mansion infinite!
Walls passing speech! obscure—illuminate!

How in the home of thunder penetrate
Youth becomes thoughtful; age disquieted
Before th' unknown, vaguely with stars o'erspread
The trembling eve like shivering dawn we see.

Prayer is the gate, and Love the opening key.

SINCE SILENTLY ARE OPED

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XVII — *N. R. Tyerman*

SINCE silently are oped the pearl-gates of the skies;
Since, yonder, dawn awakes once more the sea and land,
Like to a faithful servant, aye the first to arise
And through the house, yet slumbering, move, bright lamp in hand;

Since on the sleepless fount the dawn-gleams wax and wane,
Since from the shuddering woods dark dreams of night get free,
Urged by the pure, calm glance of Heaven which the dim plain
Regards full drowsily;

Since on the breathless hills the strong, sweet day is born,
I wander through the meadows sad and fresh and sweet;
Hoping perchance to find a sweeter, stronger morn
For a yet darker night which nought else may defeat.

What lot is man's! This life, is't but some
monstrous freak?
Ah me! beyond the dawn broods there a
brighter Light?
All trembles. Nature vast, to me wouldst
thou now speak
In the soul's awful night?

TO JEANNE

L'art d'être grand-père,
4, VI *Dean Carrington*

That I, too, like the beasts I freely own;
You they amuse, and me they teach, I feel
That not for nought, in those fierce heads is
shown
By God, the mystic gloom that woods reveal.

Curious, and born to pity and believe
To ask (watching the asp crawl 'neath the
rose)
Why woman fears that Satan will deceive:
While flowers fear not the snakes, however
close.

While we impose commandments on the earth
Kings copying apes, who deeds of kings
repeat,
Doubtful which race gave to the other birth—
—Below in fated dread beneath our feet,

A dim strange world with wonder sees us now
And dreams—beneath a yoke too often vile
The lowly monster, and wan brute we bow,
Deeming us gods, though we are fiends the while.

O tragic unions! Laws past fathoming!
Know we the final word? see we the end?
What hideous spectre may from Venus spring!
What Angel from Behemoth may descend!

Gulf! Height! Transfiguration! Mystery!
The soul shall cast that rag, the body by!
The creature abject now, sublime shall be
The hated grub, the much loved butterfly.

INCENSE

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XLVIII, IV — *C. E. Meetkerke*

How lovely are the hills as day decays:
How full of splendor all the earth and sky!
What matters now the number of my days?
I touch the goal, I see eternity!

Storms? passions? Ah! be silent—wake no more:
My heart has never been so near to heaven.
The sunset spreads for me a golden floor;
I hear the waves repeat, Forgiven! forgiven!

Be blesséd those that love me or that hate;
Fast fly the moments, hours so loudly chime.
How vain the dreams of pride and high estate!
I can but love, I have so little time.

The stars arise, the sun sets on the sea,
The birds in nest keep joyous festival.
What grandeur in the still immensity!
How mighty is the spirit—man how small!

And hills and stars and waves but know in part,
They vaguely touch a low imperfect chord;
But in the secret chambers of my heart
I store the syllables and make the word.

My voice is raised with theirs, with sunset fair,
With birds, with stars, with earth and sea and sky.
All nature is the incense and the prayer,
I am the censer wafting them on high.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE

Les chants du crépuscule, XXXIX, frag.

Whoe'er you be, send blessings to her—she
Was sister of my soul immortal, free!
My pride, my hope, my shelter, my resource,
When green hoped not to gray to run its course;
She was enthronéd Virtue under heaven's dome,
My idol in the shrine of curtained home.

NERO'S FESTAL SONG

Odes, 4, XV *Ogilvie Mitchell*

FRIENDS! we are weary, and weariness drives
you to death,
Wise is the man who avoids it; so hear what
he saith:
Nero, the Cæsar, thrice consul, the master of
life,
God who in harmony stilleth all tumult and
strife,
Who in the style of Ionia, with fire
Sings to the musical touch of this ten-stringéd
lyre.

Come to me, all of you! Come to the banquet
divine!
Never did Pallas, the freedman, my banquet
outshine,
Nor did the Grecian Agenor; nor Seneca grave,
When driving off care, at the festivals brilliant
and brave,
He, praising Diogenes, quaffed his Falernian
wine
From goblet of gold in the hands of a slave.

Nor when on the Tiber with her of Phalera we
rowed
Aglaë, the courtesan; richly our awning then
glowed

Over her beautiful figure, half naked and
young;
Nor when at the sound of his lute the Batavian
flung
Fully twenty slaves to the lions, whose powers
They might not resist for the chains under
garlands of flowers.

Come! 'neath your eyes the proud city will
soon be ablaze,
Here, on this turret my litter imperial they
raise,
That from this vantage the force of the flame
I may see,
What are the combats of men or of tigers to me?
When Rome's seven hills form a circus on
which I may gaze,
Watching the fires which devour it with glee.

Thus doth it please the great master of Rome
and the world,
Like a god he commands that the lightning
shall straightway be hurled,
To drive away dulness and care from the spirit
within;
But come, it grows dark, and the feast is about
to begin,
The fire like a hydra uplifts its dark wing,
And darts out its ravening tongues, a fierce,
venomous thing.

Ha! do you see? do you see? how it rolls on its prey,
Caressing within every coil as it holds on its way,
Each building and wall, while it kisses the thing it would kill.
Palaces melt and evaporate—Ah, with what skill!
Like the wanton embracing the victim she wishes to slay.
The thoughts of such kisses are haunting me still!

List to those sounds as the sulphurous vapors uprise,
Enveloping men who are wand'ring like ghosts to our eyes.
The silence of death deepens round us, whilst now we behold
The columns of bronze crumble down, with the portals of gold,
Great billows of brass rolling onward to where
The shuddering Tiber will swallow the flames that they bear.

Everything perishes, jasper, and marble, and all
The statues, despite of their names, into ashes they fall.
The scourge flies triumphant, obedient alone to my will,
Invading, devouring, and slaying, and gaining strength still,

As the north wind in merriment drives it o'er
temple and hall
A tempest of fires, dancing hill unto hill.

Farewell, proud Capitol! Lo! as the tempest
now nears,
The great work of Scylla a bridge of Cocytus
appears.
Nero has willed it! Each tower, and turret,
and dome
Must vanish, while everywhere wars the great
conflict o'er Rome.
Queen of the world thou shalt thank him, for see!
How grand is the crown that to-night he has
given to thee.

The voice of the sibyl proclaimed, I was told
when a child,
That Rome was a city immortal; its monu-
ments piled
To the heavens unconquered should stand,
until tottering Time
At last vanquished should die, while the city
was but in its prime.
My friends! tell me now how much longer
this mass of so-styled
Eternity, think you, will last in its grime?

Oh, what a grand conflagration! Magnificent
sight!
Erostratus himself would have envied my glory
to-night!

What are the pains of a people compared to my joys?
See, how they fly on all sides 'mid the flame and the noise!
Slave! take this chaplet of flowers from my brow,
The fire which is burning down Rome would so wither it now.

When on your robes that are festal, with sullying spout
The blood gushes forth, let the stains be with Cretan washed out;
Joy in the sight of fresh blood to the wicked belongs,
Under pleasures sublime let us hide up our cruellest wrongs.
Woe be to him who rejoices when dying ones shout!
The cry should be drowned in the music of songs.

I punish this Rome, and avenge myself on her because
She follows with incense most faithless two different laws—
Now Jupiter, god of the just, then the vile Nazarene.
Let them think in the height of their terror what this is I mean.

I also my temple will have at my price,
Since the gods of the Romans do not for their
worship suffice.

Rome is destroyed, but her gain will be found
in her loss,
If only her fall will bear with it that odious
cross!
No more Christians in Rome! No! Go mur-
der, and torture, and beat,
Romans! avenge these your ills upon them,
and be fleet.
Exterminate all! they are worse than the dregs
or the dross.
Bring me roses! The perfume of roses is
sweet.

THE SONG OF THE CIRCUS

Odes, 4, XI *Gilbert Campbell*

Hail, mighty Cæsar, of all worlds the lord,
Which, as if moving with one sole accord,
Have crept with all submission to thy feet,
To serve thy pleasures and thy joys complete.
Hail, scion of Augustus' mighty line,
Hail, more than mortal, godlike and divine.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Cæsar alone, who, in his princely home,
Can glut with human gore the gods of Rome.
Death is a guest at all his solemn feasts;
He scours the earth in search of monstrous beasts,
Hyrcanian tigers grappling stand
With northern bears on blood-stained sand.
Hail, Cæsar, etc.

Statues of bronze and urns of marble rear;
Gay flags which lightly dally with the air
Adorn the walls of that most fatal field,
Where taint of blood to sweet perfume must yield;
For, nowadays, the Romans' fond desire
Is to scent carnage mixed with incense fire.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now creak the gates as they are opened wide,
And onward moves the flowing human tide,
Like some vast river which has burst its bounds;
The circus with a noisy din resounds;
In their dark dens the savage panthers quake,
As sovereign lords the mob their places take.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Their snow-white seats the ediles now have
ta'en,
And plaudits thunder to the skies again;
As in a mimic lake the river-horse
And scaly crocodile pursue their course,
Five hundred lions chorus loud the song
Of Vesta's maids who round her altar throng.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

With wanton eye and scarcely hidden breast,
The brazen courtesan stands out confessed,
Forming a contrast in her gay attire
To those sweet maids who watch by Vesta's fire;
Patrons and nobles clad in purple dress,
Count off their clients in the mighty press.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

And now, at the stern Tribune's hoarse com-
mand,
The guards ascend the throne, take up their
stand,
The priests of Cybele her praises sing;
Whilst the poor Indians in a dusky ring,
Intone a strange, weird chant with failing
breath,
And wait the coming of a certain death.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now to the heavens arise discordant yells,
As a fresh band the full arena swells;
Captives of war, from far across the seas,
Whose cruel death the Roman mob will please,
Branded and seared by iron and by fire,
Brought here to sate great Cæsar's proud desire.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

The Jew bowed down as if with hidden shame;
The Gaul whose smiling face reveals his name;
The Nazarene who scorns both spear and brand,
And with calm patience waits the slayer's hand;
Form the small crowd that now await the death,
Their life-spans hanging upon Cæsar's breath.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Soon shall the spearman guard be drawn away,
And the wild beasts devour their living prey.
The purple awning then is stretched on high,
To hide the burning brightness of the sky;
That so the clement emperor may view
All acted 'neath him in a softer hue.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

THE HAPPY MAN

Odes, 4, VIII *Charles Matthew, M. A.*

Gods, I detest you! Youthful though I still be,
Dowered, alas! with everything I wish for,
Why do you seek to gratify each whim, and
Load me with favors?

Into my palace yawning to receive it,
City and desert pour out their abundance,
Brought by my ships from Calpe, or the distant
Straits of Leander.

Fountains I hear, and music in the distance;
Stretched on my soft couch painted with vermilion,
Girls from the Indus fanning my burning brow,
Watch o'er my slumbers.

Parasites daily feeding at my banquets,
Eat, upon golden dishes, what I leave them;
Nought moves my appetite, ev'n fish disdaining,
Nourished on slaves' blood.

Gardens I have along the banks of Tiber,
Vineyards which clothe the heights above Pompeii,
O'er my land driving wearily I gaze on
Slaves without number.

Cæsar smiles blandly, but the great men fear
me;
Clients and suppliants crowd around my
chariot;
Baths lined with porphyry, staircase of white
marble,
Vie with each other.

Sick of the forum, weary of the circus,
Vainly I ask of every one, What's doing?
E'en Cato's game of throwing slaves to lampreys
Fails to amuse me.

Eastern or western beauty cannot move me,
Weariness lurking e'en in a golden goblet;
Yet the poor beggar, weeping in his sorrow,
Envies my fortune.

Favors I want not ceaselessly pursue me,
Still in my prime, like flowers I am fading.
Gods, all your gifts I'll give back if you'll only
Happiness grant me.

Thus spake indolent Celsus; within the gates
of the temple,
Languidly stretched on his couch, he peevishly
blamed his good fortune,
Thus he blasphemed his gods; while blessing
the mercy of Heaven,
Lo! a martyr lay dying, before that impious
altar.

REGRET

Odes, 5, II *Fraser's Mag.*

YES, Happiness hath left me soon behind!
Alas! we all pursue its steps! and when
We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,
Like the Phœnician virgin, wake, and find
Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless space,
We seek the lost companion of our days:
"Return, return!" we cry, and lo, apace
Pleasure appears! but not to fill the place
Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,
Will to the wanton sorc'ress say, "Begone!
Respect the cypress on my mournful brow,
Lost Happiness hath left regret—but *thou*
Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,
O friends, that in your revelry appears!
With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,
And, smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own
Some fond regret 'neath passing smiles concealed;—
Sufferers alike together and alone
Are we; with many a grief to others known,
How many unrevealed!

Alas! for natural tears and simple pains,
For tender recollections, cherished long,
For guileless griefs, which no compunction stains,
We blush; as if we wore these earthly chains
Only for sport and song!

Yes, my blest hours have fled without a trace:
In vain I strove their parting to delay;
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,
Like an o'erclouded smile, that in the face
Lightens and fades away.

SWEET CHARMER

Les chants du crépuscule,
XXIII — *H. B. Farnie*

Though heaven's gate of light uncloses,
Thou stirr'st not—thou'rt laid to rest,
Waking are thy sister roses,
One only dreameth on thy breast.

Hear me, sweet dreamer!
Tell me all thy fears,
Trembling in song,
But to break in tears.

Lo! to greet thee, spirits pressing,
Soft music brings the gentle dove,
And fair light falleth like a blessing,
While my poor heart can bring thee only love.
Worship thee, angels love thee, sweet woman?
Yes; for that love perfects my soul.
None the less of heaven that my heart is human,
Blent in one exquisite, harmonious whole.

BELOVED NAME

Odes, 5, XIII *Mrs. Southey*

The lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light,
The latest murmur of departing day,
Fond friendship's plaint, that melts at piteous sight,
The mystic farewell of each hour at flight,
The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay,—

The sevenfold scarf that parting storms bestow
As trophy to the proud, triumphant sun;
The thrilling accent of a voice we know,
The love-enthralléd maiden's secret vow,
An infant's dream, ere life's first sands be run,—

The chant of distant choirs, the morning's sigh,
Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame,—
The melodies that, hummed, so trembling die,—
The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
Have nought of sweetness that can match HER NAME!

Low be its utterance, like a prayer divine,
Yet in each warbled song be heard the sound;
Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
The sacred word which at some hidden shrine,
The self-same voice forever makes resound!

O friends! ere yet, in living strains of flame,
My muse, bewildered in her circlings wide,
With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide,—

Must the wild lay my faithful harp can sing,
Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear;
To solemn harmonies attuned the string,
As, music show'ring from his viewless wing,
On heavenly airs some angel hovered near.

TO MY DAUGHTER ADELE

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XVI *Dean Carrington*

NEAR me you slept, a fresh and rosy child,
Cradled, the infant Jesus thus had smiled.
So calm, so soft your sleep of purity,
You could not hear the birds sing in the shade,
And I inhaled all the sad sweetness made
By the mysterious sky.

I heard the angels round your pillow meet;
And as I watched your slumbers, on your sheet
Jasmine and pinks I strewed silent and still.
Marking your lids fast closed in sleep, I prayed,
And my eyes filled with tears, while I portrayed
What might the future fill.

My turn will come for sleeping, and my bed
Of darkness formed will be so drear and dread,
That song of birds my ears shall waken not;
In that bleak night, you will pour, O my dove!
The prayers, the tears, the flowers of my grave above,
Which I poured o'er your cot.

A FAIRY

Ballades, I *Charles Matthew, M. A.*

CALL my fairy what you will,
Urgèle, or Morgana, still
I would have her in a dream,
All transparent though she seem,
Come to me with drooping head,
Like a flower that's well-nigh dead.

Musically, from the strings
Of her ivory lute she brings,
Back to me, the wondrous store
Which the paladins of yore
From their history could unfold—
Wilder than the tales they told.

She it is who brings me near
To the things I should revere ;
At her bidding I am bound
On the well-tuned harp to sound
All a minstrel's love-songs bright,
With the gauntlet of a knight.

In the desert when I stray,
From my loved home far away,
Hiding there herself I find,
Making ever in my mind,

From each sunbeam, love's bright flame.
From each echo, some dear name.

Hark! she murmurs in the shock
Of the wild wave on the rock;
She to please me with a gift
Doth the silvered stork uplift,
Singing with its plumage white,
From the belfry's topmost height.

When my winter log is lit,
By the chimney-side she'll sit,
And will show my wondering gaze
In the sky a meteor's blaze,
Which will shine out and then die,
Like a slumberer's drowsy eye.

When the cradle of my race,
In our ancient haunts I trace,
With a thousand forms of fear
She enshrouds me far and near,
Like a cataract of sound
In the caverns underground.

If at night I sleepless lie,
She will soothing thoughts supply,
Thoughts of chase and baying hound,
Mellowed by the distant sound,
Echoes of the bugle played
In the depths of forest glade.

BY SILENCE SHE THE BATTLE WON

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, VI, VI — *Dean Carrington*

By silence she the battle won,
Thence did my passion for her spring;
My heart at first, perceived alone,
A scarce felt fluttering of the wing.

Together in the wood we drove,
Each eve, far distant from the throng;
I talked, and other voices strove,
Filling the forest with their song.

Her eyes were full of mystery,
Her dove-like wondrous eyes, which have
The depth unfathomed of the sky,
The dawn, as of the silent grave.

Still not a word did she bestow,
Silent and pensive, on we roll—
When, all at once, I felt the blow,
And a winged arrow pierced my soul.

Ah! what is love?—no wisdom tells—
The silent maid, who only smiles;
The cavern is where hidden dwells
The little archer full of wiles.

EPITAPH

Odes, 4, XIV *Dean Carrington*

Or old or young, or fool or wise,
You, like a cloud, who roam from skies to skies
At pleasure's instinct, or the call of need,
Why needless should you further speed?
Think you, not here your journey's limit lies?

Death, that o'er all his conquering foot doth place,
My splendor hides with vengeful shade,
Does e'en my name with spiteful veil efface;
So that no more curious eye can trace,
If midst my void your glories are displayed.

Wanderer like thee, I wandered on:
The stream flowed back to vanish at its source.
In silence rest thee on this broken stone,
Lay down awhile the weight that slacks thy course:
I once a fardel had, and laid it down.

Would you repose? and is it shade you crave?
Prepared your couch! no noise to make you fear;
If your frail bark is tossed on cloudy wave,
Come! here the rock,—come, for the port is here.

Dost thou feel nothing here thy soul to thrall,
Nought that surrounds thy feet with mystic spell?
Upon the home that claims thee still,
Do not thy name mysterious letters tell?

Each man a short-lived player, who scarce can learn
His part, or drunk with joy, or chill with fright,
In robe of king, or robe of beggar dight,
Takes for an hour upon the stage his part.

Stamp not with heedless foot upon the dead;
Their city you, like me, must dwell beneath.
Men, day by day, are pale and dying sped;
You cannot tell what hour shall bring your death.

Yet in my sight your heart is void of fear;
What then! you breathe no prayer, you heave no sigh!
My nothingness appeals, you lend no ear!
You pass! 'Tis well: what can this stone imply?
What hides the tomb, that should extort a tear?
Some dust it may, or some dry bones supply,
Nought haply, . . . and eternity.

IN VAIN I SEARCH LIKE ONE DISTRAUGHT

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XX *Dean Carrington*

In vain I search, like one distraught,
My house from floor to floor,
Till I am by the neighbors thought
As one whose mind gives o'er.

Vain search, for she is dead, is dead,
She will return no more;
Alas! forever lost and fled,
And open still the door.

I start when rings the bell—I own
I hope to find her near.
Glad autumn days, where are you gone,
O God! when she was here.

That soul has ta'en its upward flight,
I still below must keep;
To stars that glitter in the night
I stretch my arms and weep.

Pressed 'gainst the window, I repass
In dreams the days of yore:
All lost!—that good sweet heart, alas!
Which sang—I have no more.

TO THE CLOUDS AND THE BIRDS

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, II — *Dean Carrington*

Clouds, Heaven's virgins fair and sweet,
And birds! soft children of the skies.
Ye purities! the dawn doth greet,
Gazed on by Ocean's azure eyes.

Ye by Eve first of all things height,
Ye for whom God, who rules on high,
Created that abyss called light,
And made those wings called liberty.

Ye, from the gulf in which we are,
Whom in the vast vague sky we see;
Ye, who for Romes little care,
And deem that ant-hills nobler be!

Ye, whom the dew with mist invests,
And feeds and forms with tears and showers;
Ye birds who spring from hidden nests,
Ye clouds that rise up from the flowers.

Speak! ye from day who spring elate,
Through an unbounded course to fly,
Whom doth the ether penetrate
With glory and serenity.

Ye who see mountains bleak and bold,
And morning fresh, and night's dark face;
Who all the earth and seas behold—
Free wanderers of the azure space.

Say what doth the calm night proclaim
What think th' inhabitants of light,
Of all this sordid human shame
That crawls beneath the Infinite.

EXILE

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XXXVII *Dean Carrington*

If I might, O! my native land,
Thy almond groves and lilies see,
And tread upon thy flowery strand—
Ah me!

If I might—but, O father mine,
And mother, it can never be—
Pillowed upon your grave recline—
Ah me!

If in your cold constraining bier,
I could speak to you noiselessly;
Abel, Eugene, my brothers dear—
Ah me!

If I was able; O my dove!
And thou, her mother—quick to flee;
To kneel, to fall your graves above—
Ah me!

Oh! towards that star which lonely is,
How would I stretch—your devotee—
My arms;—and how the ground would bless—
Ah me!

Far from you, dear ones! when I weep,
I hear the roaring of the sea;
Fain would I go, but here must keep—
Ah me!

Yet if dark Fate, which clouds enclose,
Watching my steps fall wearily,
Deems the old Pilgrim spent, it knows
Not me.

HOLYROOD PALACE

Les rayons et les ombres,
II, frag. *Fraser's Mag.*

Palace and ruin, bless thee evermore!
Grateful we bow thy gloomy towers before;
For the old king of France hath found in thee
That melancholy hospitality
Which in their royal fortune's evil day
Stuarts and Bourbons to each other pay.

DESTINY

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, I *C. E. Meetkerke*

Of mist and marble made
I lie in deepest shade
  Like black roots of a tree.
I say when thunder hurled
Shakes the astounded world,
  Wait: and let no noise be.

I, in mysterious night,
Am the uncertain flight,
  The secret stair;
I am the Tenebræ,
And faintly, furtively,
  Vague eyes gaze there.

Cere candles are my day.
Pass by, ye light and gay!
  It is not meet
My threshold should be prest
By feet of festal guest,
  Or Love's bare feet.

In my sepulchral gloom
Even the ghosts of doom
  Stand still affright.

I fall away before
The crevice in a door
From whence comes light.

Seek not the clue, the key;
I am the stair: by me
Come cross and crown.
One that the clouds surround
Mounts, when the hour shall sound,
And one comes down.

FROM WOMAN TO HEAVEN

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, I, I — *David Tolmie*

The storehouse of the souls is vast;
At first we're charmed, and then at last
Convinced. Two worlds, they stand apart:
The last the mind, the first the heart.

To love, to understand. The heart
Stops at the first, like birds that dart
Through lowly valleys, but the soul
Flies upward to the higher goal.

The lover takes th' Archangel's place,
A kiss and then all nature's face
Is instant changed from gloom of night
To dazzling palace of delight.

Let love pervade the whole earth through,
Even to the sprig bedecked with dew
That fallen lies; for, wondrous thing!
It forms a nest when comes the spring.

Draw back the veil, and let us see
That blesséd nest on woodland tree.
And that nest will become a light
In forest of the infinite.

TRUST IN GOD

Les chants du crépuscule,
XXX — *N. R. Tyerman*

CHILD, even this day, trust! And to-morrow have faith,
And on all to-morrows! The darkness grows less.
Trust! And each day when first gleams the dawn-breath,
Awake thou to pray; God is wakeful to bless!

Our sin, my poor child, hath occasioned our pain.
Perchance, if thou stay a brief while on thy knees,
Having blest the pure dawn and *thee*, God may deign
In His mercy to look even on night and on us!

THE VANISHED CITY

La légende des siècles, V *Dean Carrington*

WATER is never idle. Thousand years,
Ere Adam was, that spectre with white hairs,
Our ancestor—so your descent you trace—
When giants still mixed with the human race—
In times whereof tradition speaketh not,
A brick-built city stood upon the spot
Where now the north wind stirs the ocean foam.
That city was of mad excess the home:
Pale lightnings did at times its riot threat;
What now is sea was a wide plain as yet;
Ships voyage now where chariots rolled before,
And hurricanes replace the kings of yore.
For, to make deserts, God, who rules mankind,
Begins with kings, and ends the work by wind.
This folk, this ant-hill, rumor, gossip, noise,
This troop of souls, by sorrow moved, and joys,
Sounded as in a tempest hums a swarm—
The neighboring ocean caused them no alarm.

This city had its kings: kings proud and great,
Who heads had 'neath them, as the reapers wheat.

Were they bad?—No!—But they were kings. And kings
Are men o'er-high, whom a vague terror wrings.
In wrong they pleasure seek, and fears allay,
And are, 'mid beasts of burden, beasts of prey.
"'Tis not their fault!" the sage, with pity, cries,
"They would be better if born otherwise."
Men still are men. The despot's wickedness
Comes of ill teaching, and of power's excess—
Comes of the purple he from childhood wears:
Slaves would be tyrants if the chance were theirs.
This ancient city, then, was built of brick,
With ships, bazaars, and lofty towers thick;
Arches, and palaces for music famed,
And brazen monsters which their gods they named.
Cruel, and gay, this town whose squares and streets,
Showed gibbets which the crowd with laughter greets;
Hymns of forgetfulness they sing, for man
Is but a breath, and only lasts a span—
The avenues of sparkling lakes were closed;
The king's wives bathed, their naked charms exposed

In parks where peacocks all their stars display.
Hammers that drive the sleeper's rest away,
Pounded on anvils black, from dawn to night,
And vultures preened their feathers, and alight,
Upon the temples, by no fears deterred,
For savage idols love the cruel bird;
Tigers with hydras suit—the eagles know
That they no ancient customs overthrow
If, when blood flows from th' altar to the sod,
They come, and share the slaughter with the god.
Pure gold the altar of that fane august;
The cedar roof was clenched, for fear of rust,
With wooden pegs for nails, and night and day
Did hautboys, clarions, cymbals loudly play
For fear their savage god should fall asleep;
Such life, such deeds that mighty city steep,
There women flock for riot vile, and pelf.

One day the ocean 'gan to stir itself
Gently, devoid of rage, beside the town:
It silently gnawed through the rocks, and down
Without noise, shock, or the least movement rough,
Like a grave workman who has time enough.
In vain a man his ear fixed to the ground
Had closely listened; he had heard no sound;
The water dumbly, softly wears, destroys;
Over deep silence raves the city's noise,

So that at eve, at Nature's shuddering hour,
When (like an emir of tyrannic power)
Sirius appears, and on the horizon black,
Bids countless stars pursue their mighty track,
The clouds the only birds that never sleep,
Collected by the winds through heaven's steep—
The moon, the stars, the white-capped hills descry
Houses, domes, pillars, arches, suddenly
With the whole city, people, army all,
Their king who sang and feasted in his hall,
And had not time to rise up from the board—
Sink into nameless depth of darkness poured,
And whilst at once, heaped up from top to base,
Towers, palaces are gulfed without a trace,
A hoarse, a savage murmuring arose,
And you behold like a vast mouth unclose,
A hole, whence spouts a stream of foaming wrath,
Gulf where the town falls in, the sea comes forth.

And then all vanished!—waves roll o'er the plain.—
Now you see nothing but the deep, wide main,
Stirred by the winds, alone beneath the skies.

Such is the shock of ocean's mysteries!

NATURE

La légende des siècles,
36, V *N. R. Tyerman*

All ye, who walk with restless roving eyes,
Bethink ye, Pan knows always where you are.
Lovers, if you with reason are afraid
Lest the dim path disclose your stealthy feet,
Beware! within that wood ye are ill concealed!
The trembling forest listens, looks, and longs;
All the dark tangled wood-ways are astir;
Fear lest your kisses agitate the copse,
The strenuous shudder of leafy branches, fear!
Nature is not of marble; 'tis a spirit:
That strange sweet breath which flows through twilight sweet
Ye take for April's softest air, is love.
Like water-drops are ye, the world's the cup;
Lovers, one sigh makes ecstasy o'erflow;
Above your foreheads all the trembling boughs
Mingle their voices, perfumes, incense, songs;
Man's passion floods the forest, dark, profound,
And the wild dryad whirls with lifted skirt.

POOR FOLK

La légende des siècles,
LII *Bishop Alexander*

'Tis night — within the close stout cabin door,
The room is wrapped in shade save where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest,
A few white dishes glimmer; through the shade
Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains dressed,
And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie—
A nest of little souls, it heaves with dreams;
In the high chimney the last embers die,
And redden the dark room with crimson gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows shout:

While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean sobs without.

*

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say,
Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
Those ravening wolves that know not ruth, nor rest.

Think how they sport with these belovéd forms;
And how the clarion-blowing wind unties
Above their heads the tresses of the storms:
Perchance even now the child, the husband dies.

For we can never tell where they may be
Who, to make head against the tide and gale,
Between them and the starless, soulless sea
Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.

Terrible fear! We seek the pebbly shore,
Cry to the rising billows: "Bring them home."
Alas! what answer gives their troubled roar,
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam.

Janet is sad: her husband is alone,
Wrapped in the black shroud of this bitter night:
His children are so little, there is none
To give him aid. "Were they but old, they might."
Ah, mother! when they, too, are on the main,
How wilt thou weep: "Would they were young again!"

She takes his lantern—'tis his hour at last;
She will go forth, and see if the day breaks,
And if his signal-fire be at the mast;
Ah, no—not yet—no breath of morning wakes.

No line of light o'er the dark water lies;
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn:
The day comes trembling, and the young dawn cries—
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.

Sudden her humane eyes that peer and watch
Through the deep shade, a mouldering dwelling find,
No light within—the thin door shakes—the thatch
O'er the green walls is twisted of the wind,

Yellow, and dirty, as a swollen rill,
"Ah, me," she saith, "here does that widow dwell;
Few days ago my goodman left her ill:
I will go in and see if all be well."

She strikes the door, she listens, none replies,
And Janet shudders. "Husbandless, alone,
And with two children—they have scant supplies.
Good neighbor! She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still;
No sound—no answer—suddenly the door,
As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
Of pity, turned—and open lay before.

She entered, and her lantern lighted all
The house so still, but for the rude waves' din.
Through the thin roof the plashing rain-drops fall,
But something terrible is couched within.

*

"So, for the kisses that delight the flesh,
For mother's worship, and for children's bloom,

For song, for smile, for love so fair and fresh,
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the tomb."

And why does Janet pass so fast away?
What hath she done within that house of dread?
What foldeth she beneath her mantle gray?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed:
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath she stolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the sea's verge
As she sat pensive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorseful thought, while the hoarse surge
Howled a sad concert to her broken words.

"Ah, my poor husband! we had five before,
Already so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.
What was that noise? His step! Ah, no! the wind.

"That I should be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move?
Not yet, poor man." She sits with careful brow

Wrapped in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against his prow,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking on the shore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noisily in the dawn-light scarcely clear,
And the good fisher, dragging his damp nets,
Stands on the threshold, with a joyous cheer.

"'Tis thou!" she cries, and, eager as a lover,
Leaps up and holds her husband to her breast;
Her greeting kisses all his vesture cover;
"'Tis I, good wife!" and his broad face expressed
How gay his heart that Janet's love made light.
"What weather was it?" "Hard." "Your fishing?" "Bad.
The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that blew;
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken, too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?"

She, trembling in the darkness, answered, "I!
Oh, nought—I sewed, I watched, I was afraid,
The waves were loud as thunders from the sky;
But it is over." Shyly then she said:

"Our neighbor died last night; it must have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So small, so frail—William and Madeline;
The one just lisps, the other scarcely runs."

The man looked grave, and in the corner cast
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,
Muttered awhile, and scratched his head,—at last:
"We have five children, this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
Sometimes without our supper. Now! Ah, well—
'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep:
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell

"Why did He take the mother from those scraps,
No bigger than my fist. 'Tis hard to read;
A learned man might understand, perhaps—
So little, they can neither work nor need.

"Go fetch them, wife; they will be frightened sore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus.
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we must take the children home to us.

"Brother and sister shall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even;
When He shall see these strangers in our bowers,
More fish, more food, will give the God of heaven.

"I will work harder; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
Not thus were wont to move those feet of thine."
She drew the curtain, saying: "They are here!"

CIVIL WAR

La légende des siècles,
57, I *C. E. Meetkerke*

THE crowd was tragic, terrible; they shout,
"To death," and in their midst a man stood still
Unmoved, the centre of that rabble rout
Grave, and he looked himself inexorable.
The people hurry past. "To death," they cry.
He thought death simple: he had played and lost,
One does not always reach the winning post,
And it was they had gained the victory.
Dragged from his dwelling, he was red with blood
And black with powder in the unnatural war
Of king and people, fighting all the day
For what he knew not; whom, he did not care;
His only aim and duty was to slay.
Unflinching, tranquil, like a rock he stood.
A woman seized him by the collar.
"Spy!
A sergeant of police!" was then the cry.

"I saw him fire on us."
"That's true," he said.
"The assassin! put a bullet through his head."
"Here?"
"No!"
"To the Bastille!"
"The Arsenal!"
They halted, moved to form in line, and all
Loaded their muskets.
"Shoot him! Shoot him down!
Death to the wolf."
The man said: "It is well—
I am the wolf and you the dogs."
A yell
Burst from the crowd; then somewhat of a frown
Gathered upon his brow, and in his eyes
One might have seen spent gleams of fury rise.
He moved on followed by the howling band,
Striding across the corpses that his hand
Perhaps had made.
The people, tempest driven,
Becomes the direst monster under heaven.
Not only worsted, he was trampled down,
And with what insults! with what hate! and how

He hated! Had it been his chance but now
He would have slain them all!
Again they cry:
"To death! the spy! the traitor!"
Suddenly,
As if from out the windows of the sky,
A gleam upon that hideous throng was shed.
A child appeared.
"It is my father," said
A little voice, and with uplifted arm
He stood before them suppliant, menacing.
"Down with the cub!" they shout, but with a spring
He reached his father's knees, and cried aloud:
"Father! They shall not do you any harm!"
Then louder grew the clamor of the crowd:
"Kill him! he came from out the viper's den."
The street was filling fast with sinister men
And haggard women;
Distant cannon roared
In answer to the Tocsin.
"Down with them!
Down with them all! the king—the priests—the spies—

Death to them all!"
Loud hootings, hideous cries
As if a torrent that no power could stem
In maddening discord, fierce, confusing, wild,
Re-echoed.
"But I told you," said the child,
"He is my father."
"See!" a woman said,
"See what a pretty child! his ringlets fall
Like showers of gold about his little head;
What eyes!"
And then another woman cried:
"How old are you, my pretty?"
He replied:
"*Don't kill my father!*"
Some eyes sought the ground.
The man was held less roughly.
"Get you gone,"
There roared a hundred voices from the crowd.
The boy clung to his father, sobbing loud.
"Go home, go to your mother."
"She is dead,"
The father muttered.
"Has he only you?"
"Well, what of that?" sombre and calm he pressed
The little clinging fingers to his breast
And whispered: "Dear, you know Louise?"
"Old Lou,

Our neighbor?"
"Yes; well, go to her."
"With you?"
"I will come presently."
"I will not go
Unless you come."
"But why?"
"Because I know
They'll hurt you."
Then the father, speaking low,
Said to the leader of the sombre band:
"Let go my collar; take me by the hand
Like friends, and round the corner of the street
Shoot me—or where you will."
"So be it," the chief
Said gruffly, and released him.
"Now you see
These are my friends. 'Twas settled we should meet
And walk together; go—be good—I'll come
Quite soon—go home."
All radiant with relief
The child then kissed his father smilingly
And went.
"I'm ready now," he said aloud;
Then as a tremor passed along the crowd:
"Where shall we go?"
The people cried:
"Go home."

THE RETURN OF THE EMPEROR

La légende des siècles,
XLVIII — *C. E. Meetkerke*

When, the last battle lost,
And stretched upon the plain
Lay the imperial host
Vanquished and slain ;
When the Old Guard was dead,
And the old faith no more,
To the grand city fled
The once grand emperor.

Within the palace gate
He stood, a broken man,
He whom inconstant fate
Had dared to ban.
Three days, his head bowed down,
He waited—crushed—aghast !
Dust from his fallen crown
Smirching the lustrous past.

Hate lay before him there—
Desertion—anguish vain.
Where were his legions—where
His troops on tented plain ?
No footstep paused below,
No look was turned to mark
His shadow come and go
White in the gathering dark.

The solemn hours passed on.
  The sad mute sentinels
Read as he stood alone
  The tale that silence tells,
And in their measured pace
  Within the desolate hall
Saw in the emperor's face
  The empire's fall.

Forsaken and forlorn,
  In dreams his soul would see
A rock by ocean torn—
  Spectre of Destiny.
A weird mysterious breath
  Would seem to close on him,
Forewarning shame and death
  In shadow dim.

Then flashing through his brain
  Would come the hopes that burn.
"I shall return again!
  I shall return!
Sceptreless, crownless, poor,
  But borne by winds from heaven
Back to the very door
  Whence I am driven!

"While tempests rend the skies,
  With lightnings round my head,
Glorious I shall arise
  As from the dead!

The sea shall bear me on
To my deliverance!
Victor I shall return!
O Paris! France!"

Sire! you return to sound of conquering march,
No warning bell, nor battle, fear nor hate,
Drawn by eight horses 'neath triumphal arch
In robes of state!

Upon your golden sceptre glitteringly,
And on your red-beaked eagles shines the sun;
Your jewelled bees thick on your mantle lie;
The strife is done.

Paris,—illumined from her hundred towers,
Paris with all her voices shouts aloud.
The drum—the trumpet wake the joyful hours;
Crowd treads on crowd.

And as you pass along the serried line,
Upon their knees the adoring people fall!
But you in your grand silence make no sign—
Heedless of all.

Wild acclamations pierce the city through,
The tramp of marching men falls on the ear,
The cannon roars, but O my captain! you—
You will not hear!

Grim veterans with faces stern as night
Bow down to kiss your horses' feet; ah me!
But through the gloom of your unbroken night
You will not see!

You sleep, the sheathéd sword upon your thigh,
The print of Bertrand's kiss still on your hands;
Calm on the bed whence none arise you lie
In iron bands!

Like the brave followers who in deadly fray
Trod in your footsteps through a gory sea,
Then fell asleep before the close of day
Too suddenly.

Your people, to behold you silent there
In that immutable and icy sleep,
Pressing to welcome you with jubilant air
Turn back to weep!

Sire! you have won a lasting kingdom now;
The whole wide universe your greatness owns;
Your phantom sits with crown-encircled brow
On surer thrones.

The clouds that dimmed your glory fleet away
Like mists before the fair awakening dawn;
History gilds you with a lustrous ray
And hues of morn.

Your name mounts upward, but you take no heed!
There is no light within your dwelling-place!
You only feel the grave-worm come to feed
Upon your face!

JEAN CHOUAN

La légende des siècles, XLIX — *Dean Carrington*

THE Whites fled, and the Blues fired down the glade.
A hill the plain commanded and surveyed,
And round this hill, of trees and verdure bare,
Wild forests closed th' horizon everywhere.
Safe hold and rampart were behind the mount:
There the Whites halt, and their small numbers count.
Jean Chouan rose, his long hair floating free—
"None can be dead, since here our chief we see,"
They cried. Jean Chouan listened to the shot:
"Are any missing?—No!—Then tarry not,
But fly!" Around him women, children stood,
In terror. "Sons! re-entering quick the wood,
Disperse yourselves!" As swallows scattering fly
On rapid wings, when storms invade the sky,

They fled to thickets drowned in mist and shade,
And ran—e'en brave men run when they're afraid.
Dread the disorder, when, in trembling flight,
Old men, and infants at the breast, unite,
Fearing or to be killed, or captive ta'en.
Jean Chouan, last, did with slow steps remain,
And often turned him back, and made a prayer.

Sudden, a cry within the glade you hear!
A woman mid a storm of bullets stood.
Already the whole band was in the wood—
Jean Chouan only stays. He turns, and sees
A woman burdened; pale and weak she flies—
Her naked feet, torn by the brambles, bleed;
She's all alone, and cries—"To help me speed!"
Jean Chouan mutters—"'Tis Jeanne Madeleine."
In line of shot, in middle of the plain,
On her the bullets with fierce fury pour.
Ah! God himself must bend the victim o'er
And take her hand, and shelter 'neath His wing.
Death does such numerous darts around her fling,
She must be lost. "Help, help!" she loudly cries;
But fugitives are deaf, and fear denies—
The balls upon the helpless peasant ran.

Then on the hill which dominates the plain
Jean Chouan bounded, manly, calm, and proud,
Dauntless. "I am Jean Chouan," called he loud.
The Blues cried: "'Tis the chief!" and that brave form,
Engrossing all the thunder and the storm,
Made death his target change.—"Now take to flight,"
He shouts; "save yourself, sister!" Mad with fright,
Jeanne sped into the wood, her life to save.
Like pine on snow, or mast upon the wave,
Jean Chouan (whom death seemed to fascinate)
Drew up. The Blues see only him. "I wait
What time your safety needs.—Go, daughter, go!
Joy 'mong your kindred you again shall know,
Again sweet blossoms in your bodice place."
And he alone it was who then did face
The storm of shot which fell on his great height,
Which seemed as if e'en then 'twould win the fight.
The balls fell thick as hail. With scornful eye
He smiled, and raised his sword, when suddenly,
As a bear struck in cavern deep and wide,
He felt a ball pierce through and through his side.

He stood, and said: "'Tis well. Hail, Mary, Maid!"
Then, staggering towards the wood, he turned his head.—
"Friends! friends! has Jeanne your shelter reached?" he cried.
"She's safe!" the voices from the wood replied.
Jean Chouan murmured: "Good;" and dead he fell.

Peasants, O peasants! True, ye chose not well,
But still your memory has not lessened France.
Great were ye, in your fierce dark ignorance—
Ye, whom your kings, wolves, priests, and savage wood
Made bandits of, were valiant knights and good.
Through all your frightful yoke and errors foul
You had mysterious flashes of the soul;
Bright rays at times from out your blindness flew.
Hail! I, the banished, am not hard on you—
Exile!—I know the cottage roof to spare.
We are proscribed—and you but phantoms are!
Brothers! we all have battled—but we sought
The future; you—benighted lions!—fought
To keep the past. We strove to climb the height;
You strove no less to sink in gulfs of night.
All warred, and martyrs were, by different course;
Without ambition and without remorse—

We to shut hell—you to keep wide the tomb.
Yet on your brows from high does radiance come:
Fraternal love and pity can unite
The sons of day with children of the night;
And hero, of the darkness! in this lay
For you I mourn—I, soldier of the day.

THE HYDRA

La légende des siècles, 6, II — *N. R. Tyerman*

When Gil, the son of Sancha, noble knight,
Armed to the teeth, surnamed "The Wandering,"
Came to the country where Ramire was king,
The many-headed hydra, couched in might
On sunlight grasses, blocked his onward path.
The warrior said: "Behold me—I am here."
The hoary serpent shook his coils in wrath:
"Com'st thou for me with naked sword and spear,
Or dost thou come for him who wears the crown?"
"I come to slay the monster in fair fight."
"Ah then, it is the king you seek, Sir Knight."
And so the hydra, pacified, lay down.

THE PHAROS

La légende des siècles,
12, V — *C. E. Meetkerke*

The king gazed up towards the stars of night,
He watched them gild the sombre vault with light,
Filling all ether with their tranquil ray
As the sun's gorgeous chariot passed away
Deep down in darkness; he beheld them rise
In their calm glory where on solemn skies
There lingered still the daylight's purple glow;
Turning, he looked upon the depths below.
Unquiet ocean moaned, and wind and wave
Fought furiously. He heard the tempest rave,
And pitied the poor sailors on the sea,
No guide to show where happy port might be,
No gleam on the abyss, no path, no power
To help in that supreme, disastrous hour,
No hand to save! they hear the surges swell
On hidden rocks, each breath more terrible!
Poor mariners! Death holds them in his grasp.
They see in ghastly mirage gliding past
Pictures of home and peace! the smiling land
Where warm and safe the little dwellings stand;

The shining hearth, the children kneeling there,
Their tender voices raised in evening prayer;
And pacing to and fro upon the shore
The weeping women! "Farewell life," they cry;
"Farewell the home that we shall see no more."
And louder still and louder, furiously
The tempest howls.
Then silence!
And the dawn
Breaks impotent and guilty. Cruel morn,
Waking in smiles to see on ocean's breast,
Sleeping their latest sleep in ghastly rest,
Those white dead faces!
It was then the king
In his fair halls at Alexandria,
Watching the sea and starry hosts afar,
Dreamt out his glorious dream!
He bade them bring
Marble and jasper, crystals of the rock,
And granite hewn in many a giant block,
Cedars of Lebanon, to build a tower
No storm could wreck; that there by day and night
Should burn a watch-fire, one unfailing light,
The sailor's guide in dire extremity,
When hurricane with wave of ocean wars
And all is lost in darkness, to supply
The splendid inutility of stars.

LONGUS

La légende des siècles,
36, XI *N. R. Tyerman*

Chloe bare-bosomed dazzles the dim woods;
She archly smiles, bright innocence being her garb;
Naked she is, and loves it; lovely, nor knows.
To all dreams most adored she is most like;
The snowy lily sees her and is not vexed;
Night thinks she's Venus, Psyche, the rapt dawn.
A tender and fearful mystery is Spring!
Afloat in the air some sweet unwitting fault
One feels, which, to soft sounds of wind and stream,
In the soul alights, as in thrilled woods the bird.
Io Hymen! Springtide comes,—by sweet surprise
Takes nature,—the divine adventure bears
Of love to the woods, to flowers, to hearts, to all!
The nymph web-fingered from the fountain springs,
In the tree the dryad, and the faun in man;
The wingéd kiss at every mouth seeks alms!

ONCE MORE TO THEE

Odes, 5, XII *Charles Matthew, M. A.*

For thee, my love, for thee I tune my lyre,
With Hymen's song thou dost my soul inspire.
What other name with rapture fills my mind?
No other song, no other path I find.

It is thy look that makes my darkness light,
It is thine image makes my dreams so bright.
Fearless I walk through shades, my hand in thine,
For from thine eyes celestial glories shine.

Thy gentle prayer my destiny shall keep,
And safely watch me should my angel sleep.
When thy voice soft, yet proud, my heart doth
thrill,
It sends me forth life's duties to fulfil.

A voice from heaven shall claim thee for its own,
Blooming in earthly fields, a flower unknown;
A virgin pure, to heaven thy soul belongs,
Reflects its fires, and echoes all its songs.

If thou entrance me with thy soft, dark eye,
If thy robe brush me lightly passing by,
I seem to touch the Temple's sacred veil,
And say with Tobit to the angel, Hail!

When on my sorrows thou hast shed thy light,
I know *my* fate must with *thy* fate unite,
As some good priest, worn with his journey
home,
Sees a fair maiden to the fountain come.

Thee, like some being far my life above,
Thee, like some prescient ancestress, I love,
Like some fond sister, whom my wants engage,
Like some last infant, sent to cheer mine age.

Thy name alone mine eyes with tears will fill,
I weep since life is ever full of ill;
But its sad wild thy home can never be,
Thy place far hence 'neath some o'ershadow-
ing tree.

May peace and joy be hers from trouble free!
For all her days belong, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee bless her, for her faithful mind
In virtue seeks true happiness to find.

THE LAY OF THE LISTS

Odes, 4, XII *Gilbert Campbell*

Largess, most gallant chevaliers,
Give largess to the kings at arms,
Whether in mimic fight your spears
You wield, or in real wars' alarms;

Knights who on shield the wyvern bear,
The wyvern green with spiral curls;
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls.
Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The haughty Cross of Amazon.

See, the lists are thrown open,
The heralds ride round,
And the green and white banners
O'er each tower are found.
Hark, the crowd shouts the loudest,
The light pennons dance,
As the Lord of the tourney
Does proudly advance.
See, he hangs on his surtout,
Half hid in its folds,
The white griffin, the badge
Of the office he holds.

Each view point is crowded;
Afar off the bell
Of the gray minster echoes
With resonant swell.
All is beauty and splendor,
And worthy the eye
Of the monarch who sits
On his throne raised on high.

And our queen, too, has given,
With generous hand,
And captives has ransomed
From paynim's dark land.

Listen, knights of blood royal,
To these rules attend,
And to what the law orders
Attentive ears lend.
He who uses his weapon
E'er trumpets' shrill blast,
Is a felon, that weapon
Is banned and outcast.
'Twas the law of our fathers,
Long ages ago,
And which God sent for guidance
To brave knights below.

First we'll make with our homage
The universe ring,
The evangelists praising,
And Jesus our king.
Then invoke brave Saint Denis,
The patron of France,
Who will look to your honor,
Though feeble your lance.
And as truly as you give
Your sword to the king,
Trust your soul to your master,
Whose praises you sing.

You must next on the relics
Of martyrs aver
That no foul tarnish clings to
The gold of your spur.
That no serf in your dungeons,
In darkness and gloom,
Sits awaiting the headsman
By your cruel doom.
That you always are ready
The widow to aid,
And to succor the orphan
With heart and with blade.

Knights who cherish your honor
Recall bygone years,
And the valorous deeds of
King Charlemagne's peers,
And of chivalrous Arthur,
So widely renowned,
With his bold cavaliers
The famed Table Round.
Shame on the false warrior
Who uses foul spell;
And who fights loyal foe
With the magic of hell.

From a gibbet raised high on
The battlements gray,
That false knight's bleeding body
Shall quiver and sway;

And shall suffer long anguish,
Till merciful death
Shall bear off in sad triumph
The last fleeting breath.
Whilst enchanters and wizards,
His comrades in crime,
O'er his bones shall low murmur
The magical rhyme.

But all hail to the knight who
Keeps true to his fame.
On their scarfs the fair ladies
Embroider his name.
For his glory and honor
From earth cannot fade,
Whilst the troubadors sing of
His valorous blade.
His good angel shall watch o'er
His last resting-place,
Whilst his trophies of valor
The altar shall grace.

Then brave knights and fair ladies,
All listen, I pray,
To the rules and the laws of
The jousts of to-day.
The Lord of the tourney is
Sovereign supreme,
And may punish each knight
He a felon may deem;

And if any one ventures
His words to deride,
He may call on the ladies
The case to decide.

Largess, most gallant chevaliers,
Give largess to the kings at arms,
Whether in mimic fight your spears
You wield, or in real wars' alarms;
Knights who on shield the wyvern bear,
The wyvern green with spiral curls;
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls.
Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The haughty Cross of Amazon.

NEAR AVRANCHES

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, VI *N. R. T.*

On ocean mournful, vast, fell the vast mournful night.

The darkling wind awoke, and urged to hurried flight,

Athwart the granite-crags, above the granite-crests,
Some sails unto their haven, some birds unto their nests.

Sad unto death, I gazed on all the world around.
Oh! how yon sea is vast and the soul of man profound!

Afar St. Michael towered, the wan salt waves amid,
Huge Cheops of the west, the ocean-pyramid.

On Egypt, home of fathomless mysteries, did I brood,
Its sandy desert's grand eternal solitude,
All-darkling camp of kings ne'er stirred by battle-breath,
Planted for aye i' the sombre stricken field of death.

Alas! In even these spots where widest-winged doth rove
God's breath, supreme in wrath, omnipotent in love,
To erect against high heaven what hath been man's sole care?—
Lo, here a prison frowns, and there a sepulchre!

A WALK AMONG THE ROCKS

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XLVIII, III — *Dean Carrington*

THE sun declined, eve quickly to pursue,
Made brown th' horizon: on a stone to rest
An old man, whose remaining days are few,
Sat musingly, his eyes towards the west.

An agéd man, a shepherd, mountain bred,
Who erst young, poor, of free and happy mood,
At eve, when shades were o'er the mountain spread,
His flute made merry music through the wood.

Now rich and old, the past his spirit fills,
Laborious chief of a large family;
The while his flocks are gathered from the hills,
Earth he forgets, and looks but on the sky.

The day that ends is worth the opening days,
The old man mused beneath heaven's azure copes;
The boundless ocean stretched beneath his gaze,
As at the gate of death the good man's hopes.

O solemn scene! the sea that ever threats,
Rocks, winds that silent now, restrain their cries,
The old man looking at the sun that sets,
And the sun looking on the man who dies.

WEEPS THE EARTH IN WINTER'S DAY

Les quatre vents de l'esprit, 3, XXVIII — *Dean Carrington*

Weeps the earth in winter's day,
Cold the sun, and weak and dreary;
Comes full late, soon goes away,
Of his visit sick and weary.

Grace is from their idyls flown.
Ah! to love!—sun—let us try!—
"Earth, where are your roses gone?"—
"Where your rays, star of the sky?"

Some excuse he makes for flight—
Wind or clouds—it rains, it snows;
"See, my dear!" he cries "'tis night!"
Which he makes as off he goes.

Like a lover, who each day
From his heart the fetters breaks,
And not knowing what to say,
Hastes, and off himself betakes.

AN OLD-TIME LAY

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XIII, I *N. R. T.*

NEVER sigh or tear
Irks this happy fay;
But she laugheth aye.—
There are wisps of straw, while mossy twigs are here:
Reed-warbler, breeze-blest,
Build on the waves thy nest.

Beneath beams most fair
Of thine eyes so bright
Passing, what delight!—
Here are mossy twigs, while whispers of straw are there:
Swallow sweet, sun-blest,
Build 'neath mine eaves thy nest.

May drinks April's tear,
While the azure eyes
Wake birds' blithest cries.—
Here is *her* sweet smile, her blush yet sweeter, here—
Happy Love, thus blest,
Build in my heart thy nest!

SULTAN ACHMET

Les orientales, XXIX *John L. O'Sullivan*

To JUANA ever gay,
Sultan Achmet spoke one day:
"Lo, the realms that kneel to own
Homage to my sword and crown
All I'd freely cast away,
Maiden dear, for thee alone."

"Be a Christian, noble king!
For it were a grievous thing:
Love to seek and find too well
In the arms of infidel.
Spain with cry of shame would ring,
If from honor faithful fell.

"By these pearls whose spotless chain,
Oh, my gentle sovereign,
Clasps thy neck of ivory,
Aught thou askest I will be,
If that necklace pure of stain
Thou wilt give for rosary."

THE EPIC OF THE LION

L'art d'être grand-père,
XIII *Edwin Arnold, C. S. I.*

I

A LION in his jaws caught up a child—
Not harming it—and to the woodland wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey;
The beast, as one might cull a flower in May,
Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite,—
A lion's way, roughly compassionate.
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate;
Thrust in a cave that rumbled with each roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor,
He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
It was a rosy boy, son of a king;
A ten-year lad with bright eyes shining wide,
And save this son his majesty beside
Had but one girl—two years of age—and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,
His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand;
Sore terrified were all;—

By came a knight
That road, who halted, asking: "What's the fright?"
They told him, and he spurred straight for the den;

Oh, such a place! the sunlight entering in
Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was shown
Where the gaunt lion on the rock lay prone:
The wood, at this part thick of growth and wet,
Barred out the sky with black trunks closely set:
Forest and forester matched wondrous well!
Great stones stood near, with ancient tales to tell—
Such as make moorlands weird in Brittany—
And at its edge a mountain you might see,
One of those iron walls which shut off heaven;
The lion's den was a deep cavern driven
Into the granite ridge, fenced round with oaks:
Cities and caverns are discordant folks,
They bear each other grudges! this did wave
A leafy threat to trespasser,—"Hence, knave!
Or meet my lion!"

In the champion went.
The den had all the sombre sentiment
Which palaces display—deaths—murderings—
Terrors—you felt "here lives one of the kings":

Bones strewn around showed that this mighty
lord
Denied himself nought which his woods afford.
A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave
Such misty glimmer as a den need have:
What eagles might think dawn and owls the
dusk
Makes day enough for kings of claw and
tusk.
All else was regal, though! you understood
Why the majestic brute slept, as he should,
On leaves, with no lace curtains to his bed;
And how his wine was blood—nay, or instead,
Spring-water lapped *sans* napkin, spoon, or
cup,
Or lackeys:—
Being from spur to crest mailed up,
The champion enters.

In the den he spies
Truly a mighty one! Crowned to the eyes
With shaggy golden fell—the beast!—it
muses
With look infallible; for, if he chooses,
The master of the wood may play at pope,
And this one had such claws, there was small
hope
To argue with him on a point of creed!
The knight approached—yet not too fast,
indeed;

His footfall clanged, flaunted his rose-red
feather,
None the more notice took the beast of either,
Still in his own reflections plunged profound;
Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
Of Sisyphus, Ixion, and dire hell,
Saw such a scene, murk and implacable:
But duty whispered "Forward!" so the knight
Drew out his sword: the lion at that sight
Lifted his head in slow wise, grim to see.

The knight said: "Greeting! monstrous
brute! to thee;
In this foul hole thou hast a child in keeping,—
I search its noisome nooks with glances sweep-
ing,
But spy him not. That child I must reclaim,
Friends are we if thou renderest up the same;
If not—I, too, am lion, thou wilt find;
The king his lost son in his arms shall bind;
While here thy wicked blood runs, smoking-hot,
Before another dawn."
"I fancy not,"
Pensive the lion said.

The knight strode near,
Brandished his blade and cried: "Sire! have
a care!"
The beast was seen to smile—ominous sight!—
Never make lions smile! Then joined they fight,

The man and monster, in most desperate duel,
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel;
Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with claws as good;
Fang against falchion, hide to mail, that lord
Hurled himself foaming on the flashing sword:
Stout though the knight, the lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
And striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armor's cracks the bright blood spurt,
As when clenched fingers make a mulberry squirt;
And piece by piece he stripped the iron sheath,
Helm, armlets, greaves—gnawed bare the bones beneath,
Scrunching that hero, till he sprawled—alas!
Beneath his shield, all blood, and mud, and mess:
Whereat the lion feasted:—then it went
Back to its rocky couch and slept content.

II

Next came a hermit:
He found out the cave;
With girdle, gown, and cross—trembling and grave—

He entered. There that knight lay, out of
shape,
Mere pulp: the lion waking up did gape,
Opened his yellow orbs, heard some one
grope,
And—seeing the woollen coat bound with a
rope,
A black peaked cowl, and inside that a man—
He finished yawning and to growl began:
Then, with a voice like prison-gates which
creak,
Roared: "What would'st thou?"
"My king."
"King?"
"May I speak?"
"Of whom?"
"The prince."
"Is that what makes a king?"
The monk bowed reverence: "Majesty! I bring
A message—wherefore keep this child?"
"For that
Whene'er it rains I've some one here to chat."
"Return him."
"Not so."
"What, then, wilt thou do?
Would'st eat him?"
"Ay—if I have naught to chew!"
"Sire! think upon his majesty in woe!"
"They killed my dam," the beast said, "long
ago."

"Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king."
"Nonsense—he talks—he's man! when my notes ring
A lion's heard!"
"His only boy!"
"Well, well!
He hath a daughter."
"She's no heir."
"*I* dwell
Alone in this my home, 'mid wood and rock,
Thunder my music, and the lightning-shock
My lamp;—let his content him."
"Ah! show pity."
"What means that word? is't current in your city?"
"Lion, thou'dst wish to go to heaven—see here!
I offer thee indulgence, and, writ clear,
God's passport to His paradise!"
"Get forth,
Thou holy rogue," thundered the beast in wrath:
The hermit disappeared.

III

Thereat left free,
Full of a lion's vast serenity
He slept again, leaving still night to pass:
The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,

Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the ways,
And melting the black woodland to gray maze;
No stir was seen below, above no motion
Save of the white stars trooping to the ocean:
And while the mole and cricket in the brake
Kept watch, the lion's measured breath did make
Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.

Sudden—loud cries and clamors! striking qualm
Into the heart of the quiet, horn and shout
Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout,
And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees.
The uproars of a midnight chase are these
Which shake the shades, the marsh, mountain and stream,
And breaks the silence of their sombre dream.
The thicket flashed with many a lurid spark
Of torches borne 'mid wild cries through the dark;
Hounds, nose to earth, ran yelping through the wood,
And armed groups, gathering in the alleys, stood.
Terrific was the noise that rolled before;
It seemed a squadron; nay, 'twas something more—
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king
With force of arms his little prince to bring,

Together with the lion's bleeding hide.
Which here was right or wrong? who can
decide?
Have beasts or men most claim to live? God
wots!
He is the unit, we the cipher-dots.

Well warmed with meat and drink those sol-
diers were,
Good hearts they bore—and many a bow and
spear;
Their number large, and by a captain led
Valiant, whilst some in foreign wars had bled,
And all were men approved and firm in
fight;
The lion heard their cries, affronting night,
For by this time his awful lids were lifted;
But from the rock his chin he never shifted,
And only his great tail wagged to and fro.

Meantime, outside the cavern, startled so,
Came close the uproar of this shouting crowd.
As round a web flies buzzing in a cloud,
Or hive-bees swarming o'er a bear ensnared,
This hunter's legion buzzed, and swarmed, and
flared.
In battle order all their ranks were set:
'Twas understood the beast they came to get,
Fierce as a tiger's cunning—strong to seize—
Could munch up heroes as an ape cracks fleas,

Could with one glance make Jove's own bird
look down;
Wherefore they laid him siege as to a town.
The pioneers with axes cleared the way,
The spearmen followed in a close array,
The archers held their arrows on the string;
Silence was bid, lest any chattering
Should mask the lion's footstep in the wood;
The dogs—who know the moment when 'tis
good
To hold their peace—went first, nose to the
ground,
Giving no tongue; the torches all around
Hither and thither flickered, their long beams
Through sighing foliage sending ruddy
gleams;—
Such is the order a great hunt should have:
And soon between the trunks they spy the
cave,
A black, dim-outlined hole, deep in the
gloom,
Gaping, but blank and silent as the tomb,
Wide open to the night, as though it feared
As little all that clamor as it heard.
There's smoke where fire smoulders, and a
town,
When men lay siege, rings tocsin up and
down;
Nothing so here! therefore with vague dismay
Each stood, and grasp on bow or blade did lay,

Watching the sombre stillness of that chasm:
The dogs among themselves whimpered: a spasm
From the horror lurking in all voiceless places—
Worse than the rage of tempests—blanched all faces:
Yet they were there to find and fight this thing,
So they advance, each bush examining,
Dreading full sore the very prey they sought;
The pioneers held high the lamps they brought:
"There! that is it! the very mouth of the den!"
The trees all round it muttered, warning men:
Still they kept step and neared it—look you now,
Company's pleasant, and there were a thou—
Good Lord! all in a moment, there's its face!
Frightful!—they saw the lion! Not one pace
Further stirred any man; the very trees
Grew blacker with his presence, and the breeze
Blew shudders into all hearts present there:
Yet, whether 'twas from valor or wild fear,
The archers drew—and arrow, bolt, and dart
Made target of the beast. He, on his part—
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail—
Bristled majestic from the nose to tail,

And shook full fifty missiles from his hide;
Yet any meaner brute had found beside
Enough still sticking fast to make him yell
Or fly; the blood was trickling down his fell,
But no heed took he, glaring steadfastly;
And all those men of war, amazed to be
Thus met by so stupendous might and pride,
Thought him no beast, but some god brutified.
The hounds, tail down, slunk back behind the spears;
And then the lion, 'mid the silence, rears
His awful face, and over wood and marsh
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, harsh,—
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry
"Who thunders there?" from its black bed of sky.

This ended all!—sheer horror cleared the coast:
As fogs are driven by wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean, panic-stricken by that monstrous roar;
Each with one impulse—leaders, rank and file,
Deeming it haunted ground, where Earth somewhile

Is wont to breed marvels of lawless might—
They scampered, mad, blind, reckless, wild with fright.
Then quoth the lion: "Woods and mountains! see,
A thousand men enslaved fear one beast free!"

As lava to volcanoes, so a roar
Is to these creatures; and, the eruption o'er
In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm.
The gods themselves to lions yield the palm
For magnanimity. When Jove was king,
Hercules said: "Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemæan merely; every one
We'll strangle—all the lions." Whereupon
The lions yawned a "much obliged!" his way.

But this beast, being whelped by night, not day—
Offspring of glooms—was sterner; one of those
Who go down slowly when their storm's at close;
His anger had a savage groundswell in it:
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute,
And to be roused up thus with horn and hound,—
To find an ambush sprung—to be hemmed round—

Targeted—'twas an insult to his grove!
He paced towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and, as the sowers sow
The seeds down wind, thus did that lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach.

"King! your behavior really passes speech!
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son;
But now I give you notice—when night's done
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the prince alive; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey-crew—
Shall see me eat him in your palace, too!"

Quiet the night passed, while the streamlets bubbled,
And the clouds sailed across the vault untroubled.

Next morning this is what was viewed in town:

Dawn coming—people going—some adown
Praying, some crying; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge lion stalking through the street.

IV

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid;
How make resistance? briefly, no one did;
The soldiers left their posts, the gates stood wide;
'Twas felt the lion had upon his side
A majesty so godlike, such an air—
That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair—
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
In many a spot with those vile darts scarred still,
As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
Yet nothing recks that giant-trunk; so here
Paced this proud wounded lion, free of fear,
While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy—aswoon.

Is't true
Princes are flesh and blood? Ah, yes! and you
Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
Swing in the lion's mouth, body and limb;
The tender captive gripped by those grim fangs,
On either side the jowl helplessly hangs,
Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth.
And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,

A grievous thing to wish to roar, yet be
Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,
His pent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies;
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft
Might miss the beast and pierce the prince:

So, still
As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
This lion, scorning town and townsfolk sick
To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
To the king's house, hoping to meet there one
Who dares to speak with him:—outside is none!
The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast;
He enters it—within those walls at last!—
No man!

For certes, though he raged and wept,
His majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm: now death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey,
And when the lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts: "This wretched king!
'Tis well, I'll eat his boy!" Then, wandering,

Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all!
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied!
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
The princely morsel:—Ah! what sight astounds
That grisly lounger?

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The prince's sister; all alone—undressed—
She sate up singing: children sing so best.
A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!
A mouth all rose-bud, blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel hard at play! a dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem

If girls were hatched!—all these! Eyes, too,
so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!
Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach
bare!
Nought hid the roseate satin skin, save where
A little white-laced shift was fastened free;
She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven;
A floweret—you had said—divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow;
Such was this beauteous baby-maid; and so
The beast caught sight of her and stopped—

And then
Entered:—the floor creaked as he stalked
straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
The lion put his shaggy massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so
borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother! brother!"
cried,
"Oh, my own brother!" and unterrified—
Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.

And—well! who knows what thoughts these
small heads hold?
She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces—this huge brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her:
"*Don't be put out, now! there he is, dear!—
there!*"

HYMN OF THE TRANSPORTED

Les châtiments, 6, III *N. R. T.*

LET us pray! Lo, the shadow serene!
God, toward Thee our arms are upraised and
our eyes.
They who proffer Thee here their tears and
their chain
Are the most sorrowful Thy sorrow tries.
Most honor have they being possessed of most
pain.

Let us suffer! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing,—our cottages!
Winds passing,—on weary knees

Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night!
Winds, tell them our miseries!
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight!

Our thought is uplifted to Thee,
God! The proscribed we beseech thee forget,
But give back her old glory to France whom we see
Shame-smitten; ay! slay us, us sorrow-beset,
Hot day but consigns to chill night's agony!

Let us suffer! The crime, etc.

As a bowman striketh a mark,
The fierce sun smites us with shafts of fire;
After dire day-labor, no sleep in night dark;
The bat that takes wing from the marish-mire,—
Fever,—flaps noiseless our brows—and leaves stark.

Let us suffer! The crime, etc.

Athirst! The scant water-drop burns!
An-hungered!—black bread! work, work, ye accurst!
At each stroke of the pick wild laughter returns

Loud-echoed; lo, from the soil Death hath burst,
Round a man folds arms, and to sleep anew turns.

Let us suffer! The crime, etc.

What matters it! Nothing can tame
Us; we are tortured and we are content.
And we thank high God toward Whom like flame
Our hymn burneth, that unto us suffering is sent,
When all they that endure not suffering bear shame.

Let us suffer! The crime, etc,

Live the Republic world-great!
Peace to the vast mysterious even!
Peace to the dead sweet slumber doth sate!
To wan ocean peace, that blends beneath heaven
Africa's sob with Cayenne's wail of hate!

Let us suffer! The crime will take flight.
Birds passing,—our cottages!
Winds passing,—on weary knees
Mothers, sisters, weep there day and night!
Winds tell them our miseries!
Birds, bear our heart's love to their sight!

THE PARTY OF CRIME

Les châtiments, 6, XI *Dean Carrington*

THIS government with tiger claws and heart!
Imperial mask—fictitious Bonaparte!
Doubtless Beauharnais—Verhuell possibly—
Who, that Rome Catholic might crucify
Rome's free republic, gave it bound by stealth!
That man, th' assassin of the commonwealth!
That upstart, whom to push blind Fortune chose;
That glutton, who ne'er to ambition rose;
That "Highness," base, skilled to seize lucky times;
That wolf, on whom I loose a pack of rhymes.
What then? This buccaneer, this reprobate,
Has changed a day of pride to shame and hate,
On glory loaded crime, soiled victory,
And, wretch! robbed Austerlitz from history!
A dagger from that trophy proud has ta'en,
And townsmen, workmen, countrymen has slain;
Has of the dead piled up a dreadful heap,
While his arm-chair did safe the coward keep.
Sabre in hand, upon his oath he rushed,
And justice, right, and government he crushed:

Law, honor—all, yes even Hope he killed,
And with pure blood (your blood, O France!) has filled
All of our rivers, from the Seine to Var—
Thus won the Louvre, while he deserved Clàmar.
And now he reigns, leaning his heel, that drips
With blood, my country! on thy wounded lips.
This has he done—I nought exaggerate—
And when this gallows-bird we reprobate,
And all the frauds which in his treason teem
(So monstrous one might think the whole a dream),
And cry, by horror roused, with scorn replete,
March, people! fly to arms! invade the street,
Down with that sword, unworthy of the name,
Let day reshine, and right her reign reclaim.

'Tis we, forsooth, proscribed by these vile curs,
Who are assassins, bandits, murderers;—
'Tis we who blood and civil war desire—
'Tis we who set the town, the land on fire!

What then? To reign through death, to trample right,
To be a knave, hard, cynical, adroit;
To say, "I'm Cæsar," while you're but a clown,
To stifle thought—life, breath, to trample down;

To force great eighty-nine to retrograde,
The laws, the press, the tribune to invade;
To muzzle the great nation as a beast,
To reign by force, yourself from fear released!
For felon's sake, abuses to restore,
And France to hand to greedy Troplongs o'er,
On pretext that she was in times long since
Devoured by king, and gentleman, and prince;
To give these dogs what those old lions left,
Millions and palaces, gleesome and deft,
To seize;—plain despotism to profess,
And riot in debauches and excess;
Heroes to torture and the hulks to give,
The great, the good, to exile, and to live
'Mid Greeks, as for Byzantian despot meet;
To be the arms that kill, the hands that cheat.

"People! This then is virtue, righteousness!
While justice, murder-stricken, to confess
In exile, through the fumes of incense base,
Armies to tell and tyrants to their face—
Your name is force, injustice, robbery.
Soldiers you have, and vast artillery;
The earth a kingdom 'neath your feet we see—
You the Colossus, and the atom we.
Still we choose war, for liberty to fight,
You for oppression, we for truth and right;
To show the pontons and dark catacombs,
And cry, while standing o'er the late filled
tombs:

Frenchmen, beware the day of late remorse,
For children's tears, and many a martyred corse;
Break that sepulchral man, wake France to light,
Tear from your flesh that Nero parasite;
Rise from the blood-stained earth, beauteous and bold,
The sword one hand, and one the law shall hold!"

For us such words to speak, perform this task,
This pirate chase, this hypocrite unmask
(Since honor, duty, to this strife compel),
Is crime!—Hear this, Thou who on high dost dwell.
O God! this they maintain before Thy face,
Dread witness of all crimes in every place:
'Tis this they spread before th' Eternal eyes!

What fumes of blood from all their hands arise!
What babes, old men, wives, maidens, yet have not
Had time within their dismal graves to rot!
What? Paris still is bleeding, still each eye
Can see in heaven inscribed his perjury!
And these foul wretches dare reproaches heap!
O just eruption of resentment deep!

And many a sot—triumphant, bloated, red—
Answers: "Your noise disturbs me in my bed;
All goes on well, tradesmen get rich apace;
Our women are one mass of flowers and lace.
Of what do you complain?"—Another calls
(Some empty dandy who the pavement crawls):
"From 'change each day some twenty pounds I bring:
Money flows free, as water from the spring;
Workmen have now three times their former wage.
Splendid! To make and spend is all the rage.
It seems some demagogues are sent away—
Right, too——
I praise the feast, the ball, the play
Given by the prince, whom I did erst resist
Wrongly. What matters certain dolts dismissed?
As for the dead—they're dead; let the fools be.
Hail! men of sense—and easy times for me,
Where you may choose a dozen schemes among,
And boldly speculate, and can't go wrong.
The red-republic may in caverns bark
Freedom, right, progress. Bosh! — they're madness stark.

I pocketed a premium even now,
And I don't care—(I must the charge allow,
Not minding the philippics which you bawl)—
If prices rise, should honor chance to fall."

O hideous speech!—'tis held—you hear the cry!
Learn then the dregs, contented infamy:
That once for all we to your face declare,
That we, the wanderers, scattered everywhere,
Roaming without or passport, hearth, or name—
We, the proscribed, you cannot daunt or shame;
We, to the land's disgrace who ne'er consent
(And though the while on justice sternly bent),
No scaffolds, no reprisals wish to have;
We whom this mand'rin thinks he can enslave,
We to see freedom live, and dead our shame,
And once more honor for all brows reclaim.
To free Rome, Lombards, Germans, Hungary,
To bid shine forth the sun of freedom's sky,
The mother commonwealth, and Europe's guide.
That forge and palace may in peace abide;
To bring that flower, fraternity, to light,
And to give labor uncontested right;
To rescue martyrs from the galley's oar,
Husbands to wives, and sons to sires restore;—

In short, this mighty nation, and the age,
From Bonaparte and shame to disengage :
To reach this end which soul, which heart enjoins,
In silence and in gloom we gird our loins.

And know we're ready, plans and means bethought—
The sacrifice is all, the danger nought—
Ready, when God gives sign, to yield our breath,
For, seeing what now lives, we covet death;
For 'neath this brass-browed scoundrel, who would be?
We lost to country—you to liberty.
Learn you, who think free air might harm your health,
You, who from out this dunghill dig your wealth,
We will not let the land in slumber lie,
But we will summon, till our latest sigh,
To help of France, now fettered, strangled, sold,
Sacred revolt.—Like our great sires of old,
We summon God's own lightning to our aid.

This is our purpose, and we thus are made ;
Preferring, if Fate wills, to see our blood
Crushed 'neath His wheels, than wallow in your mud.

THE WORST TREASON

Les châtiments, 5, XII *Dean Carrington*

THE deepest infamy man can attain,
Is or to strangle Rome, or France enchain;
Whate'er the place, the land, the city be,
'Tis to rob man of soul and liberty—
'Tis with drawn sword the senate to invade,
And murder law, in its own court betrayed.
To enslave the land is guilt of such black dye,
It is ne'er quitted by God's vengeful eye;
The crime once done, the day of grace expires,
Heaven's punishment, which, howe'er slow, ne'er tires,
Begins to march, and comes serene and calm,
With her steel knotted whip beneath her arm.

INVOCATION

Les chants du crépuscule, 5, VI *G. W. M. Reynolds*

SAY, Lord! for Thou alone canst tell
Where lurks the good invisible
Amidst the depths of discord's sea—
That seem, alas! so dark to me!

Oppressive to a mighty state,
Contentions, feuds, the people's hate—
But who dare question that which fate
Has ordered to have been?
Haply the earthquake may unfold
The resting-place of purest gold,
And haply surges up have rolled
The pearls that were unseen!

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

Les châtiments, 5, XIII *Toru Dutt*

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once the eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! the emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:

Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode
Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled moustache hoar-frost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on forever went,
With nought to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim,—
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,

To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should
get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar—That,
worst.
Cannon were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire
high,
Where those lay down who never woke or
woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly
fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were
raised
O'er regiments. And history, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,
Unlike a downfall known before or the de-
feat
Of Hannibal—reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army—fled French glory then,
Though there the emperor! he stood and
gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking
saw—
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with
awe.

Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass—
Backwards and forwards, for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! it could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do—a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate,
But all the while he felt himself alone,
Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul,
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed,
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness;—a voice answered: "No!
Not yet."

Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed! or but a dream?
It was the vulture's, but how like the *sea-bird's scream.*

PATRIA

Les châtiments, 7, VII *Anon.*

Who smiles there? Is it
A stray spirit,
Or woman fair?
Sombre yet soft the brow!
Bow, nations, bow;
O soul in air,
Speak—what art thou?

In grief the fair face seems—
What means those sudden gleams?
Our antique pride from dreams
Starts up, and beams
Its conquering glance,—
To make our sad hearts dance,
And wake in woods hushed long
The wild bird's song.
Angel of Day!
Our hope, love, stay,
Thy countenance
Lights land and sea
Eternally,
Thy name is France,
Or, Verity.

Fair angel in thy glass
When vile things move or pass,

Clouds in the skies amass;
Terrible, alas!
Thy stern commands are then:
"Form your battalions, men,
The flag display!"
And all obey.
Angel of might
Sent kings to smite,
The words in dark skies glance,
"Mené, Mené," hiss
Bolts that never miss!
Thy name is France,
Or, Nemesis.

As halcyons in May,
O nations, in his ray
Float and bask for aye,
Nor know decay!
One arm upraised to heaven
Seals the past forgiven;
One holds a sword
To quell hell's horde,
Angel of God!
Thy wings stretch broad
As heaven's expanse!
To shield and free
Humanity!
Thy name is France,
Or, Liberty!

NO

Les châtiments, 3, XVI *Dean Carrington*

Let Sparta daggers use, and Rome the sword,
But let not us in haste revenge to fetch,
A Brutus to knave Bonaparte afford,
But for a bitterer future keep the wretch.

I warrant you, you shall be satisfied—
You, by whom exile's grievous weight is borne;
Captives and martyrs, now by him defied—
You shall be sated, you who grieve and mourn.

Still in the scabbard leave the impatient blade;
The guilty ne'er is pardoned by his crime.
Trust the commands of God, though long delayed
(The patient judge), to his avenger—Time.

Let him then live in depth of infamy;
His blood would e'en disgrace the headsman's stroke.
Let Time, the terrible unknown, draw nigh,
Who chastisement holds hidden 'neath his cloak.

Let him be crowned as deepest in disgrace,
The master of low brows and hearts defiled;
Let senators vote empires to his race,
If he can find a mate and have a child.

By means of mass and murder let him reign;
Of this arch-rogue an emperor let them make;
And let the grovelling Church, his courtesan,
Glide to his den, and there his bed partake.

Let Siboux honor, Troplong hold him dear;
Let them his foot, deep dipped in blood, embrace;
Let Cæsar live—Louvel and Lacenaire
Would count the killing such a knave disgrace.

Kill not this man, ye who on vengeance think—
Mysterious dreamers, solitary, strong—
Who, while his minions feast, and with him drink,
Walks with clenched fist the murdered dead among.

Our triumph is secure, with help from high;
Than fury's bolt, example reckons more.
No!—kill him not; the scathing pillory
Graced sometimes should be by an emperor.

VICTORY

Les châtiments, Nox, IV *James Cappon, M. A.*

"All hail, my prince! thy star arose in time;
The opera girls had felt affairs decline.

*

The shrines lacked gifts, and the priest in his chair,
Forsaken by penitents, sat in empty air;
And the Holy-Heart, by nature's decay o'erta'en,
Grew thin; and protests, falling on all sides like rain,
Blinded the porter that keeps Magnan's door.
They laughed at Ravignan's sermons and lore.
No more of blood-royal mounting the damsel's stair.
The hydra of anarchy was seen by the fair
In the melancholy shape of a sixpenny hire,
That dragged them to the ball in their evening attire.
Desolation on Babylon had laid her hand;
Then didst thou arise like a pillar in the land.
All revived and came to life—all is saved; once more
The ballet girls have their harvests of milords.
All are pleased—monks, police, libertines, the devout;
All sing, his Grace and Betty lead the shout."

THE OCEAN'S SONG

Les châtiments, 6, IV *Toru Dutt*

We walked amongst the ruins famed in story
Of Rozel-Tower,
And saw the boundless waters stretch in glory
And heave in power.

O ocean vast! we heard thy song with wonder,
Whilst waves marked time.
"Appear, O Truth!" thou sang'st with tone of thunder,
"And shine sublime!

"The world's enslaved and hunted down by beagles,—
To despots sold,
Souls of deep thinkers, soar like mighty eagles,
The Right uphold.

"Be born; arise; o'er earth and wild waves bounding
Peoples and suns!
Let darkness vanish;—tocsins be resounding,
And flash, ye guns!

"And you,—who love no pomps of fog, or glamour,
Who fear no shocks,
Brave foam and lightning, hurricane and clamor,
Exiles—the rocks!"

ULTIMA VERBA

Les châtiments, 7, XVI, frag. *Toru Dutt*

BEFORE foul treachery and heads hung down,
I'll fold my arms, indignant but serene.
Oh! faith in fallen things—be thou my crown,
My force, my joy, my prop on which I lean:

Yes, whilst *he's* there, or struggle some or fall,
O France, dear France, for whom I weep in vain,
Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves—my all,
I ne'er shall see thee with these eyes again.

I shall not see thy sad, sad sounding shore,
France, save my duty, I shall all forget;
Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug my oar,
And rest proscribed to brand the fawning set.

O bitter exile, hard, without a term,
Thee I accept, nor seek nor care to know
Who have down-truckled 'mid the men deemed firm,
And who have fled that should have fought the foe.

If true a thousand stand, with them I stand;
A hundred? 'tis enough: we'll Sylla brave;
Ten? put my name down foremost in the band;
One? well, alone—until I find my grave.

THE GRASS-GROWN PATH

Les châtiments, 3, XI *Dean Carrington*

O PATH, where now the grass grows high,
And leafy wood, and hill, and plain!
Why all this grief?—this silence, why?
He who once came comes not again!

Why from the window watcheth none?
The garden flowerless and bare?
O house! where is your master gone?
"I know not, but he is elsewhere."

Dog! keep good watch! "What should I keep?
Deserted, empty is the house.
The child does for his father weep,
The woman for her absent spouse."

Where has he gone? "To join the dead!"
Ye rock-dashed waves that sadly groan,
Whence come you? "From the galleys dread."
What bring you here? "A skeleton."

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THE DANCE OF DEMONS

Ballades, XIV *David Tolmie*

See, before the dark walls of this black cloistered hall
The moon veils her face with a mystical pall;
The spirit of night hovers, fear spreads her wings,
And twelve from the belfry in solemn tone rings;
In the air the sound vibrates and echoes around,
As if 'neath the bell were imprisoned the sound.
The silence returns with the shadows. But hark!
Who utters those cries? whence those lights through the dark?
The vaults, and the gates, and the tower, and the spire,
All seem to be covered with network of fire;
And we hear in the porch the blest water begin
To boil and to bubble, its stone font within!
Our souls to our patrons in heaven we commend.

Amid the blue rays which with red flames
contend
With cries and with howls, and with sighings
profound,
See from waters and mountains, and woods all
around,
The spectres, the dragons, the vampires, the
ghouls,
Monsters such as in nightmares of hell one
beholds!
The sorceress flying from fresh emptied tomb,
On broomstick which hisses through midnight
of gloom;
The wizards arrayed in their mystic attire,
On their crowns words of sorcery written in
fire;
The grim-looking demons and mischievous
gnomes,
All, by broken-down gateways, by old ruined
domes,
And by windows all shattered, pour into the
fane,
Like a thousand of meteors, and swell the
mad train!
Upright in their midst their Prince Lucifer
stands,
His horn'd brow concealed 'neath the crown's
iron bands;
His chasuble hides his diaphanous wings,
On the altar with foot sacrilegious he springs.

O horror! behold those who shout in this
place,
Where eternally fixed is the light of God's face.
Now hands embrace hands, and with leap and
with bound,
Like a whirlwind destructive the wild dance
goes round,
Till the eye can no longer its movements dis-
cern.
Each hideous goblin appears in its turn;
One imagines that hell is let loose in the night.
With funereal signs the dread zodiac is dight;
All in unison moving with swift-circling feet;
While Satan keeps time with his crozier's beat,
And their steps shake the arches colossal and
high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

We are forced to unite
With the eddying ring;
Round the altar they swing,
Round Satan their King,
In their fiendish delight.
'Tis a moment of dread;
A flame seems to spread
On his wings, like the red
Of a King's raiment bright;
And their steps shake the arches colossal and
high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Yes, in triumph we leap!
Come, brothers, draw near,
From all points of the sphere,
From the grave and the bier,
And tombs dark and deep,
From the cave's gloomy cell,
Come, our armies to swell;
See! escorted by hell
The cars, griffin-drawn, sweep!
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, banish all dread,
Come, dwarfs with goats' feet,
Ghouls and vampires replete
With unsanctified meat,
With the blood of the dead.
Women, lost and condemned,
Press forward, contend!
Your steeds eager bend
The bridleless head.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Jews, under God's blight,
Gypsies, vagrants accurst,
Ghosts from Hades out-thrust,
Maniacs who have burst

Their bands in the night.
And the crest they bestride
Of the walls, on whose side
They fly up and alight.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Come, he-goats profane,
Come, lizards and snails,
Come, serpents with scales,
So fragile and frail.
Burst into the fane!
Let discord take wing,
With melodious swing,
Come, enter the ring,
And repeat the refrain.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

At this moment of dread
The sorcerers seem
To glitter and gleam,
Their reddened beards stream
With the blood of the dead.
Let every one throw
Some gift to the glow.
Crush the bones of the foe
'Neath our furious tread.

And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

With loud sneering voice,
From the steps of the shrine,
Hear the fiend jeering whine,
Singing psalm-tunes divine,
In which martyrs rejoice !
In the chapel we see,
By Satanic decree,
An imp spelling with glee
The book of God's choice.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

From his tomb with sad moans
Each false monk to his stall
Glides, concealed in his pall,
That robe fatal to all,
Which burns into his bones.
Now a black priest draws nigh,
With a flame he doth fly,
On the altar on high
He the curst fire enthrones.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

Satan sees you, aha !
With your coarse hands out-thrust,
In the midst of the dust,
Write then, witches accurst :
Abracadabra !
Fly, foul birds of dread,
With moulting wings spread,
Through the alcoves o'erhead,
Sustaining Smarra.
And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by.

See, the signal appear !
And hell urges our flight.
May each soul in its plight
One day have no light
But this dim beacon here !
May our carnival sound
Through the shadows profound,
And the whole world surround
In an impious sphere.
The dawn whitens the arches colossal and gray,
And drives all the devilish revellers away ;
The dead monks retire to their graves 'neath the halls,
And veil their cold faces behind their dark palls.

LION'S SLEEP AT NOON

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, III, VIII — *N. R. Tyerman*

Deep in his cave the lion rests;
Enthralled by that prodigious slumber
The sultry mid-day sun invests
With fiery visions without number.

The deserts list awhile with dread,
Then freelier breathe; their tyrant's home,
For the lone tracts quake 'neath his tread
What time this mighty one doth roam.

His hot breath heaves his tawny hide;
In darkness steeped is his red eye;
Deep in the cavern, on his side
He sleeps, outstretchéd formidably.

Sleep lulls to rest his sateless rage;
He dreams, oblivious of all wrong,
With calm brow that denotes the sage,
With dread fangs that bespeak the strong.

The wells are drunk by noontide's drouth;
Of nought but slumber is he fain.
Like a cavern is his huge mouth,
And like a forest his ruddy mane.

He scans vast craggy heights difform,
Ossa or Pelion scales with might,
Amid those darkling dreams enorme
Wherein but lions take delight.

Upon the bare rock nought is heard
Where lordly feet are wont to stray.
If now one heavy paw were stirred,
What myriad flies would flit away!

THE GRANDMOTHER

Ballades, III *Frank S. Mahony*

"To die—to sleep."—SHAKESPEARE.

STILL asleep! We have been since the noon
thus alone.
Oh, the hours we have ceased to number!
Wake, grandmother! — speechless say why
thou art grown.
Then, thy lips are so cold!—the Madonna of
stone
Is like thee in thy holy slumber.
We have watched thee in sleep, we have
watched thee at prayer,
But what can now betide thee?
Like thy hours of repose all thy orisons were,
And thy lips would still murmur a blessing
whene'er
Thy children stood beside thee.

Now thine eye is unclosed, and thy forehead is bent
O'er the hearth, where ashes smoulder;
And behold, the watch-lamp will be speedily spent.
Art thou vexed? have we done aught amiss? Oh, relent!
But—parent, thy hands grow colder!
Say, with ours wilt thou let us rekindle in thine
The glow that has departed?
Wilt thou sing us some song of the days of lang syne?
Wilt thou tell us some tale, from those volumes divine,
Of the brave and noble-hearted?

Of the dragon who, crouching in forest green glen,
Lies in wait for the unwary—
Of the maid who was freed by her knight from the den.
Of the ogre, whose club was uplifted, but then
Turned aside by the wand of a fairy?
Wilt thou teach us spell-words that protect from all harm,
And thoughts of evil banish?
What goblins the sign of the cross may disarm?
What saint it is good to invoke? and what charm
Can make the demon vanish?

Or unfold to our gaze thy most wonderful book,
So feared by hell and Satan ;
At its hermits and martyrs in gold let us look,
At the virgins, and bishops with pastoral crook,
And the hymns and the prayers in Latin.
Oft with legends of angels, who watch o'er the young,
Thy voice was wont to gladden ;
Have thy lips yet no language—no wisdom thy tongue ?
Oh, see ! the light wavers, and sinking, hath flung
On the wall forms that sadden.

Wake ! awake ! evil spirits perhaps may presume
To haunt thy holy dwelling ;
Pale ghosts are, perhaps, stealing into the room—
Oh, would that the lamp were relit ! with the gloom
These fearful thoughts dispelling.
Thou hast told us our parents lie sleeping beneath
The grass, in a churchyard lonely :
Now, thine eyes have no motion, thy mouth has no breath,
And thy limbs are all rigid ! Oh, say, *Is this death*,
Or thy prayer or thy slumber only ?

ENVOY.

Sad vigil they kept by that grandmother's chair,
Kind angels hovered o'er them—
And the dead-bell was tolled in the hamlet—and there,
On the following eve, knelt that innocent pair,
With the missal-book before them.

GEORGE AND JEANNE

L'art d'être grand-père, I, VI *N. R. Tyerman*

I, WHOM a little child makes far from wise,
Have two,—sweet George and Jeanne; in this one's eyes
My sunlight dwells, by this one's hand I'm led;
Jeanne's but ten months, o'er George two years have sped.
Divinely subtle are their baby-ways,
And from their trembling utterance love essays
To catch the birth-star song ere it take flight;
While I—like even darkening into night,
Whose destiny hath lost the light of day—
Take heart to sing: "What dawn so fair as they!"
New heavens are opened wide at each child-word;
My soul's intent to hear what they have heard;

Old thoughts are banished by the sweet new thought,
Desires, ambitions, projects, things of naught,
Matters of weighty moment, fade away
As grows the sunlight of my darling's day;
All birds that brood in darkness ply swift wings
As all the choir of morn more blithely sing.
Ah! tottering children guide one's steps aright.
Behold them! hear them! every brow grows bright,
All hearts beat happily that near them beat
In chime with baby-counsels sacred, sweet.
In all my life they're merged; in smiles or tears,
In all my sorrowful or joyous years,
Naught have I known so precious as the sense
Of smiles of childhood cleaving darkness dense,
Or brightening common sunlight: I behold
From baby's cradle steal these rays of gold.

At eve I watch them slumbering. Sweet shut eyes
And placid brows o'ershadowed like the skies
When through soft veils the starry lights first beam
Amaze me, murmuring: "What can be their dream?"

George dreams of cakes, perchance, of play-
things fine,
Dog, cock, or cat; Jeanne chats with friends
divine;
Then their eyes open wide, and make the
whole world shine.

Their dawn, alas! marks growth of our
decline.

They prattle. Do they talk? As doth the
flower
To the wood-brooklet; as, in childhood's
hour,
Their father to his sister, laughing gay;
Or as I chattered all the livelong day
Unto my brothers, while our sire stood
near
And watched us gambol in the sunlight
clear
Of Rome, in days long dead which never
die.
Jeanne, whose bright eyes all bluest flowers
outlive,
Whose fingers frail still capture fairy things,
With bare arms fluttering like an angel's
wings,
Harangues, in songs where floats a starry
sign,
George, a boy-babe or baby-god divine.

O bluest heaven, no mortal speech is hers!
In such sweet strains the wandering wind confers
With fragrant groves, with waves on summer seas;
Gray pilots off the shores of ancient Greece
Erst left their helms, thus lured by siren's voice
To sorrow, as Jeanne now lures us to rejoice.
'Tis May-month music born beneath the sun's
Bright glance, with changeful burthen, "I love!" "loved once!"
It is the tremulous language filled with light
Which lisps to life each little child's delight,—
Beguiled by April, vast, bewildering,
They babble at vast windows of the Spring.
These strange sweet notes which Jeanne pipes to her brother
Are those one amorous bird trills to another;
Such subtle questions bees to flowers propound,
And simple flowers to sparrows more profound;
Of spheral harmonies soft undersong
It is, and doth the angelic choir prolong;
Heaven's visions are revealed in infant-strains;
Heaven's mystery, perchance, Jeanne's song explains,—
For little ones but yesterday came thence,
Bearing star-secrets through our darkness dense.

O George! O Jeanne! your voices thrill my heart!
In such a song stars only could take part.
Their eyes upon me light my whole soul through,
And all its darkness breaks to heavenly blue.
Jeanne smiles bewildered; George has bold bright eyes;
Both totter,—inebriate pets from Paradise!

GENIUS

(TO CHATEAUBRIAND)

Odes, 4, VI *Mrs. Torre Hulme*

Woe unto him! the child of this sad earth,
Who, in a troubled world, unjust and blind,
Bears Genius—treasure of celestial birth,
Within his solitary soul enshrined.
Woe unto him! for Envy's pangs impure,
Like the undying vultures', will be driven
Into his noble heart, that must endure
Pangs for each triumph; and, still unforgiven,
Suffer Prometheus' doom, who ravished fire from heaven.

Still though his destiny on earth may be
Grief and injustice; who would not endure,
With joyful calm, each proffered agony;
Could he the prize of Genius thus ensure?
What mortal feeling kindled in his soul,
That clear celestial flame, so pure and high,
O'er which nor time nor death can have control,
Would in inglorious pleasures basely fly
From sufferings whose reward is Immortality?

No! though the clamors of the envious crowd
Pursue the son of Genius, he will rise
From the dull clod, borne by an effort proud
Beyond the reach of vulgar enmities.
'Tis thus the eagle, with his pinions spread,
Reposing o'er the tempest, from that height
Sees the clouds reel and roll above our head,
While he, rejoicing in his tranquil flight,
More upward soars sublime in heaven's eternal light.

MADELAINE

Ballades, IX *H. L. W.*

List to me, O Madelaine!
Now the snows have left the plain,
Which they warmly cloaked.
Come into the forest groves,
Where the notes that Echo loves
Are from horns evoked.

Come! where Springtide, Madelaine,
Brings a sultry breath from Spain,
Giving buds their hue;
And, last night, to glad your eye,
Laid the floral marquetry,
Red and gold and blue.

Would I were, O Madelaine,
As the lamb whose wool you train
Through your tender hands.
Would I were the bird that whirls
Round, and comes to peck your curls,
Happy in such bands.

Were I e'en, O Madelaine,
Hermit whom the herd disdain
In his pious cell,

When your purest lips unfold
Sins which might to all be told,
As to him you tell.

Would I were, O Madelaine,
Moth that murmurs 'gainst your pane,
Peering at your rest,
As, so like its woolly wing,
Ceasing scarce its fluttering,
Heaves and sinks your breast.

If you seek it, Madelaine,
You may wish, and not in vain,
For a serving host,
And your splendid hall of state
Shall be envied by the great,
O'er the Jew-King's boast.

If you name it, Madelaine,
Round your head no more you'll train
Simple marguerites,
No ! the coronet of peers,
Whom the queen herself oft fears,
And the monarch greets.

If you wish, O Madelaine !
Where you gaze you long shall reign—
For I'm ruler here !
I'm the lord who asks your hand
If you do not bid me stand
Loving shepherd here !

SEED TIME

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, I, III — *C. E. Meetkerke*

It is the twilight hour, and I behold
Seated beside my door, the lingering ray
That stealing o'er the landscape marks with gold
The last short moments of the working day.

I see an old man in the fields move on
Whilst shadows gather and the night draws near,
Sowing the deep-ploughed furrows one by one
With fruitful harvest of the future year.

His tall form's outline stands commandingly
'Gainst the horizon in the waning light;
We feel how full of faith his heart must be
In days to come, and time's benignant flight.

With arm outstretched he casts the golden grain,
Now near, now far, with steady measured pace,
Along the distant ridges of the plain,
And I sit, humble witness, in my place.

Darkness, which falls where fading gleams are riven,
And spreads beyond the stretches of the land,
Seems as if widening to the gates of heaven
The lofty gesture of the sower's hand.

BABY'S SLEEP AT DAWN

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, II, II — *N. R. T.*

Faint smiles the humble little room;
On an old chest some roses blush:
Beholding here dissolve night's gloom,
Priests had said, Peace! and women, Hush!

Yonder what small recess is seen,
Whereto the tenderest radiance creeps?
O more than angel-guard serene!
Aurora watches: baby sleeps.

Deep in that nook a tiny thing
Lies lulled within a cradle white;
Amid the shadow quivering
Heaven only knows with what delight.

Lo, in her dimpled hand tight-prest
  She holds a toy, sweet source of mirth!
Cherubs in heaven with palms are blest,
  Babies with rattles upon earth.

What sleep is hers! Ah, who dare say
  What dreams make *such* smiles come and go;
Haply she sees some bright dawn-way,
  With angels passing to and fro.

Her rosy arm moves momently
  As if to wave some sweet adieu;
Gentle her breathing as may be
  A butterfly's amid the blue.

Aurora's loath to chase those dreams:
  Naught's so august, so pure, so mild,
As this bright eye of God that beams
  Upon the closed eyes of a child.

NOT A WHIT NOW

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, III, I — *N. R. Tyerman*

Not a whit now do I care
  For the belfry or the steeple;
If the queen be dark or fair,
  King rule well or ill his people;

None more ignorant, I own,
If the lord be proud or meek,
If the parish parson drone
Dogg'rel Latin or good Greek;

If't be time for dance or weeping,
Nests be empty or brimmed above;
Other cares keep me from sleeping—
I am head o'er heels in love.

Listen, Jane, my troublous dream!
'Tis thy tiny foot so white
Tripping o'er the happy stream
Light as bird in hovering flight.

Listen, Jane, my dreadful pain!
'Tis that thus through sun and shower
An unseen, resistless chain
Draws me aye to thy bright bower.

Listen, Jane, my source of sorrow!
'Tis that thy rare smiles alway,
Beaming brightlier from to-morrow,
Lure me from the bright to-day.

Listen, Jane, my source of pleasure!
Thy skirt's smallest flower I prize,
A far richer, sweeter treasure
Than all stars that deck the skies.

MORNING

Odes, 5, VIII *H. L. W.*

THE mist of the morning is torn by the peaks,
Old towers gleam white in the ray,
And already the glory so joyously seeks
The lark that's saluting the day.

Then smile away, man, at the heavens so fair,
Though, were you swept hence in the night,
From your dark, lonely tomb the owlets would stare
At the sun rising newly as bright.

But out of earth's trammels your soul would have flown
Where glitters Eternity's stream,
And you shall have waked 'midst pure glories unknown,
As sunshine disperses a dream.

THE BLACK BAND

Odes, 2, III *Gilbert Campbell*

I

O WALLS, O battlements, O towers,
O bridge-spann'd moat and ramparts grim,
O mighty piles of slender columns,
Frowning keeps, and convents dim;

Dusty cloisters, gray and hoary,
Olden, crumbling, silent, calm,
Vaulted aisles, which once re-echoed
Joyous revel, holy psalm.
Altars where our mothers sought
The God for whom our fathers fought.

Porches which inflame our pride,
Domes of God, and courts of kings,
Temples where our treasured banners
Spread their ragged, smoke-stained wings;
Bowers of love, triumphal arches,
Regal splendors, mute and vast
Shrines, and monasteries, dungeons,
Relics of a mighty past,
Hoary fanes, of mysteries full,
And splendors that grow never dull.

Ruins of France which our affection
Strives, alas, in vain to save,
Spots where honor found a shelter—
Where the honor'd found a grave;
Stones which time with ruthless heel
Tramples into dust again,
Footprints of an infant people,
Homes of pleasure and of pain.
Vestiges of races dead,
A sacred stream dried in its bed.

Oft, in thought, I've heard thy heroes
Say farewell before the fray,

Oft, within thy ruined temples,
Shone a bright celestial ray,
Then my wandering footsteps follow'd
Traces of thy great unknown—
Haughty warriors, whose daring
Turned their shield into a throne.
And I listen'd overcast
For some whispers from the past.

Then my too aspiring muse,
Intoxicate with sudden dreams,
Girds the warlike steel cuirass,
Whose burnished front so brightly gleams,
Dons with pride the knightly scarf,
Grasps a sword all red with rust,
Robs the trophied corridor,
That sleeps beneath its mantling dust;
Urges on to lightning speed,
With spurs of gold, a wingless steed.

I love the chateau, and the path
Which hides its wanderings in the wood,
The gate whose arch is buried deep
Beneath its airy Gothic hood;
I love, too, the funereal birds
Which crowd the gabled roof by night,
Upraising their sepulchral voices,
Circling in their giddy flight—
Black battalions they—and sweep
Around the turrets of the keep.

I love the ivy-mantled tower
Whence sounds the solemn vesper bell,
And o'er the silent place of tombs
Stands like a faithful sentinel.
The old stone cross with broken steps,
Where weary travellers love to rest,
The battlemented citadel
That guards the valley, peaceful, blest,
And over all its shadows lay
Like some gigantic bird of prey.

I love the keep, the marble court
Where clarions sound across the lea,
The Gothic halls where knights of old
Have laid aside their panoply.
The painted casement blazing out
Upon the starless ebon night,
The chilly vaults where rest the brave,
Oblivious of the ages' flight—
Where rest the steel-clad braves who
sleep,
While men rejoice and women weep.

Under towering forest domes,
Arch and pillar bend their head,
Babbling fountains seem to tell
Legends of the mighty dead.
Wandering goats dislodge the stones—
Stones of feudal strongholds rude,
Up on high the soaring eagle

Rears her callow hungry brood,
And the swallows hide their nest
Upon the turret's lofty crest.

Like this passage bird has swept
From earliest times, with pinions free,
The poet searching all that speaks
To him of days of chivalry;
Ruins so dear, sweet France, to thee
Glory dwells within their walls,
And the grim majestic heroes
Crowding through thy sacred halls,
If they are but shades of yore,
Are shades of giants evermore.

Men of France, who love her shrines,
Your God will bless in every age
The son who, in the days of terror,
Saves his fore-sires' heritage;
See in every fallen stone
A glory stolen from your walls,
Bid Time restrain his blighting hand,
Bring back to France her ancient Gauls.
Give memory back her spreading wings,
And her old courts to her young kings.

II

Charles Matthews, M. A.

HUSHED be the lyre poetical: Hushed the Æolian harpstrings,
Leaving these glorious relics in peace to their mouldering slumber
Deep in an ageless gulf, where no friendly tear will bedew them,
Where no pitying glance can rest on their perishing fragments.
Crumble, ye ruins so grand, made holy by Time's consecration,
Witnesses ye of a past which the present cares only to outrage,
Shake off the dust of your feet on a people unworthy to claim you,
Cease to watch over a camp plunged deep in slumber eternal.

Or, since the march of our time must ever be hastening onward,
Should we not proudly remember that still there linger among us
Those that with valor unrivalled have dragged out kings from their coffins,
And who, arraigning the dead, have sat in judgment upon them.
Honor the bravest of brave! whom nor Sparta, nor Rome in their glory
Ever could venture to vie with, for these have triumphed o'er tombstones;

Bones they have broken, and scattered to every quarter of heaven;
Tombs they have rifled, and crowned themselves with the glory of conquest.

Whence did they gain for their deeds of daring such bold inspiration?
Was it the "nothing" they found after so much labor and trouble,
When as a natural sequence on earth made they sepulchres empty,
Seeing their efforts already in heaven had spread desolation?
Deeming respect for the dead as nought but an old fascination,
Fearlessly laid they the axe to the root of some young reputation—
Thus did they venture to think with a courage sublime in its grandeur,
That in destroying the tombs they might possibly vanquish a cradle.

Now let them come in their thousands, in crowds rush eagerly forward—
Welcome these valiant soldiers, who never have known any warfare;
Let them undauntedly meet with foes well worthy their prowess;
Here, there are tottering walls, and there, there are castles in ruins.

Now they may fearlessly pass 'neath these
gates which stand open to all men,
And to these towers deserted lay siege with-
out any danger;
Let them, however, beware that they rouse
not the ancient defenders,
For those shadows heroic would surely take
them for strangers.

Cut off from centuries past, *our* century wills
to be lonely:
Come, let us level these walls which have
offered to time such resistance,
Let there not rest upon earth any trace of the
ages departed,
Just as we drive from our hearts of those times
all thought and remembrance.
Our inheritance vast, and all encumbered with
honors,
Forms a burden too heavy for people who live
in the present—
What does the past do for us, but cloy our
hurrying footsteps?
Out of the time the gods may grant, let us
keep but the future.

Let us not hear any more in praise of our
credulous fathers;
They looked only at duty, but we have our
rights to consider.

We have our virtues as well, for we can bring
kings to the scaffold;
We can assassinate priests, or shoot them
down without mercy.

Ah! 'tis, alas, too true that France, in this
age of misfortune,
Mourns her ancient honor, and hope, faith's
humble attendant;
Crime has virtue displaced, and even hidden
its pathway,
Just as the bramble effaces the steps of a tem-
ple abandoned.

Pity the sorrow of France, who, reft of her
memory's treasures,
Loses her majesty, too, while her enemies
triumphing proudly,
Rend her vesture asunder; her nakedness
rousing their laughter.
Let us not lightly regard a mother so cruelly
outraged,
And while she weeps for her glory, 'tis ours
to console her affliction.
Veiled from her view upon earth, let us sing
of her stars in the heaven,
Ne'er shall our youthful Muse, when it faces
vile Anarchy's banner,
Cleanse off the stain of that dust with which
ages departed have marked it.

THE TWO ISLANDS

Odes, 3, VI *David Tolmie*

"Tell me whence he came, I will tell you whither he is gone."—E. H.

I

THERE are two isles in seas apart,
With half the wide round world between,
Which, like the heads of giants swart,
Frown forth upon the stormy scene.
And looking on their hill-tops bare
One feels that God has placed them there
For some mysterious plan unknown;
Their sides are with the lightnings scarred,
The ocean's foam their fields have marred,
They heave with dread volcanic groan.

These isles where ocean casts her spray
Upon the ruthless rocks so steep,
Seem like two pirate ships that sway
For ever anchored on the deep.
The hand that formed these islands twain
Upon the trackless stormy main,
Two specks mid sea and sky,
Perchance his task had thus-wise done,
That Buonaparte be born in one,
In one Napoleon die.

There was his cradle, there his grave!
These wondrous words shall still be told,
Till seas forget their shores to lave,
And suns and worlds have all grown old.
Unto those sad and dismal shores,
At summons of his shade there pours
The stream of nations from afar;
The bolts that rend the mountain's side,
The tempests on the deep that ride,
Seem as the trumpet notes of war.

Far from the fear-distracted lands,
Which shook in terror at his breath,
Upon these lonely sea-girt strands
God gave him birth and gave him death,
So that the earth might not betray
By quakings deep his natal day,
And publish it to all,
So that his soul should pass in peace,
From warrior's bed to its release,
And yet no rocks should fall.

II

What were his thoughts in youth's sweet early prime?
What were his musings at life's closing time,
As roamed his thoughts o'er all that maddening dream?
Now could he feel the emptiness of fame,
The throne a bauble, glory but a name?
How vain and hollow doth ambition seem!

Even in his childish dreams had visions grown
Of war and victory and an emperor's throne.
He saw the eagles from his banners wave,
With ear prophetic from the future years,
The shouts and cries of subject tribes he hears,
And the loud war-songs of triumphant braves.

III

Long live Napoleon! Let the shout resound!
'Twas God himself his kingly brow who crowned;
With other kings for slaves, he reigns alone.
Kings sprung from hundred kings their homage pay,
And mid imperial Rome's palatiums gray
He plants his new-born infant's royal throne.

His eagles spread their pinions everywhere,
And to the trembling tribes his thunders bear,
He holds in bondage conclave and Divan;
And with his blood-stained flags are ofttimes seen
The crescent of the Turk, and glittering sheen
Of golden cross of haughty, brave Ivan.

The Egyptian bronzed, the Goth who knows not fear,
The warlike Pole with flame upon his spear,

All aid to urge his wild ambitious dream;
Their only law his will, their faith his fame,
And marching 'neath his flags, through flood or flame,
The weapons of a hundred nations gleam.

And to his chiefs he casts as guerdon due
A kingdom, principality or two;
And monarchs round his gates their watches keep,
So that secure he rests in peaceful shade,
What time his sword is in its scabbard laid,
As fisherman among his nets may sleep.

His eyrie hath he built so far and high,
He seems to dwell within the peaceful sky,
Where storms can never reach, nor tempests spread.
Though underneath his feet the clouds are riven,
The thunders in their courses in the heaven
Cannot assail his angel-guarded head.

IV

At last the bolt flew upward; driven forth
He flashing falls upon our common earth.
The petty kings their foe reward;
They cage, enchain him in that lonely land,
And earth and air the fallen monarch hand
To ocean's surer ceaseless guard.

O, how he loathed those idle, listless days,
When at the sunset hour with envious gaze
He watched the sun's declining rays!
And when alone and sad he paced the beach,
Till rudely breaks his dream some jailer's speech,
Which calls him back to that sad place.

With unavailing wrath now victory's lord,
Heard blame from those who just before adored
And worshipped him as if a god.
Nations cried out for vengeance, and the din
Awoke the echoes of the heart within,
And scourged his soul as 'twere with chastening rod.

V

Hate, curses, vengeance, maledictions sore,
From heaven and earth in one vast flood outpour;
Now see we low the great Colossus bent,
O, may he e'er regret, alive or dead,
The bitter tears he caused the world to shed,
And all the priceless blood for him was spent.

Po, Tiber, Seine, the Volga and the walls
Of Moorish palaces and Gothic halls,

Taffa and Moscow, burnt without a sigh,
From blood-stained fields his fatal fearsome name
In thundering accents echoing back exclaim,
"Him do the slaughtered nations curse," they cry.

Around him he may see his ghostly foes!
In sad procession the dread army goes,
Dumb with the secrets of the silent tomb,
On limping limbs all bruiséd black, and broke
By murd'rous cannon and the sabre's stroke,
Making a hell of his foul prison home.

There let him live and die, from day to day;
His proud ambition let it there decay,
Until the world almost forgets his fame,
That hand that oft has dragged a monarch down,
Now with its fetters is aweary grown,
And in the ocean wide is sunk his name.

A new immortal name he hoped to found,
Like that of Rome, which held the whole world bound,
But God his torch blew out with quenching breath,
And to great Cæsar's rival only leaves
The time, the span that each man here receives
Before he fills the narrow cell of death.

When men forget, the ocean still shall lave
Round St. Helena his wild rock-girt grave!
In vain, within St. Denis' kingly halls,
He reared a tomb with gold and sculpture dight;
God did not choose that mausoleum bright,
Nor fix his grave within these massive walls.

VI

How sad the empty cup, the vanished dream how sad,
Begun in blissful joy but changed to nightmare mad!
When young our reason yields to Hope's too flattering tale;
But older grown we loathe the sweets our spirits sought,
And looking on our life, by sad experience taught,
"Too late, too late!" we wail.

So pants th' adventurous heart at foot of mountain height,
Its dizzy cliffs so fill the heart with fierce delight,
The towering crags that ne'er shall fall, defying time,
The woods that like a mantle clothe its slopes, on high
The clouds which like a crown around its summit lie,
And hide its head sublime.

Through clouds and fogs he strays who thinks
to reach the sky,
And on the mountain path his mazy way
would try.
From upland heights the scene is changed
beneath your feet;
'Tis now a chasm drear obscured by forests
deep,
Where the dread thunder's track is seen,
and raging torrents leap,
And gulfs the vision greet.

VII

Glory's mirage here we view,
Like prism sparkling fair and bright,
And then anon with blood-red hue
Its ever changeful moods are dight.
Now heavenward raised, now downward
thrown,
His life in twofold form is shown,
Two records can be read by all,
If we his youth or age would see,
In youth his name was Victory,
In age he mused upon his fall.

In these two isles the fisherman
With fear assailed, on winter's night,
'Mid meteor stars, with aspect wan
Lays down his nets in sad affright,

His fancy sees the chief of yore
In shadow stand on yonder shore,
With folded arms, and kingly form,
And thinks that the unsettled soul
Will now the ocean waves control,
As once he ruled the battle storm.

VIII

Although an empire lost, two isles he still shall own,
Glorious or shameful made by his repute alone,
One where his breath was given, the other where 'twas ta'en,
That name, which oft has held the trembling nations bound,
Shall still from sea to sea within these islands sound,
While rock and cliff doth still remain.

So shoots the fiery shell by murderous mortar thrown,
Which through the murky sky its blazing course has run;
One moment charged with death, it hangs o'er frighted town,
And then, like vulture swooping on its prey,
With outstretched wings and talons cruel to slay,
In wreck and ruin hurls it down.

From the vast mortar's mouth dark vapors
long time pour,
Whence rose, with rush of fire and sudden
deafening roar,
The deadly ponderous globe, which mounted
but to fall;
And where the shattered shell in scattered
fragments lies,
And, dealing death around, in belching
flames it dies,
And night and silence cover all.

NAPOLEON

Les orientales, XL, 3 *Fraser's Mag.*

ANGEL or demon! thou—whether of light
The minister, or darkness—still dost sway
This age of ours; thine eagle's soaring flight
Bears us, all breathless, after it away.
The eye that from thy presence fain would
stray,
Shuns thee in vain; thy mighty shadow
thrown
Rests on all pictures of the living day,
And on the threshold of our time alone,
Dazzling, yet sombre, stands thy form,
Napoleon!

Thus, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
The subject-lands that 'neath Vesuvius be,
Whether he wind along the enchanting shore
To Portici from fair Parthenope,
Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
O'er loveliest Ischia's od'rous isle he stray,
Wooed by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
Seems like some languishing sultana's lay,
A voice for very sweets that scarce can win its way.

Him, whether Pæstum's solemn fane detain,
Shrouding his soul with meditation's power;
Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
Of tarantella danced 'neath Tuscan tower,
Listening, he while away the evening hour;
Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone and deep,
Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posillippo laid,
While as the swarthy boatman at his side
Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleaséd shade,
Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide,

From shaded nook or sunny lawn espied,
From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
From sea, and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

THE SCOURGE OF HEAVEN

Les orientales, I — *J. N. Fazakerley*

I

HAST seen it pass, that cloud of darkest rim?
Now red and glorious, and now gray and dim,
Now sad as summer, barren in its heat?
One seems to see at once rush through the night
The smoke and turmoil from a burning site
Of some great town in fiery grasp complete.

Whence comes it? From the sea, the hills, the sky?
Is it the flaming chariot from on high
Which demons to some planet seem to bring?
Oh, horror! from its wondrous centre, lo!
A furious stream of lightning seems to flow
Like a long snake uncoiling its fell ring.

II

The sea! naught but the sea! waves on all sides!
Vainly the sea-bird would outstrip these tides!
Nought but an endless ebb and flow!
Wave upon wave advancing, then controlled
Beneath the depths a stream the eyes behold
Rolling in the involved abyss below!

Whilst here and there great fishes in the spray
Their silvery fins beneath the sun display,
Or their blue tails lash up from out the surge,
Like to a flock the sea its fleece doth fling;
The horizon's edge bound by a brazen ring;
Waters and sky in mutual azure merge.

"Am I to dry these seas?" exclaimed the cloud.
"No!" It went onward 'neath the breath of God.

III

Green hills, which round a limpid bay
Reflected, bask in the clear wave!
The javelin and its buffalo prey,
The laughter and the joyous stave!
The tent, the manger! these describe
A hunting and a fishing tribe
Free as the air—their arrows fly
Swifter than lightning through the sky!

By them is breathed the purest air,
Where'er their wanderings may chance!
Children and maidens young and fair,
And warriors circling in the dance!
Upon the beach, around the fire,
Now quenched by wind, now burning higher,
Like spirits which our dreams inspire
To hover o'er our trance.

Virgins, with skins of ebony,
Beauteous as evening skies,
Laughed as their forms they dimly see
In metal mirrors rise;
Others, as joyously as they,
Were drawing for their food by day,
With jet-black hands, white camels' whey,
Camels with docile eyes.

Both men and women bare,
Plunged in the briny bay.
Who knows them? Whence they were?
Where passed they yesterday?
Shrill sounds were hovering o'er,
Mixed with the ocean's roar,
Of cymbals from the shore,
And whinnying courser's neigh.

"Is't there?" one moment asked the cloudy mass;
"Is't there?" An unknown utterance answered: "Pass!"

THE EXILE'S CHOICE

Les châtiments, 2, V *N. R. T.*

SINCE Justice slumbers in the abysm,
Since the crime's crowned with despotism,
  Since all most upright souls are smitten,
Since proudest souls are bowed for shame,
Since on the walls in lines of flame
  My country's dark dishonor's written;

O grand Republic of our sires,
Pantheon filled with sacred fires,
  In the free azure golden dome,
Temple with shades immortal thronged,
Since thus thy glory they have wronged,
  With "Empire" staining freedom's home;

Since in my country each soul born
Is base; since there are laughed to scorn
  The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
The indignant eyes of history,
Honor, law, right, and liberty,
  And those—alas!—within the grave;

Solitude, exile! I love them!
Sorrow, be thou my diadem!
  Poverty love I,—for 'tis pride!

My rugged home winds beat upon;
And even that awful statue wan
  Aye seated silent by my side.

I love the woe that proves me strong;
That shadow of fate which all ye throng,
  O ye to whom high hearts aye bow,—
Faith, Virtue veiled, stern Dignity,
And thou, proud Exile, Liberty,
  And, nobler yet, Devotion, thou!

I love this islet lonely, bold,
Jersey, whereover England's old
  Free banner doth the storm-blast brave;
Yon darkling ocean's ebb and flow,
Its vessels, each a wandering plough,
  Whose mystic furrow is the wave.

I love thy gull, with snowy wing
In pearls to the wind blithe scattering,
  O ocean vast, thy sunny spray;
Who darts beneath huge billows gaping,
Soon from those monstrous throats escaping
  As a soul from sorrow flits away!

I love the rock—how solemn, stern!
Thence hearkening aye the plaint eterne,
  On the wild air around me shed,
Ever the sullen night outpours,—
Of waves that sob on sombre shores,
  Of mothers mourning children dead!

CONFRONTED

Les châtiments, I, XV *C. E. Meetkerke*

O PHANTOMS, who are your assassins? Speak!
Who planted in your breasts the deadly steel?
Thou foremost in the ranks the silence break,
And from the shadowland the truth reveal!
Thy name?
"*Religion.*"
And thy murderer?
"*The Priest.*"
You three—your names?
"*Truth—Virtue—Faith.*"
Who threw you down and gave you up to death?
"*The Church.*"
And you in outer darkness there?
"*They called me Public Credit.*"
And who slew
Thee and thy followers?
"*The Oath.*"
And thou
Knee deep in blood?
"*My name was Justice.*"
Who
Condemned?
"*The Judge.*"

And thou with empty sheath—
Who steeped in dust and blood the aureate flame
That should have crowned thee and the victor wreath?
"*The Army. They have called me Austerlitz.*"

THE TRUMPETS OF THE MIND

Les châtiments, 7, I — *Toru Dutt*

SOUND, sound forever, clarions of thought!

When Joshua 'gainst the high-walled city fought,
He marched around it with his banner high,
His troops in serried order following nigh,
But not a sword was drawn, no shaft outsprang,
Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.
At the first blast, smiled scornfully the king,
And at the second sneered, half-wondering:
"Hop'st thou with noise my stronghold to break down?"
At the third round, the ark of old renown
Swept forward, still the trumpets sounding loud,
And then the troops with ensigns waving proud.

Stepped out upon the old walls children dark
With horns to mock the notes and hoot the ark.
At the fourth turn, braving the Israelites,
Women appeared upon the crenelated heights—
Those battlements embrowned with age and rust—
And hurled upon the Hebrews stones and dust,
And spun and sang when weary of the game.
At the fifth circuit came the blind and lame,
And with wild uproar clamorous and high
Railed at the clarion ringing to the sky.
At the sixth time, upon a tower's tall crest,
So high that there the eagle built his nest,
So hard that on it lightning lit in vain,
Appeared in merriment the king again:
"These Hebrew Jews musicians are, me-seems!"
He scoffed, loud laughing, "but they live on dreams."
The princes laughed submissive to the king,
Laughed all the courtiers in their glittering ring,
And thence the laughter spread through all the town.

At the seventh blast — the city walls fell down.

SUNRISE

Les châtiments, 7, XV *N. R. T.*

Foul times there are, when nations spiritless
Throw honor away
For tinsel glory; to base happiness
A mournful prey.

Then from the nations, fain of lustful rest,
Dull slavery's dreams,
All virtue ebbs, as from a sponge tight-pressed
Clear water streams.

Then men, to vice and folly docile slaves,
Aye lowly-inclined,
Ape the vile fearful reed that stoops and waves
For every wind.

Then feasts and kisses; nought that saith the soul
Stirs shame or dread;
One drinks, one eats, one sings, one skips,—is foul
And comforted.

Crime, ministered to by loathsome lackeys, reigns;
Yea, 'neath God's fires

Laughs ; and ye shiver, sombre dread remains
Of glorious sires.

All life seems foul, with vice intoxicate,
Aye, thus to be :—
Sudden a clarion unto all winds elate
Peals *Liberty !*
And the dull world whose soul this blast doth smite
Is like to one
Drunken all night, upstaggering 'neath the light
O' the risen sun !

THE IMPERIAL MANTLE

Les châtiments, 5, III *N. R. T.*

O ye whose labor is bliss alway,
Blithe-wingéd ones who have for prey
But odorous breaths of azure skies,
Who, ere December come, far flee,
Sweet thieves of sweetest blooms, O ye
Who bear to men the honey prize,

Chaste sippers of the morning dew,
Who visit 'neath noon's amorous blue
The lily glowing like a star,—

Fond sisters of May's flowerets bright,
Bees, blithesome daughters of the light,
From that foul mantle flit afar!

Winged warriors, rush upon that man!
O busy toilers, noble clan,
For duty and virtue arduous,
With golden wings, keen darts of flame,
Swarm round that dull, foul thing of shame,
And hiss:—"For what hast taken us?

"Accurst! We are the honey-bees!
Our hives the pride of cottages,
From homeliest flowers our sweetest sips!
Though oft, what time warm June discloses
For love of us his loveliest roses,
We're fain to alight on Plato's lips!

"What's born of mire to mire's inclined.
Go, in his lair Tiberius find,
Charles neuf his balcony upon.
Go, go, Hymettus' bees scarce grace
Your purple, there behooves you place
The black, foul swarm of Montfaucon!"

And all together sting him there,—
O tiny warriors of the air,
Sting blind this traitor soulless, base;
Upon him swarm from far and near,
And, since the men of France have fear,
Let bees of France the monster chase!

SONG

Les châtiments, 7, VI *N. R. Tyerman*

He shines through history like a sun.
For thrice five years
He bore bright victory through the dun
King-shadowed spheres;
Proud Europe 'neath his law of might
Low-bowed the knee—
Thou, poor ape, hobble after aright,
Petit, petit!

Napoleon in the roar of fight,
Calm and serene,
Guided athwart the fiery flight
His eagle keen.
Upon Arcola bridge he trod,
And came forth free—
Come! here is gold, adore thy god,
Petit, petit!

Viennas were his lights-o'-love,
He ravished *them;*
Blithely he seized brave heights above
By the iron hem;
Castles caught he by the curls,
His brides to be—
For thee here are the poor pale girls,
Petit, petit!

He passed o'er mountains, deserts, plains,
  Having in hand
The palm, the lightning, and the reins
  Of every land:
Drunken, he tottered on the brink
  Of deity—
Here is sweet blood! quick, run to drink,
  Petit, petit!

Then when he fell, loosening the world,
  The abysmal sea
Made wide her depths for him, down-hurled
  By Liberty:
Th' archangel plunged from where he stood,
  And earth breathed free—
Thou! drown thyself in thy own mud,
  Petit, petit!

ART AND THE PEOPLE

Les châtiments, I, IX *N. R. T.*

I

Art, 'tis a glory, a delight;
I' the tempest it holds fire-flight,
  It irradiates the deep blue sky.
Art, splendor infinite,
On the brow of the people doth sit,
  As a star in God's heaven most high.

Art, 'tis a broad-flowered plain
When Peace holds belovéd reign;
'Tis the passionate unison
Of music the city hath made
With the country, the man with the maid,
All sweet songs made perfect in one!

Art, 'tis Humanity's thought
Which shatters chains century-wrought!
Art, 'tis the conqueror sweet!
Unto Art, each world-river, each sea!
Slave-people, 'tis Art makes free;
Free people, 'tis Art makes great!

II

O chivalrous France, without cease
Chant loudly thy hymn of peace,—
Chant, with eyes fixed on the sky!
Thy joyous voice and profound
Through the slumbering world doth re-
sound . . .
O noble people, chant high!

True people, chant gladly the dawn!
At even raise song as at morn!
After labor sweet singing should be.
Laugh for the century o'erthrown!
Sing love in a tender tone,
And loudlier chant liberty!

Chant Italy sacred and sweet;
Poor Poland, slain sons at her feet;
Naples, whose heart-blood outpours;
Hungary, the Russian's base vaunt . . .
O tyrants! the people doth chant
Even as the lion roars!

SEA-SONG OF THE EXILES

Les châtiments, 5, IX *N. R. T.*

DEAR land, farewell!
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

Farewell, white cot whence the ripe grapes fall,
Gold blooms that bask on the mossy wall!

Dear land, farewell!
Plain, valley, and hill!
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

Dear land, farewell,—
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

Farewell, betrothed with the pure pale brow;
'Neath sombre heaven dark billows we plough.

Dear land, farewell!
In thee our loves dwell;
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

Dear land, farewell!
Waves surge and swell.
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

Our eyes, whose tears all brightness blot,
Leave the dark wave for a darker lot!

Dear land, farewell!
In our heart's a knell.
Dear land, farewell,—
Blue sky!

THE JOURNEY

Odes, 5, XIX *Dean Carrington*

I

THE horse his harness shakes, and makes it ring,
The wheels bright sparks from out the pavement fling;
Now I must go! Good-bye; chase from your mind

All bitter fears—take heart—good-bye again.
What! the car starts—I go, and you remain?
Alas! I thought you left by chance behind.

Long time pursue it with attentive ear,
Go not away till sick and sad you hear
The clatter of the horse hoofs fade and die;
E'en now we're hid by intervening space,
Your snowy dress I can no longer trace,
Nor you the wheels distinguish as they fly.

What! left not e'en a sound, not e'en a shade!
Absence its might upon my soul has laid;
In deeper gloom I plunge each step I drive,
And in this hell, so full of bitter pain,
Of anguish, idle pangs, chimeras vain,
I buried am, and sink, and roam alive.

II

What now am I to do with every thought?
What with my brow, used to thy hand's support?
What do with all I hear, and all I see,
With illness wanting you, so hard to bear;
With eyes which by your own illumined were,
And voice which only served to answer thee?

Upon each roadside tree my sight abides,
That now appears, now into shadow glides,

Green woods, and harvests with their store of gold,
And mountains, and the sparkling evening star,
And the shrill clocks, and cities that afar
Gray lines of mist in the horizon fold.

What boot green woods, the harvest hills, and vines?
And what the star that rises and declines,
And plains and mountains, if to thee not shown?
What profit castles and their ruined halls,
And moss-grown keep, unless their vacant halls
Hear thy light footsteps run beside my own?

While thus the next, and still the next day fly,
Without thee I must see dawn wake and die,
Without thyself, thy smile, thy look so gay.
Musing, I hear thee not beside me tread,
Nor feel thy small soft hand, when raised my head,
Closing my waking eyes in play.

Yet must I send thee, though to grief a prey,
Some written happiness from day to day;
Say: "Cheer thee up! my calm is now restored,"
Whilst for my absent love I ever quail,
And fancying thousand ills thy life assail:
Each hour above my head is hung a sword.

III

What dost thou now? Beside the hearth, no doubt,
The map is spread, your eye pursues my route;
You say: "Where is he? may each place supply
Kind service, and some heart that loves and cares—
Some hostess like myself, who prays and fears
For some loved being 'neath a foreign sky.

"Now fast he journeys on. I'm sure by now
That far-off city he has travelled through,
That wood, that bridge, scene of some mighty deed;
E'en now he may through that lone valley stray,
Marked by the fatal Cross, that speaks dismay,
Where but last year . . . Oh, may he safely speed!"

And then my father wipes your sparkling tear,
And, smiling, bids you coax your daughter dear.
"Cheer up! he soon again will see us all—
He laughs, is happy, does this moment trace
Some ancient hero's tomb or dwelling-place,
Does for your safety at some altar call."

IV

Then the old warrior, whom your grief subdues,
Tells his wild life, and battlefields reviews,
Those ancient fights in Italy and Spain,
That chief who wont the world in awe to keep ;—
Lowering his voice lest he should rouse from sleep
The babe upon thy gentle bosom lain.

AT EVENING

Les contemplations, 2, X *N. R. T.*

My arm pressed gently thy form, slight
And supple as the slender reed ;
Thy sweet heart quivered, even as might
A bird's wing freed.

A long while silent, we beheld
The day from heaven softly move.
What then our trembling souls fulfilled ?
Love ! O our love !

Even as an angel that grows bright
And brighter, thou didst gaze on me,
Till thy star-look shone 'mid my night
Too sweet to see.

KING LOUIS XVII

Odes, I, V *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

THE golden gates were opened wide that day,
All through the unveiled heaven there seemed to play
Out of the holiest of holy, light;
And the elect beheld, crowd immortal,
A young soul, led up by young angels bright,
Stand in the starry portal.

A fair child fleeing from the world's fierce hate,
In his blue eye the shade of sorrow sate,
His golden hair hung all dishevelled down,
On wasted cheeks that told a mournful story,
And angels twined him with the innocent's crown,
The martyr's palm of glory.

The virgin souls that to the lamb are near,
Called through the clouds with voices heavenly clear,
God hath prepared a glory for thy brow,
Rest in His arms, and all ye hosts that sing
His praises ever on untired string,
Chant, for a mortal comes among ye now;
Do homage—"'Tis a king."

And the pale shadow saith to God in heaven:
"I am an orphan and no king at all;
I was a weary prisoner yestereven,
My father's murderers fed my soul with gall.
Not me, O Lord, the regal name beseems.
Last night I fell asleep in dungeon drear,
But then I saw my mother in my dreams,
Say, shall I find her here?"

The angels said: "Thy Saviour bids thee come,
Out of an impure world He calls thee home,
From the mad earth, where horrid murder waves
Over the broken cross her impure wings,
And regicides go down among the graves,
Scenting the blood of kings."

He cries: "Then have I finished my long life?
Are all its evils over, all its strife,
And will no cruel gaoler evermore
Wake me to pain, this blissful vision o'er?
Is it no dream that nothing else remains
Of all my torments but this answered cry,
And have I had, O God, amid my chains,
The happiness to die?

"For none can tell what cause I had to pine,
What pangs, what miseries, each day were mine;

And when I wept there was no mother near
To soothe my cries, and smile away my tear.
Poor victim of a punishment unending,
Torn like a sapling from its mother earth,
So young, I could not tell what crime impending
Had stained me from my birth.

"Yet far off in dim memory it seems,
With all its horror mingled happy dreams,
Strange cries of glory rocked my sleeping head,
And a glad people watched beside my bed.
One day into mysterious darkness thrown,
I saw the promise of my future close;
I was a little child, left all alone,
Alas! and I had foes.

"They cast me living in a dreary tomb,
Never mine eyes saw sunlight pierce the gloom,
Only ye, brother angels, used to sweep
Down from your heaven, and visit me in sleep.
'Neath blood-red hands my young life withered there.
Dear Lord, the bad are miserable all,
Be not Thou deaf, like them, unto my prayer,
It is for them I call."

The angels sang: "See heaven's high arch unfold,
Come, we will crown thee with the stars above,
Will give thee cherub-wings of blue and gold,
And thou shalt learn our ministry of love,
Shalt rock the cradle where some mother's tears
Are dropping o'er her restless little one,
Or, with thy luminous breath, in distant spheres,
Shalt kindle some cold sun."

Ceased the full choir, all heaven was hushed to hear,
Bowed the fair face, still wet with many a tear,
In depths of space, the rolling worlds were stayed,
Whilst the Eternal in the infinite said:

"O king, I kept thee far from human state,
Who hadst a dungeon only for thy throne,
O son, rejoice, and bless thy bitter fate,
The slavery of kings thou hast not known,
What if thy wasted arms are bleeding yet,
And wounded with the fetter's cruel trace,
No earthly diadem has ever set
A stain upon thy face.

"Child, life and hope were with thee at thy
birth,
But life soon bowed thy tender form to earth,
And hope forsook thee in thy hour of need.
Come, for thy Saviour had His pains divine;
Come, for His brow was crowned with thorns
like thine,
His sceptre was a reed."

SET FREE

L'art d'être grand-père,
10, VI — *C. E. Meetkerke*

After the wintry snows a single bird
Was left where once there reigned a world of
song.
The cage was empty, not a twitter heard;
Alone, the last of all that joyous throng,
A small tomtit, so tame in other days,
With such familiar and such cheerful ways,
Now pined there.
Water, and its dole of seed—
Sometimes the visit of a sleepy fly
For all delight! A cage is hardly gay:
A desert is too much!
It pined away.
Sad bird! By day and night alone to brood,
And when the dawn was breaking in the sky

To plume itself in silent solitude!
It turned upon its perch morose and shy,
And then would dash about in aimless flight
Till half exhausted it would wait quite still,
Head underneath its wing, as if 'twere night,
The pretty chirping and the little trill
Quite put to silence.
So, at last, one day
I pushed the cage door open and went in.
The aviary was in a shady spot,
And once where summer greenery had been
Two posts—an arbor and a gloomy grot—
Was all the furniture, a waterfall
Was turned to ice—snow curtain over all.

The poor bird saw the giant form appear
And flew, now up, now down, in frantic fear;
The terror of a feeble helpless thing
Is full of fury. Standing on a chair
I tried to seize it: breathless, fluttering
It fell into a corner, lying there
With little piteous outcries, conquered, lost!
What could an atom do? How longer strive
Against the power of an enormous ghost?
It hung with helpless neck and closing eye:
One could but tell that it was still alive
Because the heart yet beat tumultuously.

April is like the dawn: it blushes red
With waking joys.

The sun's first beams are shed
Into my garden. Primroses and broom
Round which the bees come humming scare
the gloom
Of winter. Blue forget-me-nots let fall
Their tiny leaves into the rivulet.
The thorn-trees bud, and diamond drops lie wet
On grasses.
Nature is content with all.

I leave the cage, still holding in my hand
The bird: amid the smiling flowers I stand,
And then I let my prisoner go free.
From trembling branch to branch, from tree
to tree
It sped through golden air in upward flight,
Bewildered in that strange immensity.
And looking to that glory and that light
And that deliverance I held my breath,
And pensive said at last: "*I am like death.*"

A SLAP

L'art d'être grand-père,
6, IV *Dean Carrington*

From the small hand was dealt a hearty
tap—
"Grandfather, scold her." "What, give you
a slap?"

The culprit you with greater love behold,
"Pray scold." Says Age: "I can no longer scold,
Nothing but smiles are left me nowaday."

Nero I've seen proscribe, Judas betray,
Satan victorious—rogues and ruffians reign—
When one's deep heart has proved on these disdain,
When one has spent indignant rage and hates,
When, viewing all that the Church tolerates,
Which pulpits hail, and which the priest calls right;
When dauntless one has raved on some rough height,
When, on the invasion of the Parthian horde,
On Bonaparte's black crime and perjured word;
On laws and night doomed to a bloody tomb,
Barbés from Paris, Brutus spurned from Rome.
On tyrants, safe afloat, while wrecked the state—
When one has poured vials of lyric hate,
When one has dared the prison roof remove,
And drawn forth all the clamor from above;
The imprecations, lightnings, hisses, cries,
Of that dread holy cavern in the skies.
When one has during days that seemed as nights,
Rolled all the voices of the gulf—the slights—

The darkness, groans, and tears for France betrayed.
Isaiah heaped on Juvenal; the shade
And ruin of infuriate poesy,
Like rocks of bitter hatred in the sky:
When 'gainst one's wrath, the tomb no shelter gave,
When eagles one has struck the dove to save—
Nimrod, Napoleon, Cæsar, one has beat,
And dared with scorn the whole Pantheon treat;
And oft to quake that lofty building taught,
And on and under earth has Justice wrought.
And all miasmas far and wide dispersed,
Home somewhat weary one returns at last—
You don't get angry with familiar flies,
The little pecks that come from aviaries.
Sweet mocking laughter from melodious nests,
And all these little gods, or little pests,
Which babes and brats we call, enchantment bring,
And when they try to bite, you think they sing.
What peace in pardon!—Dante—Cato be,
Against the mighty, not the small. Shall we
Make a gruff voice, 'gainst the soft cry that charms,
Or shall we against sparrows don our arms?
Bah! 'Gainst the dawn you don't in anger come,
And thunder should be mild and sweet at home.

LAETITIA RERUM

L'art d'être grand-père,
I, VIII *David Tolmie*

SUDDEN change belongs to all,
Winter flees and hides away,
The year casts off its mournful pall,
The earth puts on a bright array.

All is fresh and all astir,
The plains are clad in verdure new,
Youth pervading everywhere,
Sparkling in each drop of dew.

Each tree coquets with nodding tree,
Each flower with other flower contends
Which shall queen of beauty be,
And each her perfumed leaves distends.

E'en from the rocks a bouquet springs,
The breeze salutes the leafy glade
'Mid which the joyous song-bird sings,
And stirs the fern in forest shade.

In truth, 'tis Nature's gala day,
And all things join in Nature's mirth;
No palace ever half so gay,
No lights like Heaven's lamps on earth.

Then comes the harvest and the fruits,
With mingled scent of herbs and hay;
Tired reapers sleep on tender shoots,
When night succeeds to garish day.

And hark! from out the shady dell
The nightingale begins his note,
The chrysalis has left its shell,
The earthworm has cast off its coat.

The water eddies in the stream
'Neath sky of deep transparent blue;
When evening comes the fireflies gleam,
And gently falls the evening dew.

The hungry bee goes wandering out,
The hornet looks, the wasp flies by;
To all a nectar-drinking bout
The hospitable flowers supply.

The drones, who to excess incline,
With wings a-fluttering soon alight,
And in a pink they find their wine,
The lily is their napkin white.

The fly from the vermilion drains,
And gold from many a flowery bin;
The butterfly has toper's brains,
And rose to him is but an inn.

Joy and nectar all hearts fill,
  Wine and liberty agree,
On no flower can you read this bill:
  "The Temperance Society."

By the bounty of Nature's store
  All things on earth are filled;
Heaven is the only book of lore
  Whose leaves the dawn doth brightly gild.

Children mine, in your bright eyes
  I see the heaven of heavens alway,
Your laugh is like the springtime's guise,
  Your tears are like the dawn of day.

EVENING

L'art d'être grand-père,
3, II *Dean Carrington*

Cold is the fog, and the gray mists rise,
  And the herds of oxen to water go.
  Black clouds the pale wan moon peeps through,
And seems to light you, as by surprise.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The traveller walks, dark heaths between,
Dark shade to left and dark shade to right,
Pale is the west, and the east is light,
Here twilight, and there the moon is seen.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The witch squats down, and her lip sticks up,
To the ceiling the spider has fixed its net,
The goblin is in the marsh-fire set
Like a pistil of gold in a tulip's cup.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

On the hungry billow the lugger flies,
And shipwreck watches the mast alway;
The wind says "to-morrow"—the sea "to-day,"
The voices you hear are despairing cries.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The coach which from Avranches goes to Fougère
Cracking its whip like a lightning flash.
Now is the hour when rave and clash
Wondrous sounds in the murky air.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

In the deep thick woods flare brilliant lights,
The old graveyard is atop of the hill,
Whence does God find all the black to fill
The broken hearts and the sleepless nights?

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

Silvery pools quiver over the sand,
The sea-hawk sits on the chalk cliff high,
The herdsman follows, with awe-struck eye,
The flight of devils o'er sea and land.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

From the chimney-pot rises a long gray flag,
The woodcutter plods with his load of wood,
You hear, 'mid the rush of the mountain flood,
The crash of the boughs which the torrents drag.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

The starved wolf dreams, he the sheepfold seeks,
The rivers speed, and the dark clouds flit,
And behind the pane, where the lamp is lit,
Dear little children have rosy cheeks.

When 'twas or where I no longer know
Old Ivon used in his pipes to blow.

MY JEANNE

L'art d'être grand-père,
6, V — *David Tolmie*

My Jeanne, whom I tenderly love and adore,
Is queenly in right of her sex: all its lore
Is to beautiful be, to have arms white as snow,
And to make by a look the worst rebel bend low;
To know aught of nothing save bouquets and
dress,
To enthral the most learned by smile or caress,
To be gentle as Heaven, as fair as the rose,
To the sad or ungrateful, the poor or morose.
Jeanne knows all about it, for she is aged three;
And she is the flower of my old age, for me
To contemplate, cherish—my joy, my delight!
My verse, which seems worthless when she is
in sight,
Is inspired by her glances, and filled with her
chat.
Her dress is a wonder, bewitching her hat,

Her red shoes are dainty, her movements as
light
As a fly's on the wing; and the colors as bright
Of the costumes she shows off with womanly
pride,
With a glimpse of the womanly spirit inside.
'Tis her due to be queen, to be fair in her right.
When her sweet reign commences my wisdom
takes flight.

LOVE OF THE WOODLAND

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, I, II *N. R. T.*

Orpheus, in Cayster's tangled
Woodways, 'neath the stars' pale light,
Listened laughters weird and jangled
Of the viewless ones of night.

Phtas, the Theban sibyl, dreaming
Nigh the hushed Phygalian heights,
Saw on far horizon streaming
Ebon forms 'mong silvery lights.

Æschylus, soft hazes threading
Of sweet Sicily, soul-subdued
Wandered beneath moonbeams shedding
Mellow flute-notes through the wood.

Pliny, lo!—high thoughts denying
For Miletus' nymphs most fair,—
Dainty rosy limbs espying,
Begs a boon on the amorous air.

Plautus, nigh Viterbo, straying
Through the orchard-bowers sun-bright,
In each palm gold fruit is weighing
Such as gods rejoiced to bite.

Ah, Versailles! Haunt most delightful!
Faunus there, one foot i' the wave,
While Boileau waxed shrill and spiteful,
Golden rhymes to Molière gave.

Dante sombre-souled, abiding
Scathless in the deepest hell,
Turned to watch fair women gliding
Through the boughs 'neath eve's calm spell.

Chénier, under willows sleeping,
Saw in dream a vision sweet:
Lovely lasses laughing, weeping,
For whom Virgil's heart quick beat.

Shakespeare, watching 'neath the lazy
Branches of the forest-lord,
Heard, while blushed each meadow-daisy,
Fairy-trippings o'er green sward.

O deep woodlands soul-entrancing,
Haunted yet by gods are ye!
Yet the goat-foot satyr's dancing
To Pan's rustic melody!

THE CONTENTED EXILE

L'art d'être grand-père,
I, I *Ida J. Lemon*

I

THE solitude and silence tempt forth
To desert places. There the soul is calm
And sternly satisfied; one knows not there
What is that shadow which he shall illume.
I go into the forests seeking there
Vague awe; the tangled thickness of the boughs
Informs me with a joy and terror dim;
And there I find oblivion akin
To that within the silence of the tomb.
But I am not extinguished; one can be
A torch in darkness, and beneath the sky,
Beneath the sacred crypt, alone, remain
To shiver in the deep and windy breath
Of the empyrean. Nought is lost to man
For having sounded duty's depths obscure.
Who looks from high sees well: who looks from far

Sees rightly. Conscience knows a sacred faith
Is possible for her, and goes to high
And lonely places, there to shine and grow,
Remote from the forgetful, callous world.
And therefore I, too, go forth to the waste,
But do not quit the world which I forsake.

Because a dreamer comes, in forests' depths,
Or on the craggy cliffs, to sit and muse
In silence on the vastness of the night,
He does not isolate himself from earth
And earth's inhabitants. And think you not
That, having seen the throng of men, one needs
To flee beneath the thick and shady trees,
And that the thirst for truth, for peace, for right,
For justice, and for light, grows in the soul,
After so many false and lying things?

My brothers have forever all my heart,
And far from them in body, I am near
In spirit, looking at and judging fate;
And to complete the rough-hewn human soul,
I hold above the people, downward bent,
The urn of pity; ceaselessly I pour,
Yet constantly refill it. But I take
For cover the pine woods—with heavy shades.
Oh, I have seen the wretched crowds so near,
Have known the cries, the blows, the insults heaped

On venerable heads, and cowards grown
To power through civil broils, and judges fit
For others' judgment only, and vile priests
Serving God and defiling, preaching for
And witnessing against Him. I have seen
The want of beauty that our beauty shows;
The evil in our good, and in our truth
The falsehood, and have watched mere nothingness,
Beneath the proud, triumphal arches pass.
Ah, I have seen enough him who corrodes,
And him who flees, and him who yields, till now,
Old, spent, and conquered, I have this for joy
To dream in quietude in some dark spot.
There while I bleed, I muse; and if perchance
A god should offer me youth, glory, love,
Strength, victory—would I return to towns,
Yet do I find it good to have a lair
Within the forests, for by no means sure
Am I that even then I would consent.

II

What is this earth of ours? A storm of souls.
In this gloom where we wandering pilots reach
No shore but rocks, mistaking them for ports;
Amid the tempest of desires, of cries,
Of transports, loves, vows, sorrows,—heaps of clouds,—

The fleeting kisses of those prostitutes
We call ambition, fortune, and success;
Before the suffering Job's: "What do I know?"
The trembling Pascal's: "What, then, do I think?"
In this preposterous and fierce expense
Of popes, of kings, of Cæsars, Satan-made;
In presence of the fate which turns and turns
His capstan from which ever flow—and hence
The terror of the poor philosophers—
The same waves and the same catastrophes;
In this corroding nothingness, and false
And lying chaos, what at last man sees
Clearly is this: Above our sorrows, falls,
And failures due, the reign of innocence,
And sovereignty of innocent things and pure.
Being given the human heart, the human mind
Our yesterday in gloom, our morrow dark,
All the disasters, all the hatreds, wars,
Our progress checked by heavy, dragging chains,
All round us, even among the best, remorse,
And all the throng of living things o'erwhelmed
By winds, which blow from out the skies in tears.

In truth, 'tis salutary for the mind
And good, among the interwoven boughs,
So many and so black, to contemplate
Sometimes, athwart the ills which seem to spread
Betwixt the heavens and us like veils, a peace
Deep and profound and made of shining stars;
It is of this God thought, what time He placed
The poets near the cradles made for sleep.

THE GIANT IN GLEE

Ballades, V *Foreign Quar. Rev.*

Ho, warriors! I was reared in the land of the Gauls;
O'er the Rhine my ancestors came bounding like balls
Of the snow at the Pole, where, a babe, I was bathed
Ere in bear and in walrus-skin I was enswathed.

Then my father was strong, whom the years lowly bow,—
A bison could wallow in the grooves of his brow.

He is weak, very old—he can scarcely uptear
A young pine-tree for staff since his legs cease
to bear;

But here's to replace him!—I can toy with
his axe;
As I sit on the hill my feet swing in the
flax,
And my knee caps the boulders and troubles
the trees.
How they shiver, yea, quake if I happen to
sneeze!

I was still but a springald when, cleaving the
Alps,
I brushed snowy periwigs off granitic scalps,
And my head, o'er the pinnacles, stopped the
fleet clouds,
Where I captured the eagles and caged them
by crowds.

There were tempests! I blew them back unto
their source!
And put out their lightnings! More than
once in a course,
Through the ocean I went wading after the
whale,
And stirred up at the bottom as did never a
gale.

Fond of rambling, I hunted the shark 'long
the beach,
And no osprey in ether soared out of my
reach;
And the bear that I pinched 'twixt my finger
and thumb,
Like the lynx and the wolf, perished harmless
and dumb.

But these pleasures of childhood have lost all
their zest;
It is warfare and carnage that now I love best:
The sounds that I wish to awaken and hear
Are the cheers raised by courage, the shrieks
due to fear;

When the riot of flames, ruin, smoke, steel,
and blood
Announces an army rolls along as a flood,
Which I follow, to harry the clamorous ranks,
Sharp-goading the laggards and pressing the
flanks,
Till, a thresher 'mid ripest of corn, up I
stand
With an oak for a flail in my unflagging hand.

Rise the groans! rise the screams! on my
feet fall vain tears
As the roar of my laughter redoubles their
fears.

I am naked. At armor of steel I should joke—
True, I'm helmed—a brass pot you could draw
with ten yoke.

I look for no ladder to invade the king's
hall—
I stride o'er the ramparts, and down the walls
fall,
Till choked are the ditches with the stones,
dead, and quick,
Whilst the flagstaff I use 'midst my teeth as a
pick.

Oh, when cometh my turn to succumb like
my prey,
May brave men my body snatch away from
th' array
Of the crows—may they heap on the rocks
till they loom
Like a mountain, befitting a colossus' tomb!

DREAMS

Odes, 5, XXV *Dean Carrington*

Far from the city's pile,
Far from the kingly court,
Far from Rank's envious smile,
Far from the rabble vile,
There, friends, be my resort.

Amid the fields that teach
Calm wisdom to the mind,
Or by some silent beach,
Where from the world can reach
Neither the wave nor wind.

Some shelter lone and hoar,
Some refuge still and old,
Some port beside the shore,
Some nest the leaves stretch o'er,
Some house the woods enfold.

Let it be dark and sad,
And calm and wrapt in sleep,
With forest mantle clad,
In the silence and the shade,
Hid in recesses deep.

There above everything,
Faithful to every tie,
My muse shall stretch her wing,
And now of flowers sing,
And now of mountains high.

And shall her daring fire,
Loose from all shackles be;
Her flight shall never tire,
But higher soar and higher,
As a wild bird set free.

II

Let me in dreams ascend
To heavens of love and shade,
And let them never end,
But night the vision lend,
That in the day was made.

And white as is the sail
I through the distance see,
Let it a starbeam pale
Disclose, to be a veil
Between my life and me.

And let the Muse still haste,
All bright my night to make,
And gild and make it last,
And from the vision vast,
Be fearful to awake.

Let all my thoughts be there,
In their best beauty found;
And sit with zealous care,
A choir all bright and rare,
Circling my hearth around.

And to my dream enchained,
Let them, with raptured eye,
Above its cradle bend,
As elder sisters tend
Their infant brother by.

III

Faith dwells upon the seas,
And in the forests high,
There we can breathe at ease;
No crushing weight have these,
To keep us from the sky.

There all is like a dream,
Each sound some truth avows;
All speak, and singing seem,
On the bank from out the stream,
From the wind among the boughs.

It is a voice profound,
Creation's total song;
It is the globe's vast sound,
The world as it turns round
The heavenly space along.

It is the echo grand,
Wherein God's voice we know—
Hymn of the seraph band,
Of the world calm and bland,
Where go all doomed to go.

Where can no cries affright,
Where sobs and tears withstood,
Soul does with soul unite,
As light is mixed with light,
And flood unites to flood.

IV

There sounds sublime shall sweep
Each solitude along;
Paris, in folly's sleep,
'Stead of these tongues that weep,
Gives us an idle song.

Oh! ancient Brittany,
Oh! for your foam-dashed beach,
Your Celtic forests high,
With Gothic castles nigh—
Only I would beseech

That my old feudal tower,
Where I shall make my nest,
Hoar castellane of power,—
With ivy crown embower
Its rugged granite crest.

And I would have descried
Some scutcheon to admire,
Upon the chimney wide,
Whose furnace to provide
An oak is set on fire.

In summer, hedges tall
Must shade from heaven's rays;
In winter, we must all
Sit round the lighted hall,
Red with a mighty blaze.

In the woods my kingly range,
When sounds pervade the night,
Their tops shall seem to change
To phantoms weird and strange,
And wage mysterious fight.

Let virgins round me press,
Bright swarms, the heavens that fill,
All clad in loveliness;
Waving their flowing dress
Through the night-watches still.

And with a voice of woe,
The ghost of knight and lord
Shall through the forest go,
Pale, ghastly—to and fro—
Or darkly stalk abroad.

V

If my muse rapt on high
Carries its treasured nest
And winged family
To ruined keep—once by
Some baron bold possessed;

'Tis that those times I love,
Brighter, if not more good,
Than those in which we move;
And their wild records prove
Dear to the poet's mood.

The swallow on the tower,
Seeking from flight to rest,
Saved from the tempest's power,
Has sometimes made her bower
In some old vulture's nest.

Where, with soft beak, her young
Within the nest at play,
Oft push (the moss among)
Some broken egg along,
Left by the bird of prey.

Mid arms of bygone years,
My Muse, in fairy realm,
Mid ancient pikes and spears,
Strange as a dwarf appears,
Wearing a giant's helm.

VI

Thus in the fields shall pass
My green and happy hours;
In the castle's stately mass,
Like a stray root of grass,
In the breaches of old towers.

But cot, or tower of might,
The world shall bind me not;
I will live in the light,
In prayer and fancy bright,
Forgetting and forgot.

DURING AN ILLNESS

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, IV, II — *Dean Carrington*

They tell me I am very ill:
Friend, see my eyes look dead and wan;
The sinister embrace I feel
Of the eternal skeleton.

I rise, but seek again my berth;
For rest, I feel as if I had
Already in my throat the earth,
And scent of grave-yard, foul and bad.

Like sail that to the port would 'scape,
I shiver, and my steps are slow;
And icy cold—a corpse-like shape,
Ghastly, is seen my sheet below.

The power to warm my hands is past;
Like snow my flesh dissolves away;
Upon my brow I feel the blast
Of what dread thing, I cannot say.

Is it the wind from shades obscure—
That wind which passed o'er Jesus' soul?
Is't the great Nought of Epicure?
Or is't Spinosa's mighty whole?

The doctor goes—no hope he brings;
Low whisper whosoe'er is near;
All sinks and sways, e'en lifeless things
Assume an attitude of fear.

"He's lost!" I hear them murmur nigh.
My body vacillates; I feel
The helpless, broken armory
Of mind and senses fail and reel.

That moment—infinite, supreme—
From out the darkness meets my eye,
A pale, vague sun, as in a dream,
Through the wan heavens seems to rise.

That moment, whether false or true,
Now raises its mysterious front;
Think not I tremble at the view—
To watch such secrets is my wont.

My soul transformed, as sight dilates,
My reason seeks the godhead veiled;
At last I touch the eternal gates,
And night is by my keys assailed.

To God, the sexton digs our way:
To die is but to learn aright.
"Old laborer!" to Death I say,
"I come to see the hidden sight."

TO A FRIEND

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, IV, III — *Dean Carrington*

On the dread cliffs which storms infest,
Walls which the waves dash in between
A gloomy rock, there blooms at rest
A charming meadow, small and green.

Since, friend, you lend me, where I dwell,
Your house, remote from human-kind,
'Twixt the two joys I love so well,
The giant waves, the mighty wind.

All thanks and hail! If fortune frowns
Or smiles, perchance this age of ours
Is like the seaweed 'neath the downs,
Directed by abysmal powers.

Our souls are like the drifted clouds—
Winds, fair or foul, direct their flight;
Hurried in disconnected crowds,
They travel towards the Infinite.

This human turmoil, vast and vain,
Of which our reason is the star,
Takes, leaves, deserts—brings back again
Within the horizon, Hope afar!

This sea, tumultuous, fierce, and vast,
Which trembles sore, and wounds the age,
Foams, threatens, and at times will cast
My name amid its cries of rage.

Hatreds about me cling and swarm,
My thought, this noise would vainly fright,
Is like the bird who braves the storm,
Amid the birds that haunt the night.

And while your fields I cultivate,
Just as you wish, with loving care,
The press, with much invective hate,
Gnashes, and tugs me by the hair.

Their diatribes are fierce and sharp:
I'm ass, and rogue, and this and that;
Now I am Pradon for La Harpe,
Then for de Maistre, I seem Marat!

What matters!—hearts are drunk, but man,
Sobered, in times to come will still
Do with my books whate'er they can,
And do with me—whate'er they will.

But I, for joy and wonder see,
In Honfleur meads, your bounty lends,
How burdened by the yellow bee,
The lavender's sweet blossom bends.

TO A YOUNG GIRL

Odes, 5, XVII *Gilbert Campbell*

You, who have hardly past soft childhood's years,
Envy us not our days of grief and pain,
When oft our laughter sadder is than tears,
And our worn hearts rebel, but all in vain.

At your sweet age all grief and sorrow fade,
Passing away like summer's gentle breeze,
Like a loved voice by distance fainter made,
Or halcyon's note upon the rolling seas.

Oh, do not quit too early childhood's mind,
Enjoy the morning of life's early prime;
Your days like garlands one to other bind.
Let the leaves wait the cruel hand of Time.

As years flow on, your fate will be like ours,
To learn of grief and friendship's brittle ties,
The hopeless pain which haunts our dreary hours,
And all earth's pleasures which our hearts despise.

Laugh now, poor child, your mirth will not be long,
And let not sorrow's shade rest on your face;
Your eyes aglow, where peace and virtue throng,
And heaven's gladness finds a resting-place.

MY HAPPIEST DREAM

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, VII, VIII *N. R. T.*

I LOVE to watch in fancy, to some soft dreamy strain,
A choir of lovely virgins issuing angel-calm,
Veiled all in white, at even, from some old shadowy fane;
In hand—a palm!

A dream which in my darkest hours doth aye beguile
Is this: a group of children, ere they seek repose,
Merrily dancing; on each rosebud mouth a smile,
Each brow—a rose!

Haply a dream yet sweeter, that yields yet more delight,
Is of a radiant girl, who, betwixt joy and fear,
Dreameth of Love, not knowing, beneath God's stars love-bright;
In eye—a tear!

Another vision which doth lend my sorrow ease:
Lo, Marguerite and Jeanne, like birds at evening

Flitting across the lawn, across the shadowy leas;
Each foot—a wing!

But of all dreams whereon I gaze with pensive eyes,
This to my poet-soul most pleasure doth afford:
A tyrant stretched beneath God's awful starlit skies;
In heart—a sword!

*

A sword; but never a dagger! Poet, thy right
Is, 'neath the broad blue sky, a fair free fight,
Where, face to face, and foot to foot, and breast
To breast, thou standest,—and leavest to God the rest.
Thou Justice's champion (*he*, the chosen of hell!)
In the sun's eye cross falchions, and smite well;
Thy sword-clash ringing true as even thy song.
So, if yet once again Right fall 'neath Wrong,
Right's warrior, mingling with death's shadowy bands,
Find Bayard and the Cid with outstretched hands.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 2, III, I — *Gilbert Campbell*

For centuries past this war madness
Has laid hold of each combative race;
Whilst our God takes but heed of the flower,
And that sun, moon, and stars keep their place.

The sight of the heavens above us,
The bird's nest and lily-like snow,
Drive not from the brain of us mortals
The war-thirst, with its feverish glow.

We love but the field with its carnage,
And the strife which turns earth into hell,
And eager for glory, the people
Would not change the fierce drum for church bell.

The vain aspirations of glory,
With banners and cars of bright gold,
Draw tears from the widows and orphans,
As often has happened of old.

Our natures have changed to brute fierceness;
"Forward!—die!" bursts from each angry throat,
Whilst our lips seem to mimic the music
Of the echoing war-trumpet's note.

Steel flashes, the bivouacs are smoking,
As with pale brows we eagerly run.
The thoughtful are driven to madness
By the flash and the roar of the gun.

Our lives are but spent for the glory
Of the kings who smile over our grave,
And build up a fabric of friendship
With cement from the blood of the brave.

While the beasts of the field and the vultures
Come in search of their banquet of hell,
And they strip the red flesh from the bodies
That lie stiff and stark where they fell.

Each man's hand is raised 'gainst his neighbor,
Whilst he strives all his wrath to excite,
And trades on our natural weakness
To inveigle us into the fight.

"A Russian, quick, cut down the villain,
Put your sword through that murderous
Croat.
How dare they from our men to differ,
Or venture to wear a white coat?"

"I slay fellow-creatures and go on
My life's path. What glory like mine?
Their crime is most black and most heinous,
They live on the right of the Rhine."

"For Rosbach and Waterloo, vengeance,"
The cry maddens the heart and the brain;
Men long for the fierce glow of battle
And the blood that is poured forth like rain.

In peace we could drink from the fountains,
Or calmly repose in the shade,
But our brethren in battle to slaughter
Is a pleasure which never will fade.

The lust for blood-spilling incites us
To rush madly o'er valleys and plains;
The vanquished are crying in terror,
And are clasping our swift horses' manes.

And yet I ask sometimes in wonder,
As I wander the meadows among,
Can brother for brother feel hatred
As he hears the lark's musical song?

IF I WERE NOT A CAPTIVE

Les orientales, *W. D.*

Oh! were I not a captive,
I should love this fair countree;
Those fields with maize abounding,
This ever-plaintive sea:

I'd love those stars unnumbered,
If, passing in the shade,
Beneath our walls I saw not
The spahi's sparkling blade.

I am no Tartar maiden
That a blackamoor of price
Should tune my lute and hold to me
My glass of sherbet ice.
Far from these haunts of vices,
In dear my countree, we
With sweethearts in the even
May chat and wander free.

But still I love this climate,
Where never wintry breeze
Invades, with chilly murmur,
These open lattices;
Where rain is warm in summer,
And the insect glossy green,
Most like a living emerald,
Shines 'mid the leafy screen.

With her chapelles fair Smyrna—
A gay princess is she!
Still, at her summons, round her
Unfading spring ye see.
And, as in beauteous vases,
Bright groups of flowers repose,
So, in her gulfs are lying
Her archipelagoes.

I love these tall red turrets;
These standards brave unrolled;
And, like an infant's playthings,
These houses decked with gold.
I love forsooth these reveries,
Though sand-storms make me pant,
Voluptuously swaying
Upon an elephant.

Here in this fairy palace,
Full of such melodies,
Methinks I hear deep murmurs
That in the deserts rise;
Soft mingling with the music
The genii's voices pour,
Amid the air, unceasing,
Around us evermore.

I love the burning odors
This glowing region gives;
And, round each gilded lattice,
The trembling, wreathing leaves;
And, 'neath the bending palm-tree,
The gaily gushing spring;
And on the snow-white minaret,
The stork with snowier wing.

I love on mossy couch to sing
A Spanish roundelay,
And see my sweet companions
Around commingling gay,—

A roving band, light-hearted,
In frolicsome array,—
Who 'neath the screening parasols
Dance down the merry day.

But more than all enchanting
At night, it is to me,
To sit, where winds are sighing,
Lone, musing by the sea;
And, on its surface gazing,
To mark the moon so fair,
Her silver fan outspreading,
In trembling radiance there.

SONG OF OTHER TIMES

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, V *N. R. Tyerman*

Does any one know my bower, say?
'Tis a calm shelter, where the sun
Redeemeth, one bright springtide day,
The wrong six wintry months have done.

Clear limpid waters wander there;
Among tall reeds the lily floats;
While lovers' murmurs in warm air
Are mingled with the birds' blithe notes.

There, 'mong the flowers, are scattered groups;
As in a dream one walks, one rests:

Here, sparkling song in the depth of cups,
  Dim silence there in the depth of nests.

The charm of this dim solitude,
  The grace of that soft, sunny height,
Seems with the tear of Greuze bedewed,
  With gentle Watteau's smile made bright.

Through mist doth far-off Paris lower;
  There, Regnier's bower of wine and glee
Is worth not, here, one dreamful hour
  'Neath rosy lamps of a chestnut-tree.

Ye know not dreamland's sweetest things
  Till in cool cavern you repose—
Lo! waking, with weird murmurings
  They're lost 'mong rustling forest-boughs.

Art proud? The fault doth me surpass.
  Ambitious? How can that be so,
Since one can dream among the grass
  Beneath the mystic moon's soft glow!

The flowers' bright language amorous
  Art deaf to ev'n in rosy May?
Listen! It sweetly biddeth us
  In our dull souls let blossom day.

While glistening robes, breasts bright as lilies,
  Warm cooings, tender like a dove,
Of Galatea and blithesome Phyllis
  Counsel the woodways, laughter, love.

PEGASUS

Les chansons des rues et des bois — *Anon.*

I was holding him fast by the bridle,
In knots stood each muscle and vein,
My brow was all lined with my efforts
His headlong career to restrain.

A horse of a glorious lineage,
Astarte-like born of the foam,
Daily fed from Aurora's bright chalice,
Brought straight from her own starry home.

A steed mighty and grand in his movements,
Untamable, bounding on high,
Ever filling, with resonant neighings,
The vault of the deep, azure sky.

To heaven each genius his bowl lifts,
And kindling his torch from the sky,
On the back of this wonderful monster
Is seated and borne up on high.

All thy poets and prophets in order
Thou knowest, O earth, by the scars
Of the burnings received from his harness
Which shineth all over with stars.

He inspireth each ode and each epic,
  Conceiving most terrible things,
As the sword flashes out from its scabbard,
  And crimes from the bosom of kings.

As creator, and source of each fountain,
  He makes the rock open and speak,
With its Rephidim for the old Hebrew,
  And Hippocrene for the wise Greek.

Through the pale Revelation he hurries
  With Death and Despair on his back,
And the shade of his great gloomy pinion
  Turns the moon over Tenedos black.

Amos' wail and the wrath of Achilles,
  His nostrils inflate as is meet,
And the rhythm of Æschylus' verses,
  'Tis the march of his galloping feet.

Lo! he bends down the tree o'er the dead fruit,
  As a mother does, weeping alone;
He hews out of marble a Rachel,
  Or a Niobe fashions in stone.

When he starts, the ideal is his goal,
  Mane streaming and course ever fleet;
In front the Impossible yawning
  Alone checks the rush of his feet.

TO MY GRANDSON

L'art d'être grand-père,
I, V *N. R. Tyerman*

Come hither, George. Ah! sons of sons of ours
With childhood's voice recall lost morning hours.
In our abodes, dull winter's darkening,
They scatter roses and the light of spring.
Their laughter brings warm tears to stony eyes,
And makes cold thresholds thrill with sweet surmise;
One radiant smile dispenses all the gloom
Of heavy years that bend us to the tomb.
A child's hand leads us 'mong th' old vanished years,—
Sweet day by day, with new flowers deckt, appears.
Amazed, we wander all the lost paths through,
With lighter hearts suffused with heavenlier blue.
A child that blossoms sets old age aflower;
Grandpapa enters blithe Aurora's bower
With little ones around him triumphing.
Dwarfed to a child's small stature, lo! a wing
Grows, and we watch, with sense of sweet surprise,
'Mong spotless souls, our dark soul seek the skies.

THE SOULS THAT HAVE GONE

L'art d'être grand-père, XIV — *David Tolmie*

Those souls to memory dear,
Do ne'er return again,
But in some blissful sphere
For aye, alas! remain.

In those bright worlds above,
Of azure and of light,
Far, far from those they love,
Is theirs contentment quite?

We had, with arbors round,
A dwelling near Saint Leu,
How fair the flower-decked ground!
The sky above how blue!

Amid the fallen leaves,
We'd rove the forest o'er,
And oft on summer eves
Old ruined walls explore.

Our laughter was as gay
As rang through Eden's glade,
With something still to say
They had before been said.

We fairy tales reheard,
And happy were, God knows!
At sight of passing bird
Our joyous voices rose.

CRADLE SONG

L'art d'être grand-père,
6, II — *C. E. Meetkerke*

I WATCH: fear nothing! go to sleep again!
Angels above thy lids their kisses rain,
And I am here lest dream of ill or pain
Oppress thee.

The storm goes past to see thy hand in mine,
And clouds depart, the stars in azure shine,
The solemn night grows into dawn divine
To bless thee.

SOUL-STRESS

La légende des siècles,
38, II — *N. R. Tyerman*

A LOFTY spirit on march his rumors hath, his floods,
His shocks, and makes profoundly quake earth's multitudes,
Moving the world around him as ever he walks right on.

One who is made not bright with joy, for fear
is wan;
Man like an ever-changing cloud still trav-
elleth;
Not one, how small soe'er, escapes that mighty
breath;
The humblest, while he speaks, thrill through
their inmost being.

Thus when the strong North-wind from out
the horizon fleeing,
Hastening on venturous quest athwart the sea
and land,
Thick rain and lightning twists, even as a girl
the band
That girds her slender frame with archest
smile unbinds—
When the vast blast deep-muttering passeth,
shelter finds
No blade of grass in valley's depth from the
awful might
And fiery speed of the hurricane's formidable
flight.

THE INFANTA'S ROSE

La légende des siècles,
XXVI *Mrs. Newton Crosland*

So small she is! 'neath a duenna's care,
She looks around with but a listless air,

While holding in her hand a fragrant rose;
What she is gazing at she scarcely knows.
Before her lies a sheet of water; pine
And birch in dark reflection on it shine,
A white-winged swan makes cradle of its waves,
That sway to song of branches which it laves,
And the great garden's radiant flowery show;
She seems an angel moulded out of snow.
A stately palace dominates the scene,
With park and fish ponds, where the deer oft lean
To drink the waters clear; starred peacocks, too,
Beneath the ample foliage are in view.
Around this child the grass bears jewels fine,
Rubies and diamonds seem thereon to shine,
While sapphire water flows from dolphins near;
Her innocence takes added whiteness here;
And clust'ring graces trembling aspect wear.

Beside the water, gazing at her flower,
Which quite delights her for the passing hour,
She stands a figure full of childish grace:
Her bodice is of Genoese point lace,
Her satin skirt has arabesque design,
Worked in gold thread by fingers Florentine.
From urn-like calyx spreads the full-blown rose,
And fills the little hand that holds it close.

Then part the carmine lips as with a smile,
Nostrils dilate, yét with a frown the while
Deep breathing she inhales its fragrance full.
The damask rose, royally beautiful,
So nearly hides her blooming face that we
Scarcely discover where the cheeks may be.
Her sweet blue eyes shine brighter 'neath the lines
Of her brown eyebrows, everything combines
To make her incarnation of delight.
What softness in those azure eyes so bright,
What charm in Marie—her dear name that falls
Upon the ear with sound that prayer recalls?
The splendor dazzles—yet we say, "Poor thing!"
Beneath the sky—with all that life may bring
Before her—vaguely great herself she feels;
For her comes spring, and light or shadow steals
Upon the scene; for her the sunsets fine,
And gorgeous lustre of the starlight shine;
For her brooks murmur, though themselves unseen,
And nature's fields, eternal and serene,
She views with gravity that queens must show.
No man she'd seen who did not humbly bow;
Duchess of Brabant she would one day be
And govern Flanders, or by southern sea
Sardinia, for the young Infanta she,
Five years of age, disdaining common things,
For thus it happens to the babes of kings:

Their white brows sometimes like a shadow bear,
And with their tottering step begins the air
Of royalty. Rejoicing in her flower,
She waits the gathering empire for her dower.
Her royal look already says "'tis mine,"
While with the love she wins vague awe doth twine.
Should sudden danger looker-on appall,
The scaffold's shadow on his brow would fall
Who her, unbidden, snatched from peril dread.

The sweet child smiled, as though in thought she said,
It is enough to live 'mong flowers I love,
With this my rose in hand and heaven above.

Day fades, the wrangling twitter of the nests,
With purple shadow on the trees, attests
The sunset; while each marble goddess' brow
Flushes at eve with ruddy life-like glow,
As she the mystery of night must show.
All things grow calm; the sun the wave receives
As birds are hidden by the sheltering leaves.

While smiles the child, contented with her flower,
In the vast palace dwells a dreadful power,
Papistical. The lancet windows shine
Like mitres. Through the glass a dim outline

Is seen of figure pacing to and fro,
From room to room its shadow seems to go;
Or else immovable the long hours through
With brow against the glass, and motionless
As monumental stone, yet not the less
The phantom is a horror, wan and dread;
Its step as slow as bell that tolls the dead.
And Death it is—unless it be the king
With lengthened shadow that the night hours bring—
'Tis he—the man a trembling nation fears
Who thus a phantom horrible appears;
Upright with shoulder 'gainst the chamber wall,
On whom the twilight can but dimly fall,
This frightful being, in the shadow seen,
Sees nothing of the lovely garden sheen,
Or thickets where the pecking birds have been,
Or child, or shining rippled waters spread
Reflecting back the evening sky o'erhead:
Oh, no; those glassy orbs, 'neath cruel brows,
Like ocean depths no plummet ever knows,
Sees mirage that the senses seem to blind.
Could we but know the image in his mind
'Twould be a fleet of noble Spanish ships
That doth all former armaments eclipse;
He sees the vessels fly before the breeze,
Breasting the crested, foaming waves with ease;

The rattling of the bellowing sails he hears,
And sees the Isle his great Armada nears,
Beneath the stars, a white rock clothed in mist
Which o'er the waves doth to his thunders list.

This is the vision which now fills the soul
Of him who would humanity control,
And blinds him to all else; the floating host
He looks upon as lever he may boast
Shall raise the world; he follows it in thought
Across the darkness of the sea; thus wrought
In spirit he a conqueror feels—and so
His mournfulness a gleam of light doth know.

The Koran's Iblis and the Bible's Cain
Hardly had stigmas that as black remain
As that which rests on Second Philip's fame;
A being terrible he was whose name
Meant evil with the ready sword in hand,
A nightmare that o'ershadowed every land.
This royal spectre of the Escurial,
Son of the spectre called Imperial,
Inspired such terror that a lurid light
Seemed from his presence only to affright.
Men trembled if they merely saw pass by
One of his stewards, for his power seemed nigh
To that of the Almighty, so confused
Were they by his determined will, so used
To think of him as changeless and as stable
As are the stars and heaven's abyss, and able

All things to compass, for they thought his will
Cramped destiny its purpose to fulfill.
The Indies and America he swayed,
Pressed upon Africa, and made afraid
All Europe; yet did gloomy England still
His mind with feelings of disquiet fill.
His mouth was closed, his soul a mystery,
His throne a fraud, based on chicanery.
He was sustained by darkness, as might be
His figure on a dark horse, did we see
Equestrian statue of him; black his wear,
Giving to this so potent Prince the air
Of mourning his existence silently;
And like consuming silent sphinx was he—
Being all-potent what had he to say?
No one had ever seen him smiling gay;
On iron lips like his smiles could not dwell,
Lips only lighted like the gates of hell.
When he shakes off his torpid adder state,
'Tis to assist tormentors, and to sate
His hateful passion for the death-pyre's air,
Till in his eyeball rests its horrid glare.
With all humanity he is at strife,
With thought and freedom and progressive life;
A slave to Papal Rome, his was the shame
To rule as Satan in Christ's holy name.
The thoughts that flowed from his nocturnal mind
Were stealthy, gliding broods of viper kind;

Th' Escurial, Burgos, Aranjuez, his homes,
Never beneath their frigid palace domes
Knew festal scenes where merriment enthralls;
Auto-da-fés made courtly festivals,
And treachery was pastime. Troubled kings
Have often in dim vision night time brings
Their projects opened, and his dreams had power
A weight of evil on the world to shower.
They prompted conquest and oppression vast,
Lightnings came from them to destroy and blast;
Even the people that he thought of said
"We stifle," such the abject terror dread,
Throughout his Empire, of his glance and scowl.
Charles was the vulture—Philip is the owl.

Mournful he looked in pourpoint black for coat,
The Golden Fleece suspended from his throat,
The frigid sentinel of destiny
He seemed, with figure motionless and eye
Resembling vent hole of a cavern dark,
With finger stretched his will to dimly mark,
Though none there be the gesture who can see
He holds command by immobility,
And vaguely writes behest to shadows, while—
Oh strange, unheard-of thing!—a smile

Grinds on his lips, sardonic, bitter, stern,
Born of the vision, which he can discern.
Ever more plainly now he gloats to see
His armament in all its majesty;
In thought he views it following his designs,
As if he from the zenith ruled its lines;
And all goes well—calm rolls the ocean dark
As if th' Armada awed it, as the Ark
Of old the Deluge. He beholds his fleet
Spread out in sailing order, all complete,
The vessels guarding certain spaces fixed
Like chessmen on a chessboard deftly mixed.
The decks and masts and bridges undulate
Like one vast hurdle; waves are subjugate,
And form a hedge around this sacred force;
The currents' work it is to make their course
An aid to debarkation; rocks change mien,
And round the ships the circling waves are seen,
As if all love; the surf in pearl-drops falls,
And all the galleys have their prodigals
Of strength; see those of Escaut and Adour,
And hundred colonels that the vessels bore
With constables; and Germany has lent
Her ships redoubtable, and Naples sent
Her brigs, and Cadiz galleons—Lisbon men,
For they were lions that were needed then.
Philip, o'erleaping space, leans o'er the scene.
And hears as well as sees; with gloating mien

He hears the drums and speaking-trumpets shout,
And signal cries, and hurrying about;
He hears the boatswain's whistle, and the rush
Of agile youths and sailors in the crush
Of hammock hauling; black sepulchral show
Of hubbub on his senses now does grow.
Are they great cormorants or citadels?
The sails make dull harsh noise, as each one swells,
Like beating of great wings! and groans the sea
Beneath the mighty mass that noisily
Expands itself and swiftly rolls along.
The sombre king smiles at the mighty throng,
Gloating like hungry vampire o'er his prey.
Four hundred vessels; and he knows that they
Bear eighty thousand swords. Oh England, pale!
He holds thee fast—what now can aught avail?
The match is near the powder—'tis his right
The thunderbolt to hold, who has the might
To loose the sheaf from out his potent hand,
Whose orders none can dare to countermand;
Is he not heir to Cæsar—he to-day
Whose shadow spreads from Ganges far away
Even to Posilippo's famous hill?
Is not all ended when he says "I will?"
Is it not he who holds fast Victory still

By the hair? What can his purposes withstand—
Was it not Philip, he alone who plann'd
This terrifying fleet to pilot now
Its onward course? The waves obedient flow;
Did he his little finger but incline,
All the winged dragons would obey the sign.
Is he not king—the dismal man whom they,
This monstrous whirlwind swarm, must all obey!
When Béit-Cifresil—so history tells,
Son of Abdallah-Béit—sank the great wells
Of Cairo's mosque, he 'graved above the sod,
"The earth is mine—'tis heaven belongs to God."
And, as all the tyrants are the same at heart,
Though things may be confused and seem apart,
What said the Sultan then this king doth think.

Meanwhile, upon the basin's silent brink,
Her rose the young Infanta gravely holds,
And, blue-eyed angel, kisses oft its folds.
Quite suddenly a blustering breath of air
The shuddering eve casts o'er the plains so fair;

A boisterous ground-wind ruffles every lake,
And bids the rushes tremble, and doth make
The asphodels and distant myrtle-trees
To shudder; reaching the calm child from these
With sudden blast, it shakes a tree that's near,
While scattering the flower she held so dear,
Leaving alone a thorn. She stooped to gaze,
And saw upon the stream, with great amaze,
The total ruin of her cherished flower.
She could not comprehend this dreadful power
That dared offend her; and she felt afraid
As looking up to heaven all dismayed.
The lake so calm just now, is full of rage,
And the black foaming waves seem war to wage
With the poor rose-leaves on the water strewed,
Drowning and wrecked by turbulence renewed.
The hundred leaves a thousand waves still meet,
And one can dream upon this watery sheet
We see the ruin of a mighty fleet.
Whereon the staid duenna gravely said
Unto the musing, frightened little maid,
Amazed and puzzled, "Madame, bear in mind
That princes govern all things — save the wind."

TO JEANNE

Les chansons des rues et des bois, 3, VI — *David Tolmie*

YOUR presence hallows these sweet bowers;
These woods so far from beaten ways
Seem made for fairest forest flowers
Who draw fresh beauty from your gaze.

Your years are as the morning's birth,
And Heaven's own smile beams from your face.
In you, fair Jeanne, the skies and earth
Unite themselves in this sweet place.

The vale with festive hues is spread
And offers you its tribute true,
There is a nimbus round your head;
'Tis paradise, your honor due.

All who approach your magic ring
You with a word, a look, entrance.
'Tis ecstasy to hear you sing,
'Tis heaven itself to gain your glance.

While straying these blest paths along,
So sweet the accents of your voice
That e'en the birds forget their song
And silent in their nests rejoice.

THE DRAGON FLY

Odes, 4, XVI *Gilbert Campbell*

When to avoid chill winter's snow
The gilded insect takes its flight,
Too often bramble, bush or briar,
Has torn its wings so frail and bright.

So youth with all its strength and fire,
Sipping the sweets on every side,
Receives a fatal wound from thorns
Which the gay flowers of pleasure hide.

SPOILT CHILDREN

L'art d'être grand-père, 15, I *Dean Carrington*

Seeing that the children fear me not, and I
Am made to muse by conquering infancy,
Staid, serious folk knit their dark brows amazed—
A grandfather broke loose from bounds and crazed
Is what I am.—Wrapt in paternity
Nought but a good old headstrong smile am I.

Dear little ones, I'm grandfather complete.
He loves those dwarfs with the sky's blue
replete—
He longs to get the moon, heaven's silver
pelf,
For them, perhaps a little for himself.
Not sane in fact—'tis terrible, I reign
Ill, and by fear will ne'er my realm re-
strain.
My subjects Jeanne and George, the gray-
beard I,
Grandsire uncurbed, mad with benignity.
All laws I make them overleap, indeed
Their roseate commonwealth to crimes I
lead,
Seduced by harmful popularity.
You may allow the old, whose night is
nigh,
His love of grace, and laughter, and the
morn.—
But of the babes whose crimes are not yet
born,
I can but ask, Should a grandsire be so
Anarchical as with his hand to show
As where in shade adventures may be met,
The cupboard where the pots of jam are
set?
Yes! Housewives, weep!—for them, by fiend-
ish plots,
I do confess I stole those sacred pots!

Dreadful! For them climbed chairs, if to my eyes
Discovered hid a plate of strawberries
Kept for ourselves.—The vile grandfather cries,
"Dear, little, greedy birds of paradise,
They are for you—but look into the street;
Poor children—one a babe—your eyes will meet.
They're hungry, bring them up and share the prize."

To doff the mask—I hold it prejudice;
I deem those rules stupid mistakes and vain,
That crags from the great eagles would restrain,
Love from white bosoms, and from children joy.
I call it stifling, priggish idiocy.
I laugh when we our manly fury vent,
A child from picking apples to prevent;
When we permit our kings false oaths to plight:
Defend your apples less, and more your right,
Peasant!—When flows the tide of infamy,
When bourgeois shameless, voting "Yes," we see
Basile, a banker—Scapin, a mitred lord;
When, as we move a pawn upon the board,
A bold adventurer stakes a crime on France,
And passionless and dark plays with the chance,

Or of a convict's chain, or emperor's throne!
When this is suffered, and no fury shown,
And treason reigns, sunk in foul revelry;
Then I for refuge among cradles fly.
I seek the gentle dawn, and more delight
In the pure troops of merry elves and bright,
Doing whate'er they like to pass the time,
Than in a crowd, accepting festive crime,
And Paris soiled by the lower empire—
And in spoilt children, than in rotten sire!

THE INQUISITION

THE DEFENCE OF MOMOTOMBO

La légende des siècles, 27 *Mrs. Newton Crosland*

FINDING that earthquakes far too much prevailed,
The Spanish kings with sacred rites assailed
Volcanic mountains of the New World land,
Baptizing them; and to the priestly hand
They all submitted, saving only one,
But Momotombo would not have it done.
Divers the surpliced priests who—choice of Rome—
Essayed to reach the frowning mountain's dome,
Bearing the Sacrament the Church decrees,
With eyes on heaven fixed, but of all these—
And many were they—none were heard of more.

"Oh Momotombo, thou colossus hoar,
Who ponderest by the sea, whilst thou hast made
Tiara of thy crater's flame and shade,
Why, when thy dreadful threshold we draw near,
And bring thee God, why wilt thou not us hear?"
Stayed was the belching of its lava tide,
While gravely Momotombo thus replied:

"I liked not much the god you chased away,
His jaws were black with gory rot alway.
Eater of human flesh was he, this god,
And miser hiding gold beneath the sod.
His cave, the porch to frightful yard, was made
Sepulchral temple where his pontiff stayed,
The slaughterer deaf, deformed, of hideous mien,
Bleeding between his teeth was ever seen
A corpse, while round his wrists the serpents twined;
And horrid skeletons of human kind
Grinned at his feet. Oh cruel were the ways
Of shocking murder in those dreadful days,
Blackening the firmament sublime. At this
I groaned from out the depths of my abyss.
Thus when came proudly o'er the trembling sea
White men, from that side whence unfailingly
The morning ever breaks, it seemed to me

That to receive them well were only wise.
'White men,' said I, 'resemble azure skies,
Surely the color of their souls we trace,
It must be like the color of their face,
The god that these men worship must be good;
Murders will cease,' and I in happy mood
Rejoiced—the ancient priest I hated so;
But when the new one's work began to show,
When I could see the Inquisition flame,
That ne'er was quenched, taking the Holy name,
A mournful torch that to my level reached,
Just Heaven! when thus you daily taught and preached,
And Torquemada tried with fiery might
To dissipate the darkness of the night
Of savage heathendom—when I saw then
How he would civilize—at Lima, when
I saw the osier giants, in the strife,
Filled to the brim with childish baby life
Crackling above the mighty furnace heat,
And curls of smoke round burning women meet,
Choked by the stench of every horrid deed,
Auto-da-fé according to your creed,
I—who but shadow brightly burn away—
Repented of my gladness, forced to say,
When looking at the strangers' god more near,
'To change is not worth while it doth appear!'"

RACAN

La légende des siècles,
36, XVI *N. R. Tyerman*

If all the things the fond soul dreams
Into winged little loves might quiver,
My voice, which 'neath the starry beams
Ever aspireth, sinketh ever,—

Which mingles in its hymn most tender
Astrea, Eros, Gabriel,
Angels and gods, whose diverse splendor
Aye blends, by sovran love's bright spell,

(Like to leaf-cradled nest-broods holding
Sweet converse with strange lights afar,
Ever beneath warm plumage folding
The heavenly tones of star on star),

Beneath yon slumbrous vault serene,
With little airs to help its flying,
Beneath the stars, above the treen,—
O sweet, in innocent sleep soft-sighing,

Toward thee my song would now be winging,
To reach thee at rosy break of day . . .
If all the songs one's soul is singing,
Might lift bird-wings and flee away!

BEAUMARCHAIS

La légende des siècles, 36, XXI — *N. R. Tyerman*

To the woods, to the woods, O lovely peasant-girls!
Beside the mills, whose beasts of burthen are we,
Your bonnets fling, and make our hearts the haunt
Of your caprices, tender, joyous, shy.
'Tis Sunday. Afar one hears the bagpipe squeak;
The wind delights to fret the docile reeds;
Fête in the fields—the order of the day's signed "Joy!"
The happy birds, who pipe on quarter-days,
Shift homes as many times as seems them good;
All trembles; ne'er for nought the wood-ways thrill;
The green forked boughs above the hornéd fawns
Stir stealthily; let's imitate the birds,—
Ah! the small robbers, how they glory in sin!
Let's help the kerchief to make bare the neck,
Wandering like Chloe and Daphne both afraid.
Not always innocent may mortals be,—
But this hour's ours: in the cistus then let's sport,

In moss, i' the grass; this silly scandal achieve,—
Love !—to that godhead archly offer ourselves.
Since green are meadows, since the sky is blue,
Let's love ! The idyl with big words is choked;
Tragedy-wise we will not shout nor strut,
But whisper all that whispers in the soul.

ANDRE CHENIER

La légende des siècles,
36, XXII *N. R. Tyerman*

O SWEET, the charming scandal of the birds
In trees, in flowers, in meadows, 'mong the reeds,
Blithe sun-rays bathing eagles in the blue;
Tempestuous gaiety of the nereids bare,
Wide-flinging foam, and dancing 'mong the waves,
Whitenesses which make sailors muse afar,
All-glorious sports of goddesses impearled,
Choosing for couch the seas as thou the leaves.
All that plays on the horizon, lightens, shines,
Hath no more splendor than thy wondrous song.
Thy hymn adds joy ev'n to the joy of gods.
Superb thou stand'st. Also thou lovest *me,*
And on my knee wilt sit. Psyche perchance

At whiles like thee assumes a haughty air,
Then clings to the neck of the young god, her lord.
Can one strive long with love? 'Tis to be born;
To taste in the arms of a belovéd being
What honey of heaven God in His creatures hives;
An angel 'tis to be, with man's desire.
O Sweet, refuse me nought. Canst *thou* be mean?

TO THE KINGS OF EUROPE

THE FEAST OF FREEDOM

Odes, 2, V *Frank S. Mahony*

[There was in Rome an ancient custom:—On the eve of the execution of those condemned to death a public banquet was given to them at the prison gate—known as the "Free Feast."—CHATEAUBRIAND, "The Martyrs."]

WHEN the Christians were doomed to the lions of old
By the priest and the prætor, combined to uphold
An idolatrous cause,
Forth they came while the vast Colosseum throughout
Gathered thousands looked on, and they fell 'mid the shout
Of "the People's" applause.

On the eve of that day of their evenings the last!
At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous repast,
Rich, unstinted, unpriced,
That the doomed might (forsooth) gather strength ere they bled,
With an ignorant pity the gaolers would spread
For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh, 'twas strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine
Filled his cup to the brim!
Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italian rose,
All united for him!

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
In profusion procured was put forth to enhance
The repast that they gave:
And no Sybarite, nursed in the lap of delight,
Such a banquet ere tasted as welcomed that night
The elect of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain,
Loud and fierce howled the tiger, impatient to stain
The bloodthirsty arena;
Whilst the women of Rome, who applauded those deeds,
And who hailed the forthcoming enjoyment, must needs
Shame the restless hyæna.

They who figured as guests on that ultimate eve,
In their turn on the morrow were destined to give
To the lions their food;
For, behold, in the guise of a slave at that board,
Where his victims enjoyed all that life can afford,
Death administering stood.

Such, O monarchs of earth! was your banquet of power,
But the tocsin has burst on your festival hour—
'Tis your knell that it rings!
To the popular tiger a prey is decreed,
And the maw of Republican hunger will feed
On *a banquet of Kings!*

THE POET IN REVOLUTION TIMES

Odes, I, I *Ida Lemon*

[What! die without emptying my quiver, without piercing through, without trampling under foot, without kneading in their own mire, those executioners, vilifiers of law!—ANDRE CHENIER.]

"—THE wind drives far before it from the fields
The acorn fallen from the verdant tree;
The mountain oak unto its passion yields;
It drives the tossing skiff across the sea.
In youth thus we are onward scourged.
Be not by drunken folly urged,
The evils of the world to heap
On thine own sorrows. Let us keep
Guilty and victims, ruth for our own crimes,
Our tears for our own griefs in sorrow-stricken
times!"

—What! are they overbold, these songs I sing?
And must we in these days of horror bide
Deaf to our brothers' cries, which round us
ring?
And suffer but for self? for none beside?
Ah no! the poet, for their sakes
A willing exile, comfort makes
For sad and fettered human things.
Into their frenzied midst he flings
Himself, armed only with his glorious lyre,
As Orpheus into Hell, regardless of Hell's fire.

"—Your Orpheus for a moment ravishéd
The dead from torments of eternity;
But thou, thou singest o'er the sinner's head
Hymns of remorse. Ah! madman, what must be
The pride which carries thee away?
And why should'st thou, who in the fray
Hast borne no part, step forth to be
The judge! Oh! censor, scarcely free
From childhood, let thy innocence grow old
Ere thou believest in thy virtue overbold!"

—When crime, the pallid ghastly Python breaks,
Unpunishéd, the law's restraining bands,
The muse the form of vengeful fury takes,
Apollo grasps his quiver in his hands!
I trust in God who comforts me;
What fate may hold I cannot see,
But though I know not what betide,
My star I follow without pride;
The tempest which assaults the foaming waves
May rend the sail, but yet that sail the pilot saves.

"—Bent on their own destruction all men haste!
Nor will thy songs avail which useless rise.
Why then wilt thou life's springtime waste,
And with them wander far from smiling skies?

And wilt thou break the chain of fate,
Thus leaving others desolate?
Or rooting up this life of thine,
Those tendrils break which round it twine?
Hast thou no mother? Oh, deluded youth!
Oh! poet, lov'st thou none? On thine own
self have ruth!"

—Well, if I perish, there is heaven above,
And earth-born passions shall endure on high.
Ennobled is the soul by purest love,
And who knows how to love, knows how to
die.
In times of tumult and unrest,
When just men are by wrong opprest,
The poet true must imitate
The heroes he would celebrate;
And to their martyrdom must so aspire,
That life for those who slay he has, for slain a
lyre.

—"They say that poets in the days of old,
Who sang of times still dim with Future's
mist,
Could to th' unquiet earth its fate unfold,
Since from afar its destinies they wist,
But for the world what can'st *thou* do?
Its awful night enwraps thee, too.
The threatening heavens are clouded o'er,
And poet prophets are no more.

The muse is dumb and blind, nought knoweth
she
Of the vast, solemn secrets of futurity."

—The mortal consecrated by God's kiss,
Inflamed with zeal towards the future goes.
It is by plunging into the abyss,
Its depths he fathoms and its darkness knows.
He girds himself for sacrifice;
Well knows he that for joys of vice
The innocent must e'er atone,
And pay for evil not his own,
And on his dying day a prophet he,
His scaffold is a shrine, his cell a sanctuary.

—"Didst thou not erst upon the borders fair
Of Abbas and Cosroës see the light
Beneath the cloudless skies and balmy air?
The myrtles and the aloes charmed thy sight;
There, deaf to all those ills which make
Thy muse so troublous for their sake,
The poet sees the morn arise
With sun-kissed brow and smiling eyes;
And the dove dear to wisdom hastes to greet
Fair maids where love whispers 'mid the blos-
soms sweet!"

Let others in inglorious ease remain,
But heavenly martyrdom shall be my choice,
And glory be my end. None can attain
To this who hearkens unto pleasure's voice.

The halcyon when the ocean growls
Will mar his sweet untroubled rest,
When cradled in the wave's calm breast;
But for the eaglet son of storms his flight
He takes across the clouds towards the great
sun's light.

THE GIRL OF OTAHEITE

Odes, 4, VII *Clement Scott*

FORGET? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;
The strange awaking from a dream of death,
The sudden thrill to find thee coming near?
Our huts were desolate, and far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the
day,
No one had seen thee pass,
Trembling I came. Alas!
Can I forget?

Once I was beautiful; my maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
Ah! weary traveller! rest in my loving arms!
Let there be no regrets and no farewell!
Here of thy mother sweet, where waters
flow,

Here of thy fatherland we whispered
low;
Here, music, praise, and prayer
Filled the glad summer air.
Can I forget?

Forget? My dear old home must I forget?
And wander forth and hear my people
weep,
Far from the woods where, when the sun has
set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep;
Far from lush flow'rets and the palm-
tree's moan
I could not live. Here let me rest alone!
Go! I must follow nigh,
With thee I'm doomed to die,
Never forget!

THE CHANT OF THE ARENA

Odes, 4, X *Harrison S. Morris*

The Arena's victor, bold athlete,
Hath civic honors on him tossed.
His name the echoing hills repeat
And distant peoples praise the feat

From that unfruitful land of frost,
Where winter sleeps in frozen caves,
To regions where is born the day
Amid the music of the waves,
Where from the sea that sweetly heaves,
Old Saturn's speeding coursers neigh.

Behold the fête Olympian,
O gods! let antique courage heave
Hearts of the warriors; raise the ban
That long has held unholy man!
The laurel and the acanthus weave!

Come hither ye whom glory leads!
Apollo's priests hold forth to ye,
For your next combat's noble deeds,
The crowns of oak, once highest meeds
Of those who vanquished Milon free.

Come up from Corinth, come from Crete,
From Tyre in purple tissues drest,
From Scylla where the tempests beat,
From Athos, long the eagle's seat,
O'erseeing cities from its crest.

Come from the isle of Doves, and come
From forth the Archipelago;
From Rhodes of the precious hecatomb,
Whence warriors in the charnel gloom
Rose, if Bellona's horn would blow.

Come from the crumbling palace old
Where Cecrops founded once a tower;
From Argos, and from Sparta bold;
From Lemnos, whence the thunders rolled;
From Amathonte, love's cradle bower.

The holy temples of the land
Are hung with loops of verdurous green,
And under many a laced garland
The sweethearts of the warrior band
Hide their chaste foreheads from the scene.

The archons and the ephores face
High on a royal platform there;
The canephores and virgins raise
And purify the vessels base,
As Eleusinean rites require.

The Sorceress weaves her mystic spell
With those who, dreaming, tell of fate.
When Clytie wakes, the voices swell,
One casts a vulture feather fell
Athwart the winds that palpitate.

The victor of the agile course
Wins the two tripods and that cup,
Rustic and fragile, precious source
Whence Bacchus first the vintage pours
Whose full lips hallow and lift up.

He who, with hustling disc mobile,
O'erturns the triple fasces, gains
The immortal urn, a hero's seal—
Carven with many an emblem leal—
Phlegon of Naxos wrought with pains.

Judges are we of the glorious games
Offering the wrestler valorous
A dazzling chlamys, wrought of dames
In Sidon, city of many claims,
Where the trident joins the caduceus.

Wrestlers, disc-throwers, ho, athletes!
Behold the bath! your forces mend!
Then come and conquer in our fêtes
Thus to obtain the song that meets
The victor, which the Thebans send.

The Arena's victor, bold athlete,
Hath civic honors on him tossed.
His name the echoing hills repeat
And distant peoples praise the feat
From that unfruitful land of frost,
Where winter sleeps in frozen caves,
To regions where is born the day
Amid the music of the waves,
Where from the sea that sweetly heaves,
Old Saturn's speeding coursers neigh.

JERSEY

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XIV *N. R. T.*

JERSEY, lulled by the waves' eternal chime,
Sleeps; in her smallness being twice sublime;
A rocky mountain,—born amid blue sea.
Old England northward, southward Normandy,
Our sweet she is, and in her summer-trance
Hath the bright smiles, and oft the tears, of France.

For the third time now her flowers and fruits I've seen.
O land of Exile, little island queen,
Be blest of me as by thy billows blest!
This small bright nook where the tired soul finds rest,
If 'twere my country, were my haven of life,
Here, as some mariner from sea-stormy strife
Rescued, I'd dwell, and suffer with delight
The sun shine all my darkling soul snow-white
Like yonder linen bleaching on the grass.

Musing profoundly seems each rocky mass ;
Within whose hollow caverns waves forever
Gurgle and sob. When evening falleth, shiver
The trees, weird sibyls with the wind for wail ;
While the huge cromlech, like a spectre pale,
Towers on the hill, till 'neath the wan moon-ray
It turns to Moloch grinning o'er his prey.

Along the beach, when blow the strong west-winds,
In every craggy corner where one finds
Frail fisher-huts, across the thatch that slopes
Seaward, are stretched stone-weighted briny ropes,
Lest by the blast the roof be torn away.
With bosom bare, some old-world ocean-lay
Each mother to her sailor babe doth drawl,
What time from out the surf a boat they haul ;—
While laugh the meadows.

Hail, O sacred isle,
That brightliest to heaven's rosiest dawn dost smile !
Hail beacons, stars by fisher-folk best blest !
Old mossy church-towers where blithe swallows nest !

Poor altars rudely carved by fishermen!
Elm-shadowed roads where creaks the heavy wain;
Gardens bright-flushed with flowers of every dye;
Streams with blue sea for goal, dreams with blue sky,—
All hail!

On the horizon wings snow-white
Of vessels; nearer shore the sea-mews' flight,—
Old Ocean's fearless wave-delighting flock!
Lo, Venus smiling on each storm-scarred rock,
What time—to song of birds and billows born—
She gives to heaven the rosy-dimpled Morn.

O heather on the hills! foam on the waves!
Cybele's crumbling palace ocean laves!
Rough mountain soothed by ocean melodies!
Lowing of kine! Sweet slumber beneath trees!

The island seems immersed in voiceless prayer,
Not to be turned therefrom, though ocean, air,
Around her blend their vast defiant chaunts.
The cloud weeps, passing; lo, the rock that vaunts
Upon its spur how many a brave ship riven,
Keeps on its crest for the bird a little dew of heaven!

TO GEORGE

L'art d'être grand-père,
4, IV *Dean Carrington*

My George, to some menagerie come on,
Buffon or circus, anywhere will do;
Still in Lutetia visit Babylon,
And without leaving Paris,—Timbuctoo.

Those leopards see, that were from Tyre ta'en,
The growling bear, the boa's silent might;
Zebra, ounce, jackal, and those poets' twain,
The sun-drunk eagle—vulture filled with night.

The wily lynx, the snake that both ways rolls,
To which his treacherous friend, Job likens well
Black tigers, through whose ebon mask two holes
Of livid flame disclose the fires of hell.

To see wild birds—the shiver of their wings
Is nice—we'll view while safe as bars can make
Wolves, jaguars, and gazelles, slim graceful things,
And mark the beauty of the painted snake.

Leave noise of men, come to the animals,
Let's lean athwart the stifling shade around,
O'er lower griefs, and vague reproachful calls:
O'er tangled steps of mysteries profound.

For beasts are shade, in darkness wandering
You know not what they hear, what understand;
Haggard their cries, their eyes death-glances fling,
Yet their assertion is sublime and grand.

We, who here reign, what useless things we say,
And know not of the evil which we do;
Truth comes, we drive it as a foe away,
And against reason, reasons have to show.

Corbière at bar—Frayssinous in the church
I much inferior to wild beasts conceive;
The soul, in forest, learns, without a search—
I doubt in temples, on the mount believe.

God darkly names Himself, by Night's dim word
Wild Pelion than Quirinal awes us more.
'Tis well, when we the talk of men have heard,
To go and hear the mighty lion roar.

JEANNE ASLEEP

L'art d'être grand-père,
17, IV *Dean Carrington*

Birds sing, and I am plunged in reveries;
There lies she, rosy 'neath the flowery trees,
Rocked in her cot, as in a halcyon's nest,
Soft, unperceiving in her tranquil rest,
How sun and shade successive on her fall.
She's tiny, she is supernatural!
Vast loveliness of infant purity!
I muse—she dreams—beneath her brow there lie
Entanglements of visions all serene;
Cloud-women, every one a stately queen;
Angels and lions, with mild kindly air,
And poor good giants, of whom dwarfs take care;
Triumphs of forest flowers, and trophies bright
Of heavenly trees, all full of fairy light,
A cloud where half disclosed is paradise—
Such are the sights in childhood's sleep arise.
The baby's cradle is the realm of dreams
And real, each vision which God sends, it deems.
Thence their fresh smile, and their deep peace received.
Soon one may say: "'Twas false all I believed."

But the good God shall answer from the cloud:
"No!—you dreamed heaven. Though shadows I've allowed,
Heaven you will have. For the next cradle wait
The tomb"—'tis thus I dream. Sing birds elate!

HOW TERRIBLE THE FACE OF BRUTES

L'art d'être grand-père, 4, IX — *Dean Carrington*

How terrible the face of brutes.—The Unknown!
We feel, th' Eternal problem, darkly shown,
Unfathomed, which we Nature designate:
We gaze on shapeless shadow, chance or fate,
Rebellion, slavery, the hated yoke,
When in the lion's dreadful face we look.
The monster stormy, hoarse, wild—but not free—
Stupor! What means that strange complexity,
Splendor and horror mixed!—The universe,
Contending good and ill, blessing and curse

Where stars, that brilliant livid swarm, we trace
Seeming in prison ta'en, fleeing through space,
Tossed out at hazard, as we toss a die,
Forever chained, yet seeking liberty?
What is that marvel, heavenly, horrible,
Where, in the Eden seen, we guess a Hell?—
Where hopes betrayed—dread thought!—sink out of sight,
Infinite suns, in night as infinite;
Where in the brute, of God is lost the trace?

When they behold the monster face to face,
The seers, rapt dreamers of the forest drear,
Wise prophets who mysterious voices hear,
Feel somewhat in the brute immense and dread.
For them the bitter grin of that dark head
Is the abyss, which shuns their scrutiny.
Th' Eternal secret which can brook no spy,
Which lets not in its mystery intrude
Those deep, pale thinkers of the solitude,
Men to whom darkness lays its secrets bare
Feel the Sphinx angry grow, and stands their hair
On end—their blood within their veins runs dry
Before the frown of the dark prodigy.

JEANNE ASLEEP

L'art d'être grand-père,
5, II — *Dean Carrington*

She sleeps! her eyes will soon expand again.
My finger which she holds fills all her hand.
I read, while that nought wakes her I take care,
The pious journals!—All insult me there.
One treats as madmen all who read my lines,
One to the hangman all my works assigns,
Another while a tear bedews his lids,
Kindly the passers-by to stone me bids.
My writings all are vile and poisoning,
Where all black snakes of ill their spirals wring;
One credits hell, and me its priest declares,
Or Antichrist, or Satan, and one fears
At eve to meet me on the forest's brink.
One hands me hemlock, cries another: "Drink!"
I sacked the Louvre—the hostages I killed
And fancied mobs with lust of plunder filled,
Paris in flames with red my brow should dye,
I'm cut-throat, butcher, thug, incendiary,
Miser,—and should have been less fierce and base
Had but the Emperor given me a place,—

I'm general poisoner and murderer;
Thus all these voices I around me hear
Heap insult on me without stint or stay.
The child sleeps on as if its dream would say:
"O father! yet be quiet, yet benign . . ."
I feel her hand is gently pressing mine.

AS JEANNE SAT ON THE GRASS

L'art d'être grand-père,
3, I *Dean Carrington*

As Jeanne sat on the grass, rosy and grave,
I came and said: "What does Jeanne want
to have?"
(For I obey the little charming love),
And then, as is my custom, watched, and strove,
What thoughts passed in that heavenly head,
to know.
Said Jeanne: "I wish you would some creature
show."
I pointed out an ant upon the grass.
"See!" but this scarcely pleased the tiny lass.
"No," said she, "beasts are always big."
Their dream
Is size: they love the ocean's boundless stream,
Whose hoarse songs rock them; and they find
delight
In gloom, and in the wind's tempestuous flight;

They like the dreadful; they need prodigy.
"I've got no elephant at hand," said I.
"Will you have something else? for so you shall."
Jeanne points to heaven, a finger pink and small.
"That!" said she. 'Twas the hour when eve draws near.
I looked, and saw the moon rise vast and clear.

YOU WANT THE MOON?

L'art d'être grand-père, 3, III — *Dean Carrington*

"THE moon! from out the well?" "No, no, I want
The moon from heaven; let's try!"—"Alas, I can't!"
'Tis always thus, your soul in its embrace,
Would clutch the moon, and I my hand through space
Stretch, and would pilfer Phœbe from the sky.
The blessed chance that a grandsire am I
Fell on my head, and made a gentle crack.
I feel, while seeing you, though fate hold back
Much bliss, it has not quite demolished me.
Let's talk! The secret, George and Jeanne, d'you see,

Is this: God knows what grandfathers dare
do;
(He is Himself the great grandparent, too);
Good God is 'ware of us, for He foresees
What an old man will do, a child to please;
He knows your words and laws I ne'er refuse
To follow,—well, His stars He does not choose
That we should touch! so, for security,
He nails them up to the far azure sky.

YOU STRAY, MY SOUL

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XXXVIII *C. E. Meetkerke*

You stray, my soul! whilst gazing on the sky
The path of duty is the path of life.
Sit by the cold hearth where dead ashes lie;
Put on the captive's chain, endure the strife;
Be but a servant in this realm of night,
O child of light!

To lost and wandering feet deliverance bring;
Fulfill the perfect law of suffering;
Drink to the dregs the bitter cup! Remain
In battle last—be first in tears and pain;
Then praying still that much may be forgiven,
Go back to heaven!

LITTLE AYMERY

La légende des siècles, Io, III — *C. E. Meetkerke*

CHARLEMAGNE, King of France and emperor,
Returns from Spain: his heart is sad and sore.
"O Roncesvalles!" he cries; "Roland! Roland!"
For tidings reach him on that foreign strand,
That brave Roland and half his chivalry
Down in the grasses of the valley lie,
Betrayed and slaughtered!
On the mountain track
The peasant with his dog wends calmly back,
And says: "'Tis well." He laves from crimson stain
His horn and bow in pools of stagnant rain;

The bones of heroes whiten on the plain.

Fast fall the emperor's tears. O piteous sight!
His day of glory turns to darkest night.
There is no triumph more, for he has lost
The best and bravest of his conquering host!
And, bitterest thought, the centuries will tell
How by the peasant churls his warriors fell.
But on they march, till they have gained at last
The highest Pyrenees, from whence the vast

Expanse of land and sea before them lay,
Lit with the radiance of a dying day.
Upon the plain beneath them, they behold
A city girt with towers of molten gold:
Like to some pagan mosque: the circling walls
Were set at intervals with glittering balls.
The ramparts showed from every embrasure
That watchful eyes could mark, and rest secure,
Approach of distant foeman. Threatening,
The hideous gargoyles gaped.
Entranced, the king
Stood gazing, then he said: "'Tis guarded well,
And, by my faith, a royal citadel!
Duke of Bavaria, my sage and friend,
I see my bitter crosses at an end.
How do they call this city? For I swear
It shall be mine!"
Then grim and rueful there,
The old duke answered: "Buy it, then, my liege,
For 'tis impregnable to storm and siege.
A thousand Turks besides the garrison
Defend it. As for us, that we have won
In wars, 'tis true, but we are spent and worn,
Flagging, and faint with heavy hardships borne.
Sire, I speak frankly, one were mad to take
New toil and peril for a fancy's sake."

The emperor said, smiling: "All the same,
You have not told me, Duke, the city's name."
"One grows a bit forgetful at my age!
But, sire, have pity! Dear ones, hearth and home,
Leisure, repose, and quiet days to come,
These we desire! and no more victories.
We have won battles, conquered provinces,
And now we sigh for peace without alloy!
Always to strive, is never to enjoy.
The voice of all, my liege, you will not blame."
"But still, I have not heard the city's name!"
"Narbonne."
"Narbonne is fair," the emperor said.
Then as a captain passed with martial tread,
"Montidier, the poor duke is failing fast!
But you are young and come of warlike race,
You at new conquests will not stand aghast.
Take Narbonne! *Parbleu!* If you win the place,
You shall have fief of all the country round
From here to Montpellier!"
With sigh profound
Montidier bent his head: "Alas, my liege,
I am no longer fit for arduous siege.
Wounded and helpless lay me on the shelf;
What care I now for glory or for pelf?"
The emperor turned away in cold disdain.
He signed to Hugo, Count of Contadin,

And said: "Narbonne is yours!"
"Believe me, sire,
The peasant knave is happier whose desire
Is but to till the land—to toil and sleep.
Give Narbonne to another!"
Loud and deep
The king's curse fell on cowards: then his eye
Lighted on Richard, Duke of Normandy:
"You of the hardy race and valiant heart,
Will you with recreants such as these take part!"
"Sire, I am noble by the grace of God,
And no adventurer. Nor sou, nor sod
I seek, but from mine own!"
To all his train
The emperor made appeal—to all in vain.
"Dastards!" he cried, and rose and drew his sword.
"Alas! my noble paladins, who fell
Beneath the arrows of yon savage horde;
Betrayed and slain in that accurséd dell:
O high hearts! Giants! were you here to-day
What should withstand our sovereign array?
But from your cruel graves you rise no more!"

Then from the ranks a youth stepped suddenly:
"St. Denis guard the king!" His fearless eye
Sought Charlemagne, and he, as Saul of yore,
Beheld a second David! rosy, fair,
With confident, serene, intrepid air.

"Who art thou? and what seek'st thou!"
said the king.
"That which none else desire; that men may
say,
If God so will, upon a future day:
'*'Twas he took Narbonne.*'"
Dazed and wondering
He asked: "And what thy name, youth?"
"Aymery."
The nobles laughed aloud. "Ho, Aymery,
The little sucking dove!"
He passed them by
And spoke again, with grave simplicity:
"I am as poor as any mendicant friar:
Fortune forgot me from my cradle, sire:
I have nor fief, nor birthright, but the whole
Expanse of heaven can hardly hold my
soul.
Victorious, I will enter fair Narbonne:
And after, chastise scoffers—rest there one."
As sun the clouds, smiles chased the em-
peror's frown.
"For these brave words of thine," he cried,
"I here
Create thee chief, Count Palatine, and peer;
And henceforth, Aymery, no tongue shall
dare
Affront thee. By St. Denis this I swear!"

Upon the morrow Aymery took the town.

THE LIONS

La légende des siècles,
2, IV *Mrs. Newton Crosland*

FAMISHED the lions were in their strong den,
And roared appeal to Nature from the men
Who caged them—Nature that for them had care.
Kept for three days without their needful fare
The creatures raved with hunger and with hate,
And through their roof of chains and iron grate
Looked to the blood-red sunset in the west;
Their cries the distant traveller oppressed
Far as horizon which the blue hill veils.

Fiercely they lashed their bodies with their tails
Till the walls shook; as if their eyes' red light
And hungry jaws had lent them added might.

By Og and his great sons was shaped the cave,
They hollowed it, in need, themselves to save.

It was a deep-laid place wherein to hide
This giant's palace in the rock's dark side;
Their heads had broken through the roof of stone,
So that the light in every corner shone,
And dreary dungeon had for dome blue sky.
Nebuchadnezzar, savage king, had eye
For this strong cavern, and a pavement laid
Upon the centre, that it should be made
A place where lions he could safely mew,
Though once Deucalions and Khans it knew.

The beasts were four most furious all. The ground
Was carpeted with bones that lay all round,
While as they walked, and crunched with heavy tread
Men's skeletons and brutes', far overhead
The tapering shadows of the rocks were spread.

The first had come from Sodom's desert plain;
When savage freedom did to him remain
He dwelt at Sin, extremest point and rude
Of silence terrible and solitude.
Oh! woe betide who fell beneath his claw,
This lion of the sand with rough-skinned paw.

The second came from forest watered by
The stream Euphrates; when his step drew nigh
Descending to the river, all things feared,
Hard fight to snare this growler it appeared.
The hounds of two kings were employed to catch
This lion of the woods and be his match.

The third one dwelt on the steep mountain's side,
Horror and gloom companioned every stride:
When towards the miry ravines they would stray,
And herds and flocks in their wild gambols play,
All fled—the shepherd, warrior, priest—in fright
If he leaped forth in all his dreadful might.

The fourth tremendous, furious creature came
From the seashore, and prowled with leonine fame,
Before he knew captivity's hard throes,
Along the coast where Gur's strong city rose.
Reeking its roofs — and in its ports were met
The masts of many nations thickly set.

There peasants brought their manna fine, and gum,
And there the prophet on his ass would come;
And folks were happy as caged birds set free.
Gur had a market-place 'twas grand to see;
There Abyssinians brought their ivories rare,
And Amorrhiens amber for their ware,
And linens dark. From 'Asser came fine wheat.
And from famed Ascalon the butter sweet.
The fleet of vessels stir on ocean made.
This beast in reverie of evening's shade
Was fretted by the noisy town so near,
Too many folks lived in it, that was clear.
Gur was a lofty, formidable town;
At night three heavy barriers made it frown
And closed the entrance inaccessible.
Between each battlement rose terrible
Rhinoceros horn, or one of buffalo:
The strong, straight wall did like a hero show.
Some fifteen fathoms deep the moat might be,
And it was filled by sluices from the sea.
Instead of kennelled watch-dogs barking near,
Two monstrous dragons did for guards appear—

They had been captured 'mong the reeds of Nile,
And by magician tamed to guards servile.
One night the gate thus kept the lion neared,
With single bound the guarding moat he cleared;
Then with barbaric teeth the gate he smashed
And all its triple bars; and next he crashed
The dragons twain, without so much as look
At them, and bolts and hinges all he shook
Into one wreck. And when he made his way
Back towards the strand, remained there of the fray
Only a vision of the peopled town,
Only a memory of the wall knocked down,
'Neath spectral towers fit but for vulture's nest,
Or for the tiger wanting timely rest.

This lion scorned complaint, but crouching lay
And yawned, so heavily time passed away.
Mastered by man, sharp hunger thus he bore,
Yet weariness of woe oppressed him sore.

But to and fro the others stamp all three,
And if a fluttering bird outside they see,
They gnaw its shadow as they mark it soar,
Their hunger growing as they hoarsely roar.

In a dark corner of the cavern dim
Quite suddenly there ope'd a portal grim,
And pushed by brawny arms that fright betrayed
Appeared a man in grave clothes white arrayed.

The grating closed as closing up a tomb;
The man was with the lions in the gloom.
The monsters foamed, and rushed their prey to gain,
With frigthful yell, while bristled every mane
Their howling roar expressing keenest hate
Of savage nature rebel to its fate
With anger dashed by fear. Then spoke the man,
And stretching forth his hand his words thus ran:
"May peace be with you, lions." Paused the beasts.

The wolves that disinter the dead for feasts,
The flat-skulled bears, and writhing jackals, they
Who prowl at shipwrecks on the rocks for prey,
Are fierce; hyenas are unpitying found,
And watchful tiger felling at one bound.
But the strong lion in his stately force
Will sometimes lift the paw, yet stay its course.

He the lone dreamer in the shadows gray.
And now the lions grouped themselves; and they
Amid the ruins looked like elders set
On grave discussion, in a conclave met,
With knitted brows intent disputes to end,
While over them a dead tree's branches bend.

First spoke the lion of the sandy plain,
And said: "When this man entered, I again
Beheld the midday sun, and felt the blast
Of the hot simoon blown o'er spaces vast.
Oh, this man from the desert comes, I see!"

Then spoke the lion of the woods: "For me,
One time where the fig and palm and cedars grow
And holly, day and night came music's flow
To fill my joyous cave; even when still
All life, the foliage round me seemed to thrill
With song. When this man spoke, a sound was made
Like that from birds' nests in the mossy shade.
This man has journeyed from my forest home!"

And now the one which had the nearest come,
The lion black from mountains huge, exclaimed:
"This man is like to Caucasus, far famed,

Where no rock stirs; the majesty has he
Of Atlas. When his arm he raised all free
I thought that Lebanon had made a bound,
And thrown its shadow vast on fields around.
This man comes to us from the mountain's
side!"

The lion dweller near the ocean wide,
Whose roar was loud as roar of frothing sea,
Spoke last. "My sons, my habit is," said he,
"In sight of grandeur wholly to ignore
All enmity; and this is why the shore
Became my home; I watched the sun arise,
And moon, and the grave smile of dawn; mine eyes
Grew used to the sublime—while waves rolled by
I learned great lessons of eternity.
Now, how this man is named I do not know,
But in his eyes I see the heavens glow;
This man, with brow so calm, by God is sent."

When night had darkened the blue firmament,
The keeper wished to see inside the gate,
And pressed his pale face 'gainst the fastened grate.
In the dim depth stood Daniel, calm of mien,
With eyes uplifted to the stars serene,
While this the sight for wondering gaze to meet,
The lions fawning at the captive's feet!

IN THE MEADOWS

L'art d'être grand-père, 15, VI — *Dean Carrington*

O'ER wood and stream I muse with tenderness,
Of birds and flowers a grandfather no less.
I pity feel for all the things that are,
And bid the children even roses spare.
Scare neither plant nor animal; I say
Laugh without frightening, without harming play,
Jeanne and her brother George, pure-browed, bright-eyed,
Sparkle amid the flowers expanding wide.
Harmless I wander in this paradise;
I hear them sing, and musing thoughts arise,
In their glad games how little heed they take
Of the sad sound the turning pages make,
Of fate's mysterious volume.—From the priest
How far they are—How near to Jesus Christ.

THE DANUBE IN WRATH

Les orientales, XXXV — *Fraser's Mag.*

YE daughters mine! will naught abate
Your fierce interminable hate?
Still am I doomed to rue the fate
That such unfriendly neighbors made?

The while ye might, in peaceful cheer,
Mirror upon your waters clear,
Semlin! thy Gothic steeples dear,
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade!

THE VOICE OF A CHILD ONE YEAR OLD

La légende des siècles,
XXXVI *N. R. Tyerman*

WHAT saith he? Think you he speaks? Nay,
I am sure.
But unto whom? To some one in the azure;
To that we call a spirit; to space, to the sweet
Shiver of the invisible passing wing,
To the shade, the breeze,—to his little brother
dead.
The child a fragment of his heaven-home bears;
Guileless he comes; man, thou receivest him.
He hath the tremor of young leaves and grass.
Prattle before full speech is as the flower
Ere the fruit blooming, lovelier and holier,
For to be lovelier is to be more holy.
The child pure-souled, on the threshold of sad
life,
Regards this earth so strange and formidable,
Knows it not, opes wide eyes, and missing God,
Stammers,—all-trustful, touching little voice!

The darling weeping with the darling singing
Ends; his first words like his first steps have fear:
Then blooms sweet hope.

In heaven whereto our sight
Attains not, floats one knows not what fair mist
Of forms which children, reverenced of yore,
Perceive from earth, and which to them lends speech.
This child perchance beholds a bright eye shine,
And questions it; in the clear clouds he sees
Faces resplendent, row o'er wondrous row,
And vital phantoms, which for us were void,
Regard him with divine translucent smiles;
O'er him the dusk serene extends its boughs;
He laughs, for unto a child all glooms are bright.
'Tis there, in mystery, 'mid the splendor's depths,
With these sweet spirits unknown he lisps and laughs;
The child makes question and the spirit replies;
The baby-babble unto blue heaven floats,
Then returns softly, with the waverings
Of the small bird that marks the halcyon soar.
We call that stammering! 'Tis in sooth the abysm
Where, as a wingéd being from height to height
Soars, the speech sweet with Eden and with dawn
Striveth to seize from utmost heaven a word,

Seeks it and finds, takes it and leaves, and quivers.
Through every child's breath thrills the breath of heaven.
When with the deep benignant shadow he chats,
The thrush, enraptured, at the edge o' the nest
Uplifts her, while her fledgelings, pensive, frail,
Push through her downy wings their callow heads.
The mother seems to say to them: "Ay, listen,
And try to chirp as beautifully."—The spring,
Aurora, the blue paradisal day,
Sun-rays—gold darts bright-piercing the dim earth—
Melt in a rhythm obscure 'mid the small song
Of this frail spirit and this trembling heart.
To tremble, totter, prattle, is the charm
Of th' age when through a tear bright laughter gleams.
O heavenly shadow and shine of infant-speech!
The child seems forceful to assuage harsh fate:
From the small child sweet lessons nature learns,—
This rosy mouth's the tiny gate august
Whence falls—O majesty of the frail, bare being!—
Upon the gulf unknown the unknown Word.
What largess! innocence made ev'n our guest!
What gift of Heaven! Who knows the starry lore,

The beams of bounty, who knows the faith,
the love,
Which through their trembling twilight ever
shed,—
Amid the bitter strife wherein we dwell,—
The souls of children on the souls of men?
Sounds one the depth of this soft speech
wherethrough
One feels pass all that thrills the innocent?
No. Men deep-stirred hearken these tender
strifes
Of syllables scattered in the golden dawn,
Speech wherein heaven hath left a starry trace,
But comprehend not, pass it by, and say:
—"'Tis nought; or but a breath, a murmur,
sigh;
The word is senseless till the spirit be ripe."—
How know you that? This cry, this nest-born
chant,
Is of an angel changing to a man.
Adore it. The melodious sound, the scale
Floating and free where infancy makes one
The perfume of its lips, its eyes pure blue,
Resembles, wind of heaven, those wondrous
words
Which to declare midnight or day, thou
lendest
To the vast soul obscure through all things shed.
The being born to the light of this false world
Lisps as he can his sad and sweet surprise.

For the animal in the deep enigma lost,
All comes of man. Into this world man casts
A faint clue to the mystery, and through him
A little day lightens the problem dark.
Ah yes, this warble, music vague and soft,
Pure mist of words divine confused like foam,
Song whose sweet secret hold the newly-born,
Which from the cottage floateth to the wood,
Is a world-language, an exchange eterne
Of dawn with stars, with th' angel of God man's soul:
Nest-idiom, cradle-interpreter, aye sent
By the little children to the little birds.

THE FALLS

La légende des siècles, XXV — *Dean Carrington*

Niagara—Rhine—dash down with foaming wave,
The monstrous gulf, would fain become their grave.
It hates the giant river, and declares—
"I'll swallow it." The stream (as unawares
A lion in a hydra's den may roam)
Struggles with all its sound, and storm, and foam.

What then? vast Nature's self untrusty is!—
It rears, it shuns the deep, dark precipice;
It foams and boils, as marble white and black,
Cleaves to the rocks, and by the trees holds back,
Leans, and as if by some fell fiend controlled,
Rolls over, as th' undying Ixion rolled;—
Twisted, torn conquered, God permitting it,
The shattered stream does to its pangs submit!
The gulf would kill it, but its force and hate
May chaos form, but cannot uncreate.
The frightful pit of hell opes its dark jaws,
And raves,—what toil! darkness and death to cause.
It is destruction, envy, rage, and night;
These are the works, the produce of its might.
As smoke upon Vesuvius summit rests,
A gloom that cauldron vast invests,
And hides the torments of the mighty stream.
This — the wealth-giver wherefore hateful deem?
What has it done to forest, mountain, field,
That to the abyss they all its life would yield?
Its splendor, beauty, goodness, strength, all be
Destroyed?—what infamy, what treachery!
Like bladder filled with wind, the waters swell;
Horror disperses its despairing knell;
Engulfment, darkness, shipwreck, all destroys;
You'd say a frightful laugh was in the noise—

Nothing is spared, nought floats and nought survives.
Crushed by that dreadful wheel, the river strives;
Tortured it falls, and to the distant sky
Casts a long fainting, agonizing cry;—
When lo! above that chaos of despairs,
Composed of all the gulf within it bears,
Torrential, hideous, hostile—there is seen
The rainbow, splendid with celestial sheen.
Vile plot! base rock! would the vext stream entomb!
You glory! issue from this frightful gloom.

SOLOMON

La légende des siècles, 36, II — *N. R. Tyerman*

THE king am I fate's sombre puissance fills;
God's temple build I, and earth's cities raze;
Hiram my slave that toils, Charos that kills,
Upon me, awestruck, gaze.

My tool to build, my sword to smite, are they,
Ne'er ceasing toil for weariness or pain:
My breath were strong to turn out of its way
The Libyan hurricane;

Hence God Himself is troubled. Of a fell
Crime born, sin's sombre wisdom wraps my throne;
Satan, to judge betwixt high heaven and hell,
Would choose King Solomon.

The lord of faith am I, the lord of fear;
Warrior, I rule the body,—priests, the soul;
As king I wield the day's bright azure sphere;
As pontiff, night control.

I am the subtle master of all dreams;
I guide the hand that writes upon the wall;
Earth's omens are familiar,—sighs, sobs, screams,
I read them one and all.

Mighty am I, and like a god morose;
Mysterious as an Eden sealed alway.
Yet, though my power is mightier than the rose
Is fragrant in mid May,

O'er one thing doth my golden sceptre shine
Vainly, as 'twere a twig bent by a dove—
I cannot from my soul, O nymph divine,
Affright thy song of love!

Subtle the notes of this winged thing that broods
In my soul's depths, as in a shadowy tree,
And powerless I to chase it, as spring woods
To hush bird-melody!

THE SCAFFOLD

La légende des siècles,
XXX — *C. E. Meetkerke*

'Twas finished.
Splendid, glittering, superb,
Over the city bent as scythe on herb
The broad steel flashed against the darkening sky,
And as in heaven the starry triangle,
Luminous in supreme tranquillity,
So shone the fatal knife: nought left to tell
The deed that it had done; there rested not
A sign, except one little crimson spot.

Death had withdrawn his servants from the place,
Judges and priests and executioner.
Only the horrible tumbrel passing there
Left in its wake a streaming sanguine trace.
The crowd cried in their madness, "*'Tis well done!*"

And through the streets rejoicing hurried on.
Alone the monstrous scaffold darkly stood
To see the dying sun go down in blood.
And twilight with its gathering phantoms fell,
Obscuring all the distant firmament.

No hour was sounded, but a funeral knell;
And though the gleaming of the axe was spent,
And nought but dim and shrouded forms
remain,
Nothing could hide the little crimson stain.

A single star arose, the first of even,
Pure, radiant messenger from pitying Heaven,
Reflected thrice upon the triangle.
A moment pausing there, it seemed to dwell;
Shedding, amidst the black despair of night,
Upon the murderous steel a tear of light.

THE LAST SONG

Odes, 2, X *David Tolmie*

And thou, throw down thy lyre,
What, though the gods inspire,
Care mortals gross and vain?
They scorn the incensing hand;
Break then this powerless band,
Resign the steedless rein.
O! the joys of the poet are pure, without guile,
When he lives on in hope, braving death with
a smile,
For his glory returns with the on-march of time.
In the far future years from the heavenly
height

He bands himself listening to memories sublime;
And his name, like a stone through th' abyss in its flight,
Re-echoes in depths of the future his rhyme.

Not mine that joy divine,
The ages are not mine,
Nor poet's high renown.
My muse, my tempests whirled,
Falls level with the world,
Like flower by stream borne down.

Yet my innocent muse is both gentle and fair,
And Bethlehem's sweet star shines tenderly there;
I have followed that star like the shepherds of old.
My God has endowed me with gift of brave speech,
For a cowardly sleep doth His people enfold,
And whether my harp may weep, threaten, or teach,
My songs upward fly, as the eagle's flight bold.

My soul from kindling source
Runs on from course to course,
As precious brooklet flies,
Where travellers slake their thirst;
Brooks into rivers burst,
And thence to sea and skies.

But, O flowers without perfume, O fires that
are dead,
O men, space is wanting my wings to out-
spread!
Your breath is but mortal, your world is too
small.
My songs are to you like vague sounds of the
night;
You drink of the sweet and I drink of the
gall.
Good! go on with your loves, and your bat-
tles go fight!
You, whose dead eyes the whole light of
heaven would enthral.

I raised my still weak voice;
The echoes made no noise.
My harp with cords of steel
Has passed o'er these vile souls,
As streets when traffic rolls
Re-echo horse and wheel.

In vain have I threatened with God's venge-
ful darts,
In vain have I spoken, to bend their hard
hearts,
Of the pardon that cometh through penitent
tears.
My thoughts, from the thundering heavens of
fire,
Fall on soil that is sterile, 'mid silence or jeers,

Like dew, sometimes propitious and sometimes in ire,
Which one day destroys and the next day uprears.

The grave is all folks' gate!
Man strives in vain 'gainst fate,
Man whom Time bears away.
All wait the wakening blast,
To rouse from sleep at last,
And join the battle's fray.

Remember, sad mortals, your souls who forget,
The cup is not filled up for all of us yet.
Let them pass on in peace 'neath the dark heavens' frown,
And enjoy in frail dwellings the sweets and the flowers.
When their lot to Eternity's depths is cast down
The madmen in vain will then grasp at the hours,
As grasp at the wreckage the sailors who drown.

Farewell, lamenting lute,
For evermore be mute.
Avoid the crowd who gaze,
Hush the immortal strain,
And close the veiléd fane,
Let shadows shroud the place!

O Lord! I will bring to Thee emblems of hope,
The sword and the lance, with thy foeman to cope.
I have hardly attained that for which I was sent;
I have oft been the plaything of wavering winds;
The eaglets cease flight in their giddy ascent,
And seek for the earth which they scarcely can find,
And the lightning returns without being spent.

A SONG

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XXX — *C. E. Meetkerke*

It is a little late to dress so fine,
Queen Daisy fair;
The fields are robbed of rose and eglantine,
But birds sing there.

It is a little late to shine so bright,
Clear evening star;
The dawn is chasing all the rays of night,
But day is far.

It is a little late to seem so gay,
My wounded soul!
Exulting when all joy has passed away;
But Death makes whole.

IN CHERIZY VALLEY

Odes, 5, III *David Tolmie*

FAIR valley, 'neath your still and solemn shades,
A wanderer musing sits, sad and alone,
And sees bird chasing bird amid thy glades,
Toad-tainted pools and reeds by breezes blown!

'Tis thus man flees from man, and oft in youth
Wrongs sour the pure, brave hearts so true and warm;
The weakly reed that quickly breaks, in truth,
Is greatly blest, though victim to the storm.

O Vale! the wanderer prays for that blest gale!
Footsore and weary he would rend the veil
That hides the goal would end his woes.
Before his path some dusky rays disclose
The future's wilderness, treeless and pale,
This gloomy hope it shows.

Life's clanking chain he drags from woe to woe,
Of pride or gain no feeling he doth know,

He seeks in vain for loving, pitying heart!
No hand has ever smoothed his rugged way,
No mortal lips will laugh when he is gay,
No tears at his will start.

Bleak is his life and lonely is his lot,
Like cypress black in the dark vale begot,
No virgin lily twines around its arms,
Or holds its boughs with love's own fetters bound
Like other trees around,
But far from him expands its fragrant charms.

Ere he ascend the rugged mountain's side,
The wanderer in the valley seeks repose
Where silence only echoes to his woes.
For solitude is friend to those who bide
Alone 'mid crowds, yea, chiefest friend to those.

Like him alone, but more than he at rest,
The wretch finds shelter 'neath the mountain's crest,
Or trees which shade from gaze of human kind.
To him, upon whose feet clings city mire,
Brooks yield their banks, and gentle streams conspire
With softly murmuring wind.

Concealed, consoled beneath your grateful shade,
He sees and sings of that blest heavenly maid
With radiant smiles and brow as pure as snow.
What though no earthly marriage Fate decrees?
The immortal soul the vision still shall please
Of deathless union past this world of woe.

Unfettered, free, his thoughts thus heavenward soar,
And saddening memories are by hope dispelled.
Henceforth two shades his life shall hover o'er,
One in the future, one the past beheld.

O haste thy coming! Who shall bring thee nigh
To him for whom thy heart doth yearn, sweet soul?
O kindly star! when, in the orient sky,
Wilt thou appear, our sad hearts to console?

Never at cost of virtue will he seek
To gain even thee, thou noblest crown of life.
Not like the wind-tossed reed, frail, pliant, weak,
But like the oak, which, while the tempests shriek,
May break, but never bend in strife.

She comes! she comes! He sees, and says farewell
Without a pang, to streams, and fields, and trees,
To solemn, peaceful woods, and echoing dell,
And vales where ofttime he has lain at ease.

O happy those who can in some still vale,
In humble hut be born, and live, and die!
Of earth naught earthly doth the soul assail
Which sees alone the sky.

THE BATTLE

Ballades, VII *H. L. W.*

Ho! hither flock, ye fowls of prey!
Ye wolves of war, make no delay!
For foemen 'neath our blades shall fall
Ere night may veil with purple pall.
The evening psalms are nearly o'er,
And priests who follow in our train
Have promised us the final gain,
And filled with faith our valiant corps.

Let orphans weep, and widows brood!
To-morrow we shall wash the blood
Off saw-gapped sword and lances bent.
So, close the ranks and fire the tent!
And chill yon coward cavalcade
With brazen bugles blaring loud,
E'en though our chargers' neighing proud
Already has the host dismayed.

Spur, horsemen, spur! the charge resounds!
On Gaelic spear the Northman bounds!
Through helmet plumes the arrows flit,
And plated breasts the pikeheads split.
The double-axe fells human oaks,
And like the thistles in the field
See bristling up (where none must yield!)
The points hewn off by sweeping strokes!

We, heroes all, our wounds disdain;
Dismounted now, our horses slain,
Yet we advance—more courage show,
Though stricken, seek to overthrow
The victor-knights who tread in mud
The writhing slaves who bite the heel,
While on caparisons of steel
The maces thunder—cudgels thud!

Should daggers fail hide-coats to shred!
Seize each your man and hug him dead!
Who falls unslain will only make
A mouthful to the wolves who slake

Their month-whet thirst. No captives, none!
We die or win! but should we die,
The lopped-off arm will wave on high
The broken brand to hail the sun!

ANGRY ROSA

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, VI, XIV — *David Tolmie*

A QUARREL? Why this scolding, pray?
Good heavens! because they're lovers still.
Sweet words had scarcely died away
When quickly followed words of ill.

Each heart depends on its own cord;
The sky's o'ercast, the sunbeams flee,
Love's like the air, a foolish word
Brings rain, when lovers disagree.

'Tis as when roving through the glade,
Whose leaves are gilt by sunny June,
We wander fearless in the shade,
Knowing the sun will shine forth soon.

Though darkness may our steps o'ershroud,
And fierce and bitter blows the blast,
Yet silver lining sheens each cloud,
And soon the storm is overpast.

CORNFLOWERS

Les orientales, XXXII *H. L. W.*

While bright but scentless azure stars
Begem the golden corn,
And spangle with their skyey tint
The furrows not yet shorn;
While still the pure white tufts of May
Are each a snowy ball,—
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall!

Nowhere the sun of Spain outshines
Upon a fairer plain
Than Peñafiel's, or bestows
More wealth of grass and grain.
Nowhere a broader square reflects
Such brilliant mansions, tall,—
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

Nowhere a statelier abbey rears
Dome huger or a shrine,
Though seek ye from old Rome itself
To even Seville fine.
Here countless pilgrims come to pray
And promenade the Mall,—
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

Where glide the girls more joyfully
  Than ours who dance at dusk,
With roses white upon their brows,
  With waists that scorn the busk?
Mantillas elsewhere hide dull eyes—
  Compared with these, how small!
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

A blossom in a city lane,
  Alizia was our pride,
And oft the blundering bee, deceived,
  Came buzzing to her side—
But, oh! for one that felt the sting,
  And found, 'neath honey, gall—
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

Young, haughty, from still hotter lands,
  A stranger hither came—
Was he a Moor or African,
  Or Murcian known to fame?
None knew—least, she—or false or true,
  By what name him to call.
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

Alizia asked not his degree,
  She saw him but as Love,
And through Xarama's vale they strayed,
  And tarried in the grove,—
Oh! curses on the fatal eve,
  And on that leafy hall!
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

The darkened city breathed no more;
The moon was mantled long,
Till towers thrust the cloudy cloak
Upon the steeples' throng;
The crossway Christ, in ivy draped,
Shrank, grieving, 'neath the pall.—
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

But while, alone, they kept the shade,
The other dark-eyed dears
Were murmuring on the stifling air
Their jealous threats and fears;
Alizia was so blamed, that time,
Unheeded rang the call:
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

Although, above, the hawk describes
The circle round the lark,
It sleeps, unconscious, and our lass
Had eyes but for her spark—
A spark?—a sun! 'Twas Juan, king!
Who wears our coronal,—
Away, ye merry maids, etc.

A love so far above one's state
Ends sadly. Came a black
And guarded palanquin to bear
The girl that ne'er comes back;
By royal writ, some nunnery
Still shields her from us all:
Away, ye merry maids, and haste
To gather ere they fall!

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, XXII *N. R. Tyerman*

I DREAM; a sunbeam steals across the wave;
The beacon, whispering "Dawn!" his
torch outblows.
Fain is my soul to know what no one
knows,
To see the dawn that breaketh from the
grave.

At God's desire doth the glad spirit flit
Far from the icy corpse its earthy home?
What is the ray that flickers o'er the tomb,—
Yon star that smiles from the dumb infinite?

Or in death's shadow living shall we lie,
Striving on earth's loved living ones to
call?
Each piercing shriek through the grave's
sombre wall
Sounds but a faint vague sigh.

As birds of passage, swallows fleet and free,
Shall man ply wing toward some clear azure
goal?
Ah! like as little birds shall be the soul,
Passing death o'er even as they pass the sea?

All speaks, all stirs. To its depths the wood doth cower;
The ox resumes his yoke, the soul its sorrow;
O'er hill and wave smiles blue and cold the morrow,
Blinding the star, and bidding bloom the flower.

This life with all its wealth of night and day,
Is't worth one wandering cloud in yonder skies? . . .
O birds, that from black boughs pipe melodies,
With me what would your lay?

These darkling dreams with darkness should take flight,
Surely! Behold the plougher tills the land,
The fisher drags full nets o'er briny strand;
While vainly still I dredge the vast void night.

God, whom we question, time is it to cease.
Our dreams, our doubts, our strifes, are nought to Thee.
The abyss is soundless; yet Thy mystery,
If man were fain, would let him live in peace.

The mariner, whose barque is on the wing,
Weighing the anchor, pipes a cheery tune;
Old ocean lets he growl, while growling
ocean's boon
Suffers the sailor sing.

ORDER OF DAY FOR FLOREAL

Les chansons des rues et des bois, I, I — *N. R. Tyerman*

VICTORY, friends! I give wing
In haste, in the full-breathed morn,
To strophes that gleefully sing
The night by the light o'erborne.

I blow a blast on the hills,
A blast of rapturous might:
Know all, that the fair spring fills
With lilies the footprints of night.

Jane slippers her soft white feet,
Her feet that no longer are frail.
Lo, how the sun's pulses beat,
Fulfilling yon heaven's blue vale!

The plumed birds sing, lambs bleat;
May, mocking with cries night-powers,
Puts winter in full retreat
With a mitrailleuse of flowers.

ON HEARING THE PRINCESS ROYAL SING

Les quatre vents de l'esprit,
3, IX *N. R. T.*

In thine abode so high
Where yet one scarce can breathe,
Dear child, most tenderly
A soft song thou dost wreathe.

Thou singest, little girl—
Thy sire, the king is he:
Around thee glories whirl,
But all things sigh in thee.

Thy thought may seek not wings
Of speech; dear love's forbidden;
Thy smiles, those heavenly things,
Being faintly born, are chidden.

Thou feel'st, poor little bride,
A hand unknown and chill
Clasp thine from out the wide
Deep shade so deathly still.

Thy sad heart, wingless, weak,
Is sunk in this black shade
So deep, thy small hands seek,
Vainly, the pulse God made.

Thou art yet but highness, thou
That shalt be majesty:
Though still on thy fair brow
Some faint dawn-flush may be,

Child, unto armies dear,
Even now we mark Heaven's light
Dimmed with the fume and fear
And glory of battle-might.

Thy godfather is he,
Earth's Pope,—he hails thee, child!
Passing, armed men you see
Like unarmed women, mild.

As saint all worship thee;
Thyself even hast the strong
Thrill of divinity
Mingled with thy small song.

Each grand old warrior
Guards thee, submissive, proud;
Mute thunders at thy door
Sleep, that shall wake most loud.

Around thee foams the wild
Bright sea, the lot of kings.
Happier wert thou, my child,
I' the woods a bird that sings!

I TAKE THE LITTLE CHILDREN

L'art d'être grand-père,
I, IX — *C. E. Meetkerke*

I TAKE the little children by the hand,
And lead them where the roe-deer and the fawn
In the deep woodland 'neath the oak-trees stand,
Starting as shadows chase the radiant morn.
Birds softly whisper that the sole true thing
Is Nature's Eden where hearts meet and sing;
There wandering with my pretty babes, I prove
That all is vanity but nests and love.

To each in turn I lend a careful ear:
Jeanne teaching George, and George exhorting her.
My time is theirs; my steps on theirs await—
Slow, stumbling steps, but taken with such state!
They eat sweet berries, stoop to gather flowers.
Oh peace of woods and fields! Oh tender hours!
Spring comes to calm, to soften and to bless:
To love, I learn, is all my business.

THE SPOILT-SPORT

L'art d'être grand-père,
10, IV *N. R. Tyerman*

THE pretty girls are all in flight,
And, trembling know not where to cower.
Blue-eyed as morn, black-eyed as night,
They danced a-near the old church tower.

One sang to keep the footing true:
The lads, with faces brightening
For joy o' the sound of dancing, flew,
Their caps aflower with blooms of spring.

Laughing and flushed with summer glee,
They tripped beneath the steeple-clock.
"I love Jane!" quoth the old oak-tree;
"Ah, Susan, I!" sighed the amorous rock.

But the black fiend o' the sombre tower
Yelled loud to them: "Wretches! Away!"
His harsh breath brake the sweet dance-bower,
Scattering the tiny feet from play.

Black eyes, blue eyes, all are fled;
E'en as at dawn beneath the rain
A flock of birds plies wing o'erhead,
Of the fickle April sunshine fain.

And this fell rout hath made, alas!
The mighty wood-lords dumb with care;
For maidens tripping on green grass
Make carol birds in the blue air.

"Who is this black man?" murmur they.
No note is heard; for that harsh cry
Hath scared the pretty ones far away,
And farther yet bird-melody.

"Who is this black man?"—"I care not,"
A sparrow chirps, light-hearted thief.
They weep as dawn to weep has taught;
But a white daisy whispereth:

"I am about to explain these things.
You mark not how the dull world goes:
Butterflies love all blossomings,
But the owls love not even the rose!"

IN THE FREE WOOD

L'art d'être grand-père,
10, II — *Dean Carrington*

In the free wood I like to stray,
Nature's true flowers must I love;
When Autumn comes the swallows say:
"'Tis time for us to pack and move."

When frost and snow give way to Spring,
I see the buds, now coming back,
Are not in want of anything,
And in the forest nothing lack.

I say to brambles: "Maidens grow,"
To the wild thyme: "Perfume the air,"
And to the line of flowers that blow
On banks: "Now make your hems with care."

I watch the door half opening,
The wind that's blowing from the height,
Because some roguery to bring
Is that deceiver's chief delight.

I start as soon as dawn awakes,
To see if nothing goes awry;
Of the precautions April takes,
'Gainst January's perfidy.

All rise again, though all must die,
And I behold with raptured thought
Youth's unrestrained recovery
By envious darkness vainly fought.

I love the rustling copses dun,
Red lichens, and the ivy green,
And all the adornments which the sun
Invents to make the ruin's sheen.

When flowery May bedecks with plumes
  Old dismal discontented towers,
I bid those antiquated tombs
  Leave Spring at will to scatter flowers.

ORA, AMA

L'art d'être grand-père,
10, V *Dean Carrington*

THE swift-foot partridge scuds along the
  banks;
And as to make her join their choric ranks,
The circling clouds the virgin moon have
  ta'en.

Dear little George, now tell me, shall we
  twain
Down there 'neath the old willow go and
  play.

Night falls—they bathe—the mower plods his
  way
Shouldering his scythe: he wipes his heated
  brow;
Gleams indistinct and vague does twilight
  throw
Upon the forms, all laughing in the brook.

EPITAPH

Les contemplations, 3, XV *N. R. T.*

He lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.
What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower from blossoming?
Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow-colors bright,
The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the blue sky?
Why need to have rapt this child from her thou hadst placed him by—
Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower from sight?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might,
O star-girt Earth, his death yields thee not higher delight!
But, ah! the mother's heart with woe forever wild,
This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth such bitter birth—
This world as vast as thou, even *thou*, O sorrowless Earth,
Is desolate and void because of this one child!

INFANTILE INFLUENCE

Les feuilles d'automne,
XIX — *Henry Highton, M. A.*

THE child comes toddling in, and young and old
With smiling eyes its smiling eyes behold,
And artless, babyish joy;
A playful welcome greets it through the room,
The saddest brow unfolds its wrinkled gloom,
To greet the happy boy.

If June with flowers has spangled all the ground,
Or winter bleak the flickering hearth around
Draws close the circling seat;
The child still sheds a never-failing light;
We call; Mamma with mingled joy and fright
Watches its tottering feet.

Perhaps at eve as round the fire we draw,
We speak of heaven, or poetry, or law,
Or politics, or prayer;
The child comes in, 'tis now all smiles and play,
Farewell to grave discourse and poet's lay,
Philosophy and care.

When fancy wakes, but sense in heaviest sleep
Lies steeped, and like the sobs of them that weep

The dark stream sinks and swells,
The dawn, like Pharos gleaming o'er the sea,
Bursts forth, and sudden wakes the minstrelsy
Of birds and chiming bells;

Thou art my dawn; my soul is as the field,
Where sweetest flowers their balmy perfumes yield
When breathed upon by thee,
Of forest, where thy voice like zephyr plays,
And morn pours out its flood of golden rays,
When thy sweet smile I see.

Oh, sweetest eyes, like founts of liquid blue;
And little hands that evil never knew,
Pure as the new-formed snow;
Thy feet are still unstained by this world's mire,
Thy golden locks like aureole of fire
Circle thy cherub brow!

Dove of our ark, thine angel spirit flies
On azure wings forth from thy beaming eyes.
Though weak thine infant feet,
What strange amaze this new and strange world gives
To thy sweet virgin soul, that spotless lives
In virgin body sweet.

O gentle face, radiant with happy smile,
And eager prattling tongue that knows no guile,

Quick changing tears and bliss;
Thy soul expands to catch this new world's light,
Thy mazéd eyes to drink each wondrous sight,
Thy lips to taste the kiss.

O God! bless me and mine, and these I love,
And e'en my foes that still triumphant prove
Victors by force or guile;
A flowerless summer may we never see,
Or nest of bird bereft, or hive of bee,
Or home of infant's smile.

DICTATED BEFORE THE RHONE GLACIER

Les feuilles d'automne, VII — *Author of "Critical Essays"*

When my mind, on the ocean of poesy hurled,
Floats on in repose round this wonderful world,
Oft the sacred fire from heaven—
Mysterious sun, that gives light to the soul—
Strikes mine with its ray, and above the pole
Its upward course is driven,

Like a wandering cloud, then, my eager thought
Capriciously flies, to no guidance brought,
With every quarter's wind;
It regards from those radiant vaults on high,
Earth's cities below, and again doth fly,
And leaves but its shadow behind.

In the glistening gold of the morning bright,
It shines, detaching some lance of light,
Or, as warrior's armor rings;
It forages forests that ferment around,
Or bathed in the sun-red gleams is found,
Where the west its radiance flings.

Or, on mountain peak, that rears its head
Where snow-clad Alps around are spread,
By furious gale 'tis thrown.
From the yawning abyss see the cloud scud away,
And the glacier appears, with its multiform ray,
The giant mountain's crown!

Like Parnassian pinnacle yet to be scaled,
In its form from afar, by the aspirant hailed;
On its side the rainbow plays,
And at eve, when the shadow sinks sleeping below,
The last slanting ray on its crest of snow
Makes its cap like a crater to blaze.

In the darkness, its front seems some pale orb
of light,
The chamois with fear flashes on in its flight,
The eagle afar is driven;
The deluge but roars in despair to its feet,
And scarce dare the eye its aspect to meet,
So near doth it rise to heaven.

Alone on these altitudes, feeling no fear,
Forgetful of earth, my spirit draws near,
On the starry vault to gaze,
And nearer, to gaze on those glories of night,
On th' horizon high heaving, like arches of light,
Till again the sun shall blaze.

For then will the glacier with glory be graced,
On its prisms will light streaked with darkness
be placed,
The morn its echoes greet;
Like a torrent it falls on the ocean of life,
Like Chaos unformed, with the sea-stormy
strife,
When waters on waters meet.

As the spirit of poesy touches my thought,
It is thus my ideas in a circle are brought,
From earth, with the waters of pain.
As under a sunbeam a cloud ascends,
These fly to the heavens—their course never
ends,
But descend to the ocean again.

MOTHERS

Les voix intérieures,
XX, frag. *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

See all the children gathered there,
Their mother near; so young, so fair,
An elder sister she might be,
And yet she hears, amid their games,
The shaking of their unknown names
In the dark urn of destiny.

She wakes their smiles, she soothes their cares,
On that pure heart so like to theirs,
Her spirit with such life is rife
That in its golden rays we see,
Touched into graceful poesy,
The dull cold commonplace of life.

Still following, watching, whether burn
The Christmas log in winter stern,
While merry plays go round;
Or streamlets laugh to breeze of May
That shakes the leaf to break away—
A shadow falling to the ground.

If some poor man with hungry eyes
Her baby's coral bauble spies,

She marks his look with famine wild,
For Christ's dear sake she makes with joy
An alms-gift of the silver toy—
A smiling angel of the child.

THE WATCHING ANGEL

Les feuilles d'automne,
XX *Foreign Quar. Rev.*

In the dusky nook,
Near the altar laid,
Sleeps the child in shadow
Of his mother's bed:
Softly he reposes,
And his lid of roses,
Closed to earth, uncloses
On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
Fresh from fairyland,
Spangled o'er with diamonds
Seems the ocean sand;
Suns are flaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In each charming hand.

Oh, enchanting vision!
Lo, a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold;
Roses pied and lilies
Every path enfold;
Lakes delicious sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
Through the wavelets creeping
Up to reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead weeds that sweep
O'er the dol'rous deep,
Thou art borne in sleep.
What is all to thee?

Thou canst slumber by the way;
Thou hast learned to borrow
Nought from study, nought from care;
The cold hand of sorrow

On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
Where young truth and candor sit,
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
That sad word: "To-morrow!"

Innocent! thou sleepest—
See the angelic band,
Who foreknow the trials
That for man are planned;
Seeing him unarmed,
Unfearing, unalarmed,
With their tears have warmed
This unconscious hand.

Still they, hovering o'er him,
Kiss him where he lies.
Hark! he sees them weeping,
"Gabriel!" he cries;
"Hush!" the angel says,
On his lip he lays
One finger, one displays
His native skies.

THE BLINDED BOURBONS

Les voix intérieures,
2, V *Fraser's Mag.*

WHO *then* to them had told the Future's story?
Or said that France, low bowed before their glory,

One day would mindful be
Of them and of their mournful fate no more,
Than of the wrecks its waters have swept o'er
The unremembering sea?

That their old Tuileries should see the fall
Of blazons from its high heraldic hall,
Dismantled, crumbling, prone;
Or that, o'er yon dark Louvre's architrave,
A Corsican, as yet unborn, should grave
An eagle, then unknown?

That gay St. Cloud another lord awaited,
Or that in scenes Le Nôtre's art created
For princely sport and ease,
Crimean steeds, trampling the velvet glade,
Should browse the bark beneath the stately shade
Of the great Louis' trees?

WAITING

Les contemplations, 2, XV *C. E. Meetkerke*

She said: 'Tis true I should not wish for more,
The time thus passed is sweet and swiftly flies,

And whilst upon your learned books you pore
I sit and never leave you with my eyes.

To see you is a joy, but not complete,
Only a shadowy sort of joy at best;
I know what vexes you, and it is sweet
To keep your door from all unwelcome guest.

I make myself so small and draw so near
That I can even touch you now and then.
The rustle of your leaves I love to hear,
Your book may fall, or you may drop your pen.

I have you, doubtless, and deep thought, they say,
Like generous wine, forgetfulness will bring;
But still I think some passing glance might stray
To where I sit the whole long evening.

And as you read without a word or look
A shadow chills my heart: I cannot see
Your face completely till you shut your book
And raise your eyes awhile to look at me.

OH, WHEN I SLEEP

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXVII — *N. R. Tyerman*

Oh ! when I sleep, come tenderly, sweet,
As Laura to Petrarch at evening
Came smiling ; and, passing, O bid our breaths meet . . .
My mute mouth, O most sweet,
Sudden shall sing !

Tenderly o'er my wan forehead, O sweet,
Bow thee ; so surely the dusk-winged dream
Shall fade as a vapor a star's looks meet . . .
And my dream, O most sweet,
Sudden shall beam !

Then bow thee nearer, more tenderly, sweet,
Light-stream of love whence angels might slake
Love-thirst,—nay, woman ! and with a kiss greet
Me . . . and my soul, O most sweet,
Sudden shall wake !

SEDAN

L'année terrible, Aug., 1870 *Dean Carrington*

Toulon was nought—Sedan is more!—The wretch
O'er whom does logic doom, its trammels stretch,
Slave of his crimes—given up with bandaged eyes,
To the black haps, which played with him at dice,
Dreamer—is whelmed in endless infamy;
The far-off formidable gaze on high,
Which ne'er looks off from crime, marked all his way;
God pushed the tyrant—worm and ghost to-day—
Into a gloom that history shudders o'er,
And which for none He opened up before:
There, in the gulf's worst chasm, was he cast,
The Judge all that was prophesied, surpassed.

That man once chanced to dream—I reign, 'tis true!
But men despise me.—They must fear me, too;

I, in my turn, will rule the world; I'm quite
My uncle's equal. Terror is my right.
No Austerlitz, yet my Brumaire I have,
For him both Machiavel and Homer slave;
And both kept busy with the task he set.
I want but Machiavel—I've Galifet;
Morny was mine, Rouher, Devienne, remain.
Madrid, Vienna, Lisbon, though unta'en—
Yet Dresden, Munich, Naples I shall take;
St. Andrew's cross from off the ocean rake,
And that old Albion to subjection bring.
A robber's nought, unless a conquering king!
I will be great—a pirate—slaves will own;
Mitred Mastai,—Abdul on his throne,—
The Czar, in bear-skin robe and ermined crown.
Since I with shells Montmartre have battered down,
I can take Prussia—'Tis as sharp to win
By siege Tortoni, as besiege Berlin,
Who took a bank, may also take Mayence,
Stamboul and Petersburg are mere pretence.
Pius—Emmanuel—both at daggers drawn,
Like two he-goats, fierce fighting on a lawn;
England and Ireland at each other rail,
And Spain on Cuba pours an iron hail.
Joseph and William at each other's hair,
Mock Attila, sham Cæsar, fiercely tear,

And I, once down-at-heel and tippler known,
Shall be the arbiter of every throne—
This glory, I shall reach without a blow,
To be supreme—the mightiest here below—
From false Napoleon seem the true Charlemagne.
'Tis fine!—how do the trick? ask banker Magne
To advance Leboeuf some money, then look out
(Thus Haroun and his vizier stole about),
When all men sleep and streets deserted lie,
And quickly try the chance, and surely I
May cross the Rhine, who crossed the Rubicon.
Garlands and flowers shall Piétri throw me down,
Magnan is dead, but Frossard I retain;
St. Arnaud's missing, still I have Bazaine;
That Bismarck's but a mountebank is plain,
I think I play a part as well as he,
Up to this time, chance has complied with me,
Has been my 'complice. Fraud for wife I have;
Coward! I've conquered—Shone, although a knave,
Forward! I've Paris, therefore all mankind,
All things smile on me, why then lag behind?
I want but doublets, and my fortune's made.
Let me go on, since Fortune is a jade
The world is mine, I chose to govern all,
'Neath juggler's cup I hold the starry ball;

I cheated France—now let us Europe cheat,
My cloak, December! Night—my hiding
sheet;
Eagles are gone, I've nought but buzzards now.
'Tis night; I'll use it, and try, anyhow.

Full day, on Rome, Vienna, London lies,
And, save that man, all opened wide their
eyes;
Berlin watched silent, smiling with delight,
As he was blind he fancied it was night—
All saw the light, he only saw the shade.

Alas, no count of time, place, number made,
Groping unhelped, trusting to destiny;
And having darkness for his sole ally.
This suicide, France's proud armies took,
Which honor never yet nor fame forsook.

And without arms, bread, chiefs, or general,
To the gulf's lowest depth conducted all,
Tranquil the whole into the trap he led.
Where go you? cried the tomb—
Who knows? he said.

*

Agincourt smiles, henceforward Ramilies—
Trafalgar—shall our hours of sorrow please.
Poitiers no grief, Blenheim is no disgrace.
Crecy no field which makes us veil our face.

Black Rosbach almost seems a victory.
This! France, thy hideous spot in history—
Sedan! Death-name, which all has darkened o'er,
Spit forth! so never to pronounce it more.

*

Fierce was the strife! The carnage large and dire,
Gave to the combatants a glance of fire.
Shrieking the Furies fell, at distance stood,
In a dark cloud all spattered o'er with blood,
Mitrailleuses, mortars, cannons belch their war;
Ravens, those busy workers, come from far.
Banquets are slaughter, massacre a feast;
Rage filled the gloom, and spread from breast to breast;
All Nature part in the fierce battle takes;
From man who maddens, to the tree that shakes;
The fatal field itself seemed frenzied o'er;
One is repulsed, one driven on before.
Now France, now Germany successful cope;
All either had of death the tragic hope,
Or hideous joy of killing—no man shrunk;
All with the acrid scent of blood were drunk;
None yield; each this the fatal hour knows,
That seed an arm of fearful power sows;

Bullets rained down upon the darkened sod;
The wounded groaned, the nearest on them trod;
The hoarse-mouthed cannon on the *melée* blew
A vast thick smoke, which on the breezes flew.
Country, devotion, fame, their thoughts engage,
And duty's call, beneath their desperate rage,
Sudden—in all this mist, 'mid thunder's breath,
In the vast gloom where laughs imagined death;
In clash of epic shocks, and in the hell
Of brass and copper which on iron fell;
The crash, the crush of hurtling shell and bomb,
In rain and rave of that wild hecatomb;
While the harsh clarions sound their dismal cry,
The while our soldiers strive and proudly try
To mate the deeds of their great ancestors,
A shudder through the haggard standards pours,
While waiting the decree of destiny.—
All bleed, fight bravely, strive, or nobly die,—
They heard the monstrous words—"I wish to live!"

The cannons are struck dumb—no longer strive
The blood-drunk hosts—the abysmal word was said—

And the black eagle waits with claws outspread.

TO HIS ORPHAN GRANDCHILDREN

L'année terrible, July, X *Marwood Tucker*

I FEEL thy presence, Charles. Sweet martyr! down
In earth, where men decay,
I search, and see from cracks which rend thy tomb,
Burst out pale morning's ray.

Close linked are bier and cradle: here the dead,
To charm us, live again:
Kneeling, I mourn, when on my threshold sounds
Two little children's strain.

George, Jeanne, sing on! George, Jeanne, unconscious play!
Your father's form recall,
Now darkened by his sombre shade, now gilt
By beams that wandering fall.

Oh, knowledge! what thy use? did we not know
Death holds no more the dead;
But Heaven, where, hand in hand, angel and star
Smile at the grave we dread?

A heaven, which childhood represents on earth.
Orphans, may God be nigh!
That God, who can your bright steps turn aside
From darkness, where I sigh.

All joy be yours, though sorrow bows me down!
To each his fitting wage:
Children, I've passed life's span, and men are plagued
By shadows at that stage.

Hath any done—nay, only half performed—
The good he might for others?
Hath any conquered hatred, or had strength
To treat his foes like brothers?

E'en he, who's tried his best, hath evil wrought,
Pain springs from happiness:
My heart has triumphed in defeat, my pulse
Ne'er quickened at success.

I seemed the greater when I felt the blow:
The prick gives sense of gain;

Since to make others bleed my courage fails,
I'd rather bear the pain.

To grow is sad, since evils grow no less;
Great height is mark for all:
The more I have of branches, more of clustering boughs,
The ghastlier shadows fall.

Thence comes my sadness, though I grant your charms:
Ye are the outbursting
Of the soul in bloom, steeped in the draughts
Of nature's boundless spring.

George is the sapling, set in mournful soil;
Jeanne's folding petals shroud
A mind which trembles at our uproar, yet
Half longs to speak aloud.

Give, then, my children,—lowly, blushing plants,
Whom sorrow waits to seize,—
Free course to instincts, whispering 'mid the flowers,
Like hum of murmuring bees.

Some day you'll find that chaos comes, alas!
That angry lightning's hurled,
When any cheer the people, Atlas huge,
Grim bearer of the world!

You'll see that, since our fate is ruled by chance,
Each man, unknowing, great,
Should frame life so, that at some future hour
Fact and his dreamings meet.

I, too, when death is past, one day shall grasp
That end I know not now;
And over you will bend me down, all filled
With dawn's mysterious glow.

I'll learn what means this exile, what this shroud
Enveloping your prime;
And why the truth and sweetness of one man
Seem to all others crime.

I'll hear—though midst these dismal boughs you sang—
How came it, that for me,
Who every pity feel for every woe,
So vast a gloom could be.

I'll know why night relentless holds me, why
So great a pile of doom:
Why endless frost enfolds me, and methinks
My nightly bed's a tomb:

Why all these battles, all these tears, regrets,
And sorrows were my share;
And why God's will of me a cypress made,
When roses bright ye were.

ON A BARRICADE

L'année terrible, June, XI *N. R. T.*

Upon a barricade thrown 'cross the street
Where patriot's blood with felon's stains one's feet,
Ta'en with grown men, a lad aged twelve, or less!
"Were you among them—you?" He answered: "Yes."
"Good," said the officer, "when comes your turn,
You'll be shot, too."—The lad sees lightnings burn,—
Stretched 'neath the wall his comrades one by one:
Then says to the officer: "First let me run
And take this watch home to my mother, sir?"
"You want to escape?"—"No, I'll come back."—"What fear
These brats have! Where do you live?"—"By the well, below:
I'll return quickly if you let me go."
"Be off, young scamp!" Off went the boy. "Good joke!"

And here from all a hearty laugh outbroke,
And with this laugh the dying mixed their moan.

But the laugh suddenly ceased, when, paler grown,
'Midst them the lad appeared, and breathlessly
Stood upright 'gainst the wall with: "Here am I."

Dull death was shamed; the officer said: "Be free!"

Child, I know not, in all this agony
Where good and ill as with one blast of hell
Are blent, *thy* part, but this I know right well,
That thy young soul's a hero-soul sublime.
Gentle and brave, thou trod'st, despite all crime,
Two steps,—one toward thy mother, one toward death.
For the child's deeds the grown man answereth;
No fault was thine to march where others led.
But glorious aye that child who chose instead
Of flight that lured to life, love, freedom, May,
The sombre wall 'neath which slain comrades lay!
Glory on thy young brow imprints her kiss.
In Hellas old, sweetheart, thou hadst, y-wis,
After some deathless fight to win or save,
Been hailed by comrades bravest of the brave;—

Hadst smiling in the holiest ranks been found,
Haply by some Æschylean verse bright-crowned!
On brazen disks thy name had been engraven;—
One of those godlike youths who, 'neath blue heaven,
Passing some well whereo'er the willow droops
What time some virgin 'neath her pitcher stoops
Brimmed for her herds athirst, brings to her eyes
A long, long look of awed yet sweet surmise.

LES MALHEUREUX

Les contemplations, 5, XXVI, frag. — *Harrison S. Morris*

In the world's first days, when the mists of the morn
Beheld with surprise each object new-born,
When here on the globe where evil had rise
Still floated a gleam of the lost paradise,
When the dawn still shone on the dewy earth,
When under Time's boughs the years had birth,
In the sphere where the flesh and the spirit blend—
Deep silence prevailed, and night without end.

And the waves on the shore, the desert, the wood,
And the flowers of the field, and the fierce savage brood,
And the lofty rocks with their dark cavities,
Beheld, from a cavern deep-shaded by trees
Whose majesty dwarfed our oaks to the dust,
A pair come forth, nude, aged, august.
It was Eve, with her plenteous hair grown white,
And Adam, bent low from his lofty height,
And haggard, and humbled, and labor-bruised,
But with eyes which the vision of God suffused.
On a huge gray boulder they sat them down
Where the tawny hills wore a threatening frown,
But above was the sky's eternal stare,
And the day was silent and hard and bare.
Their sad eyes turned the green world gray;
They spake not, neither to curse nor pray,
But sat as stone with hand on knee
And with back to back, as in enmity.
And their shoulders were bowed as when we bear
Burdens that greaten in weight and care.
Moveless they were, save — each hour that sped —
To bow still lower the heavy head;
And, sunk in a stupor fatal and grim,
Cold, livid, forlorn, they crouched before Him
Without number and form, seeing each as they might,
The slow-dying day or the oncoming night.

And while rose the fair constellations on high,
And the first wave kissed with its tenderest sigh
The earliest halcyons, brood of the dawn;
And, like flowers that fall in a stream from an urn,
The stars thronged and filled the blackness of night—
The troubled pair mused, without hearing or sight.
Deaf to noise of the sea when the hurricanes sweep,
They wept on in silence alone, without sleep.
They wept there together, ancestors of men,
The father for Abel, the mother for Cain.

THE SORTIE

L'année terrible, Jan., VIII — *N. R. Tyerman*

The chill dawn glimmered, wan for night's defeat.
A troop defiled in order through the street;
I followed, by that rumor vast drawn on
Of men's feet trampling in strong unison.
Citizens were they marching for the fight;
Pure warriors! In the ranks, less as to height,
But by the heart compeer, the child with pride
Held by the hand his father, by whose side,

Bearing her husband's rifle, marched the wife.
Still, as of yore, our Gallic girls in strife
Are proud their warriors' glittering arms to bear,
If one beard Cæsar, or brave Attila.
What next? The child laughs; those dark eyes of yours,
Mother, are dry. Paris defeat endures,
But all her children are on this agreed,
That, save by shame, no people's shamed indeed,
That their dead sires will blush not, come what may,
So Paris die that France may live for aye.
Honor we keep; for the rest we care not, we—
So forward! On pale brows inscribed we see
'Bove eyes aflame, Faith, Courage, and Starvation.
Onward these warriors of a glorious nation
March, 'neath her banner, torn, but undefiled:
With the battalion mingle wife and child,
To leave it only at the city-gates.
These men devoted, and their warrior-mates
Sing. Paris bleeds for the whole human race.
An ambulance passes; of all tyrants base
One muses, whose least whim makes rivers red
Flow from out veins of victor and vanquishéd.
The hour draws nigh; to the sortie drums beat;
While troops high-hearted pour from street on street;

All hasten ; to the leaguer woe this morn !
Ambushes !—but all snares one holds in scorn,
Knowing the valiant, vanquished thus acclaimed
Glorious of all men, while the victor's shamed.
At th' walls they arrive ; concentrate ; suddenly
Adrift on the wind a wreath of smoke we see ;
Halt ! 'Tis the signal-gun ! Another ! lo,
Through massed battalions runs a mighty throe !
The moment's come ; the gates are opened wide ;
Trumpets, speak loud ! yon low green plains divide
From us the woods where lurks the foe unseen ;
The horizon stretches motionless, serene,
Slumberous, insidious, with dire flames replete.
Listen, low words — " Adieu — my rifle, sweet ! " . . .
And wives, heart-broken, brow where nought's amiss,
Give up the rifles, sacred with Love's kiss.

CAPITULATION

L'année terrible, Jan., XIII *Dean Carrington*

THUS greatest nations to their fall descend—
'Tis in miscarriage all their labors end ;
Was it for this, th' indignant people say,
We did all night on the high bastions stay ?

Were we for this unconquered, lofty, stark,
And of the Prussian missiles stood the mark?
Was it for this, we heroes, martyrs were,
And more and fiercer war than Tyre bare;
Than Corinth or Byzantium more endured,
For this, for five long months, have been immured
By those black furtive Teutons, in whose eyes
The gloomy stupor of weird forests lies!
For this dug mines, and borne the strife immense,
Broke bridges, famine braved, and pestilence;
Did trenches make, fix piles, and towers build!
O France! and with the seed of slaughter filled
The grave—of battles the black granary!
For this did storm and shot each day defy!

High heavens! after such tests, such noble deeds
By Paris wrought which uncomplaining bleeds;
After vast hopes, and expectations high
Of the proud town panting for victory;
Which dashing 'gainst the cannon iron knit,
Appeared its walls to champ, as horse its bit.—
Where valor greater grew, new woes to meet,
Where children shelled while running in the street,
Picked up the shells, and cannon-balls in sport,—
When not one single citizen fell short;—

Three hundred thousand for the battle steeled—
Their officers th' unconquered city yield!
With your devotion, fury, pride of heart,
And courage,—they have played the coward's part,
People!—And history shall loathe and blame
Such glory, tarnished by so deep a shame.

PAST PARTICIPLE OF THE VERB TROPCHOIR

L'année terrible, June, XVII *Dean Carrington*

Past participle of Tropchoir—man fraught
With virtues numberless—whose sun is nought;
Brave, pious soldier, useless for attack,
Not a bad cannon—but too apt to back;
Christian, upright, who twofold merit has,
Of serving both his country—and the mass.
I do you justice; why, then, at me carp?
You make on me, in style oblique and sharp,
Assaults, which, if on Prussia made, had told
During the Prussian siege and Russian cold.
Being an old man, I bore not arms.—Confessed!
Glad to be shut in Paris with the rest;
And sometimes, while did shot and bullets fall,
Would in my turn mount guard upon the wall:

Cried "Here!"—though old and by decree
of Fate
Useless—yet did I not capitulate!
In your hands laurels, turned to nettles be,
You make your only sorties against me.
Of them in that bad siege we thought you
slack:
Well, we were wrong—for me you kept them
back.
You, who to cross the Maine were never
known,
Why fly at me—since I left you alone?
Why should my blue cloth coat your eyes
displease,
Or my kepi disturb your chaplet's ease?

Cold, famine, five long months we underwent,
And dread of worse.—And are you not con-
tent?
Brave, faithful, we ne'er harassed you at all.
Say, if you please, you're a great general;
But to dash through the gulf, through foes to
break,
To sound the charge, through fire your host to
take,
Barra, the subaltern, I covet more.

See Garibaldi, from Caprera's shore,
Kleber at Cairo, or on Venice walls
Manin.—Be calm! Great Paris dies and falls

Because you lacked not heart, but faith.—Alas!
On you will history this sentence pass:
France, thanks to him, fought with but half her power,
In those great days, in strife's decisive hour;
The land which wounds, death foes could ne'er subdue,
Marched with Gambetta, halted with Trochu.

A CHILD'S GRAVE

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXVIII — *C. E. Meetkerke*

Old ivy, trembling reeds and herbs and flowers;
Temple where God's own peace and pardon dwell;
Buzzing of wings that through the drowsy hours
Seem to be murmuring hymns ineffable;

Breezes and streams and whispers infinite;
Dark depths of woodland where the dew-drops lie;
Fruits dropping from the trees in summer night;
Stars falling in the cold, mysterious sky;

Sweet songs of birds, and rushing waters wail;
All creeping things and voices of the morn;

Cries in the fields—flutter of ocean sail—
Sea, where the pearl hides; earth where springs the corn:

Nature! whence all comes, all returns, *be still!*
Around that little tombstone silence keep!
Wake not a sound, winds, nests, low murmuring rill.
Let the child slumber, let the mother weep!

TO MLLE. FANNY DE P.

Les rayons et les ombres,
IX *Dublin Univ. Mag.*

In youthful spirits wild,
Smile, for all beams on thee;
Sport, sing, be still the child,
The flower, the honey-bee.

Bring not the future near,
For joy too soon declines—
What is man's mission here?
Toil, where no sunlight shines!

Our lot is hard, we know;
From eyes so gaily beaming,
Whence rays of beauty flow,
Salt tears most oft are streaming.

Free from emotions past,
All joy and hope possessing,
With mind in pureness cast,
Sweet ignorance confessing.

Plant, safe from winds and showers,
Heart with soft visions glowing,
In childhood's happy hours
A mother's rapture showing.

Loved by each anxious friend,
No carking care within—
When summer gambols end,
Thy winter sports begin.

Sweet poesy from heaven
Around thy form is placed,
A mother's beauty given,
By father's thought is graced!

Seize, then, each blissful second,
Live, for joy sinks in night,
And those whose tale is reckoned,
Have had their days of light.

Then, oh! before we part,
The poet's blessing take,
Ere bleeds that angel heart,
Or child the woman make.

FIAT VOLUNTAS

Les rayons et les ombres,
XI — *C. E. Meetkerke*

POOR woman! in the babble of the day
'Mid careless gossip: "She went mad," they say,
"And died."
Mad?—Dead? and for so slight a thing!
Because a prisoned bird has taken wing!
Because a life that hardly lived is o'er!
Because a baby sleeps to wake no more!

When she beheld her son in that last hour
('Twas thus she called that little fragile flower,
That passing shadow) cold and voiceless lie,
Who should pretend to soothe such agony?
She did not weep, but rose and seemed to seek
For something that was lost; and worn and weak
Sought the familiar solitudes among,
Bending her head as if she heard a song.
In vain they tell her that it must be so,
That life is full of bitterness and woe,
That there are children—mothers, mark it well!—
God only lends from worlds invisible,
To brighten and console our darker hours,
Just as He gives us birds and trees and flowers

A little while. She heeded not: her eyes,
Fixed on the wandering clouds of summer skies,
Saw but two open arms: passing away,
She slept as one may sleep at close of day.
For sovereign power to small dead arms is given
To draw poor mothers quickly up to heaven.

THE HUMBLE HOME

Les rayons et les ombres,
4, I, frag. *Author of "Critical Essays"*

The Church is vast; its towering pride, its steeples loom on high;
The bristling stones with leaf and flower are sculptured wondrously;
The portal glows resplendent with its "rose,"
And 'neath the vault immense at evening swarm
Figures of angel, saint, or demon's form,
As oft a fearful world our dreams disclose.
But not the huge cathedral's height, nor yet its vault sublime,
Nor porch, nor glass, nor streaks of light, nor shadows deep with time;
Nor massy towers, that fascinate mine eyes;

No, 'tis that spot—the mind's tranquillity—
Chamber wherefrom the song mounts cheerily,
Placed like a joyful nest well-nigh the skies.

Yea! glorious is the Church, I ween, but meekness dwelleth here;
Less do I love the lofty oak than mossy nest it bear;
More dear is meadow breath than stormy wind:
And when my mind for meditation's meant,
The seaweed is preferred to the shore's extent—
The swallow to the main it leaves behind.

HOPE

Les rayons et les ombres,
XXXIX — *C. E. Meetkerke*

SWEET hope, my child, is nothing but a reed.
God holds in hand our days, belovéd one;
He winds them on the wheel that turns with speed,
The thread breaks—and our life-long toil is done.
In every cradle decked with rosy wreath
Lurk germs of death.

Once, long, long years ago, futurity
Before my eyes with purest radiance glowed,

The stars with glory filled the midnight sky,
The sea with halcyon breezes calmly flowed;
But all these visions of an earlier day
Have passed away.

If near thee one should turn aside to weep,
Ask not the reason of those silent tears,
For they are sweet and lull men's grief to sleep,
Soft solace in our many cares and fears.
And every tear-drop, child, like summer rain
Blots out a stain.

BIRDS

La légende des siècles, 39, I, frag. — *C. E. Meetherke*

Sweet birds soft singing in the flowery dale,
When will the prison of sad love be free?
O lark of rosy morn! O nightingale!
So full of gladness and of harmony,
Gay pillagers of fruits and golden grain,
Warblers of eve till dawn comes round again,
Are you not sad to see the gates of air
Close against hearts that seek the azure there,
But to the cage-door of the cruel past
Are held by captive wing so firm and fast?
Do you not say to star, to night, to grove,
Is it, then, man alone that may not love?

THE DERVISH

Les orientales, XIII *H. L. W.*

Ali came riding by—the highest head
Bent to the dust, o'ercharged with dread,
Whilst "God be praised!" all cried;
But through the throng one dervish pressed,
Aged and bent, who dared arrest
The pasha in his pride.

"Ali Tepelini, light of all light,
Who hold'st the Divan's upper seat by right,
Whose fame Fame's trump hath burst—
Thou art the master of unnumbered hosts,
Shade of the Sultan—yet he only boasts
In thee a dog accurst!

"An unseen tomb-torch flickers on thy path,
Whilst, as from vial full, thy spare-nought wrath
Splashes this trembling race:
These are thy grass as thou their trenchant scythe,
Cleaving their neck as 'twere a willow withe—
Their blood none can efface.

"But ends thy tether! for Janina makes
A grave for thee where every turret quakes,

And thou shalt drop below
To where the spirits, to a tree enchained,
Will clutch thee, there to be 'mid them retained
For all to-come in woe!

"Or if, by happy chance, thy soul might flee
Thy victims, after, thou shouldst surely see
And hear thy crimes relate;
Streaked with the guileless gore drained from their veins,
Greater in number than the reigns on reigns
Thou hopedst for thy state.

"This so will be! and neither fleet nor fort
Can stay or aid thee as the deathly port
Receives thy harried frame!
Though, like the cunning Hebrew knave of old,
To cheat the angel black, thou didst enfold
In altered guise thy name."

Ali deemed anchorite or saint a pawn—
The crater of his blunderbuss did yawn,
Sword, dagger, hung at ease:
But he had let the holy man revile,
Though clouds o'erswept his brow; then, with a smile,
He tossed him his pelisse,

THE DJINNS

Les orientales, XXVIII *John L. O'Sullivan*

Town, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep;
Waves gray,
Where play
Winds gay,
All asleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night:
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire,
Roaring, bright.

Now, on 'tis sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet:
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each new burst!
Like the tolling bell
Of a convent curst;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, but once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinn's fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high!

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine flame crackling bright.
Swift, though heavy, lo! their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud
Like a livid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery might!

Ho! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!

The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly!
Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid troop before the tempest tossed—
O Heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek:

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on the faithful's door in vain;
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming light before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the fitful gale
On some old roof-tree sere.

Fainter now are borne
Feeble mutterings still;
As when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds in wild flight.

Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of Ocean's groan
Afar, by night!

More and more
Fades it slow,
As on shore
Ripples flow,—
As the plaint
Far and faint
Of a saint
Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
Around,
I list!
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

WHAT CARES MY HEART?

Les feuilles d'automne, IV — *C. E. Meetkerke*

WHAT matters it, my heart, this birth of kings,
These victories with which the steeple rings,

The conquering cannon's roar?
Thanksgivings decked in gorgeous panoply,
And golden sheaves to blaze against the sky,
When light of day is o'er?

Look elsewhere, O my heart! for nothing here
Is worth a smile and little worth a tear!
All things are vain at best!
Crown, mitres, shine awhile, but nothing lives;
Nothing is worth the blade of grass God gives
To make the swallow's nest.

The more of emptiness, the louder sound!
The ball that levels castles to the ground
Passes the dovecot by.
God nears his creatures in their shame and loss,
The coronet is shadowed by the Cross,
Tombs pave the sanctuary.

The column's height, the wealth of palace halls,
The hero's name to cold oblivion falls
And rolling years remove.
Thought reels on the mysterious abyss!
A few feet underground such silentness,
And so much noise above!

ZARA, THE BATHER

Les orientales, XIX *John L. O'Sullivan*

In a swinging hammock lying,
Lightly flying,
Zara, lovely indolent,
O'er a fountain's crystal wave
There to lave
Her young beauty—see her bent.

As she leans, so sweet and soft,
Flitting oft,
O'er the mirror to and fro,
Seems that airy floating bat
Like a feather
From some sea-gull's wing of snow.

Every time the frail boat laden
With the maiden
Skims the water in its flight,
Starting from its trembling sheen,
Swift are seen
A white foot and neck so white.

As that lithe foot's timid tips
Quick she dips,
Passing, in the rippling pool
(Blush, oh! snowiest ivory!)
Frolic, she
Laughs to feel the pleasant cool.

Here displayed, but half concealed—
Half revealed,
Each bright charm shall you behold,
In her innocence emerging,
As a-verging
On the wave her hands grow cold.

For no star, howe'er divine,
Has the shine
Of a maid's pure loveliness,
Frightened if a leaf but quivers
As she shivers,
Veiled with nought but dripping trees.

By the happy breezes fanned
See her stand,—
Blushing like a living rose,
On her bosom swelling high
If a fly
Dare to seek a sweet repose.

In those eyes which maiden pride
Fain would hide,
Mark how Passion's lightnings sleep!
And their glance is brighter far
Than the star
Brightest in heaven's bluest deep.

O'er her limbs the glittering current
In soft torrent

Rains adown the gentle girl,
As if, drop by drop, should fall,
One and all
From her necklace every pearl.

Lengthening still the reckless pleasure
At her leisure,
Care-free Zara ever slow
As the hammock floats and swings
Smiles and sings,
To herself, so sweet and low.

"Oh, were I a capitana,
Or sultana,
Amber should be always mixt
In my bath of jewelled stone,
Near my throne,
Griffins twain of gold betwixt.

"Then my hammock should be silk,
White as milk;
And, more soft than down of dove,
Velvet cushions where I sit
Should emit
Perfumes that inspire love.

"Then should I, no danger near,
Free from fear,
Revel in my garden's stream;
Nor amid the shadows deep
Dread the peep
Of two dark eyes' kindling gleam.

"He who thus would play the spy,
On the die
For such sight his head must throw;
In his blood the sabre naked
Would be slakéd,
Of my slaves of ebon brow.

"Then my rich robes trailing show
As I go,
None to chide should be so bold;
And upon my sandals fine
How should shine
Rubies worked in cloth-of-gold!"

Fancying herself a queen,
All unseen,
Thus vibrating in delight;
In her indolent coquetting
Quite forgetting
How the hours wing their flight.

As she lists the showery tinkling
Of the sprinkling
By her wanton curvets made,
Never pauses she to think
Of the brink
Where her wrapper white is laid.

To the harvest-fields the while
In long file,

Speed her sisters' lively band,
Like a flock of birds in flight
Streaming light,
Dancing onward hand in hand.

And they're singing, every one,
As they run;
This the burden of their lay:
"Fie upon such idleness!
Not to dress
Earlier on harvest-day!"

MOONLIGHT ON THE BOSPHORUS

Les orientales, X *John L. O'Sullivan*

BRIGHT shone the merry moonbeams dancing
o'er the wave;
At the cool casement, to the evening breeze
flung wide,
Leans the sultana, and delights to watch
the tide,
With surge of silvery sheen, yon sleeping
islets lave.

From her hand, as it falls, vibrates the light
guitar.
She listens—hark! that sound that echoes
dull and low.

Is it the beat upon the Archipelago
Of some long galley's oar, from Scio bound afar?

Is it the cormorants, whose black wings, one by one,
Cut the blue wave that o'er them breaks in liquid pearls?
Is it some hovering sprite with whistling scream that hurls
Down to the deep from yon old tower a loosened stone?

Who thus disturbs the tide near the seraglio?
'Tis no dark cormorants that on the ripple float,
'Tis no dull plunge of stone—no oars of Turkish boat,
With measured beat along the water creeping slow.

'Tis heavy sacks, borne each by voiceless dusky slaves;
And could you dare to sound the depths of yon dark tide,
Something like human form would stir within its side.
Bright shone the merry moonbeams dancing o'er the wave.

PAN

Les feuilles d'automne,
XXXVIII *N. R. Tyerman*

If one tell you that Art and Art's crown, poesy,
Is a honeyed stream sweet to satiety,
An empty rumor brief years outblot,
A gilded toy of a room of gilt,
Or a babel of rhymes by man's breath vain-built,—
Oh! believe it not!

O sacred singers, spirit-shaken, most high,
Go forth! pour your souls on vast summits the sky
But embraceth, whose snows are scarce stirred by the wind;
On deserts all-still where the faint heart drinks song,
On woods wind-swept with the wild leaf-throng,
On slumberous lakes in the valleys reclined.

Everywhere holy nature is bounteous and fair;
Where warm grass thickens and flocks repair,
Where the love-sick kid browses cistus in flower,
Where sings the shepherd the bird only hears,
Where the night-breeze smites the mute rock all in tears
With the cascade-shower;

Everywhere bird-plumage or fleece-flake may fly,
Be it ocean or plain that they winnow by;
'Mong the old-world branches of forests hoar,
Sterile islands, lone lakes whose dull water scarce laves
Wan shores; great mountains, seas, snow, sand, or waves,
Meadows; all regions that hear the wind roar;

Everywhere that the sunset spreads broader oak-shades,
Everywhere gentle hills entwine dimly soft braids,
Everywhere the fields laugh with bright harvest, glad throngs,
Everywhere a fruit drops from a summer-spent bough,
Everywhere a blithe bird to sip dew stoopeth low—
Go, gaze, chant your songs!

Go forth to the forests, go forth to the vales,
Shower broadly a torrent of song that ne'er fails!
Search keenly through nature, disclosed to your sight,—
Be it winter that saddens or summer that sings—
The God-Word unheard save in low murmurings:
Listen what saith in the sky the sword-light!

'Tis God fulfils all; by Him all things are proved,
The world is His fane, and each spirit is moved
To behold and adore Him, th' eternal, the One!
In His whole creation a joy, a smile lives,—
In the star which takes light from, the flow'ret which gives
Sweet scent to His sun!

Drink deeply of all! O poets drink deep!
Of the meads, of the brooks, of faint leaves that ne'er sleep,
Of the traveller unseen whose clear voice thrills the night,
Of the tender first blooms their wan mother scarce knows,
Of vast waters, the air, of still woods whose repose
Is broken with rumbling of wheels in dull flight.

Ye brothers of eagles, love the eagles' haunt!
And most when the tempest his war-song doth chaunt,
That grows louder as ever it sweepeth more near,
The horizon up-piling with black brooding clouds
And bending tall trees, till the shuddering crowds
Down dark depths seem to peer!

Contemplate the morning's serenity bright
When the mist in the valley in shreds taketh flight,
When the sun, which the forest hath yet half in hold—
Showing half in the heavens his sloping fire-sphere—
Waxes larger, as in the far east doth appear,
As one journeys, a cupola dazzling with gold.

Drink deep of the even! At the solemn hour
When the sweet silent landscape seems slowly to cower,
Flowerwise to uphold,—roads, valleys, and streams;
When the mountain, with brow to the heaven upraised,
Seems a prostrate giant on elbow raised
While he gazes and dreams!

If ye have in you, poets, alive and afire
A world of most ardent and inner desire,
Of images, thoughts, of raptures, love, light—
To renew this fair world, exchange life which ne'er dies
With the visible world which around you all lies,
Blend the might of your soul with the vast world-might!

For, O sacred bards! Art is Heaven's own
voice,
Profoundly sweet, bidding sorrow rejoice,
As fluctuant as waves when a breeze is abroad,
By an echo retold through each spirit, each
thing,
Which nature breathes forth 'neath your hands
thundering
On this harp, touched of God.

PIRATES' SONG

Les orientales, VIII *H. L. W.*

We're bearing fivescore Christian dogs
To serve the cruel drivers:
Some are fair beauties gently born,
And some rough coral-divers.
We hardy skimmers of the sea
Are lucky in each sally,
And, eighty strong, we send along
The dreaded Pirate Galley.

A nunnery was spied ashore,
We lowered away the cutter,
And, landing, seized the youngest nun
Ere she a cry could utter;
Beside the creek, deaf to our oars,
She slumbered in green alley,

As, eighty strong, we sent along
The dreaded Pirate Galley.

"Be silent, darling, you must come—
The wind is off shore blowing;
You only change your prison dull
For one that's splendid, glowing!
His Highness dotes on milky cheeks,
So do not make us dally"—
We, eighty strong, who send along
The dreaded Pirate Galley.

She sought to flee back to her cell
And called us each a devil!
We dare do aught becomes Old Scratch,
But like a treatment civil,
So, spite of buffet, prayers, and calls—
Too late her friends to rally—
We, eighty strong, bore her along
Unto the Pirate Galley.

The fairer for her tears profuse,
As dews refresh the flower,
She is well worth three purses full,
And will adorn the bower—
For vain her vow to pine and die
Thus torn from her dear valley:
She reigns, and we still row along
The dreaded Pirate Galley.

SUNSET

Les feuilles d'automne, 35, VI — *Toru Dutt*

THE sun set this evening in masses of cloud,
The storm comes to-morrow, then calm be the night,
Then the Dawn in her chariot refulgent and proud,
Then more nights, and still days, steps of Time in his flight.
The days shall pass rapid as swifts on the wing,
O'er the face of the hills, o'er the face of the seas,
O'er streamlets of silver, and forests that ring
With a dirge for the dead, chanted low by the breeze;
The face of the waters, the brow of the mounts
Deep scarred but not shrivelled, and woods tufted green,
Their youth shall renew; and the rocks to the founts
Shall yield what these yielded to ocean their queen.
But day by day bending still lower my head,

Still chilled in the sunlight, soon I shall
have cast,
At height of the banquet, my lot with the dead,
Unmissed by creation aye joyous and vast.

ECSTASY

Les orientales, XXXVII *R. C. Ellwood*

I stood by the waves, while the stars soared
in sight,
Not a cloud specked the sky, not a sail shim-
mered bright;
Scenes beyond this dim world were revealed
to mine eye;
And the woods, and the hills, and all nature
around,
Seemed to question with moody, mysterious
sound,
The waves, and the pure stars on high.
And the clear constellations, that infinite throng,
While thousand rich harmonies swelled in
their song,
Replying, bowed meekly their diamond-
blaze—
And the blue waves, which nothing may bind
or arrest,
Chorused forth, as they stooped the white
foam of their crest:
"Creator! we bless thee and praise!"

TO A LADY

Les feuilles d'automne,
XXII — *N. R. Tyerman*

If I were a king, mine empire, O child,
I would give, and my sceptre, and them that bow down
As my chariot rolls by, and my golden crown,
And my sea-cars wherewith the vast sea waxeth wild,
For one only smile of thee, child!

If I were a god, I would give, O child,
Earth and the air, and the angel-throng,
Chaos, the heavens, and the vast star-song
That moves 'mong still spaces with love made mild,
For one only kiss of thee, child!

SONGS OF YOUTH

Les feuilles d'automne,
XXXIX — *N. R. T.*

Ere yet my youthful songs beloved,
Tender and true, keen pangs had proved
Of the base world's ingratitude,
Far from the bitter blasts of reason,
How bloomed they in how bright a season
With sweetest scents and rays endued!

From singing branches of life's tree,
With a weird ghostly melody,
Now, ere wild winter's come, they're riven.
East, south, north, west, they're whirled and
scattered,
Each petal pure with mud bespattered,
By wind or water drowned or driven.

Whilst I, whose brow, methought, should be
With leaf and bloom perpetually
Adorned, watch their wild dance i' the air;
Till lo, I'm turned from looking after,
Hearing the dull world's mocking laughter
Around the sighing branches bare!

THE PATIENCE OF THE PEOPLE

Les feuilles d'automne,
III, frag. *G. W. M. Reynolds*

How often have the people said: What's power?
Who reigns soon is dethroned? each fleeting
hour
Has onward borne, as in a fevered dream,
Such quick reverses, like a judge supreme—
Austere but just, they contemplate the end
To which the current of events must tend.
Self-confidence has taught them to forbear,
And in the vastness of their strength, they spare.
Armed with impunity, for *one in vain*
Resists a *nation*, they let others reign.

MENTANA

(TO GARIBALDI)

Pendant l'exil (actes et paroles), 1867, VIII *Edwin Arnold, C. S. I.*

I

YOUNG soldiers of the noble Latin blood,
How many are ye—Boys? Four thousand odd.
How many are there dead? Six hundred: count!
Their limbs lie strewn about the fatal mount,
Blackened and torn, eyes gummed with blood, hearts rolled
Out from their ribs, to give the wolves of the wold
A red feast; nothing of them left but these
Pierced relics, underneath the olive-trees,
Show where the gin was sprung—the scoundrel-trap
Which brought those hero-lads their foul mishap.
See how they fell in swathes—like barley-ears!
Their crime? to claim Rome and her glories theirs;
To fight for Right and Honor:—foolish names!
Come—Mothers of the soil! Italian dames!
Turn the dead over!—try your battle luck!
(Bearded or smooth, to her that gave him suck

The man is always child)—Stay, here's a brow
Split by the Zouaves' bullets! This one, now,
With the bright curly hair soaked so in blood,
Was yours, ma donna!—sweet and fair and good.
The spirit sat upon his fearless face
Before they murdered it, in all the grace
Of manhood's dawn. Sisters, here's yours! his lips,
Over whose bloom the bloody death-foam slips,
Lisped house-songs after you, and said your name
In loving prattle once. That hand, the same
Which lies so cold over the eyelids shut,
Was once a small pink baby-fist, and wet
With milk beads from thy yearning breasts. Take thou
Thine eldest,—thou, thy youngest born. Oh, flow
Of tears never to cease! Oh, hope quite gone,
Dead like the dead!—Yet could they live alone—
Without their Tiber and their Rome? and be
Young and Italian—and not also free?

They longed to see the ancient eagle try
His lordly pinions in a modern sky.
They bore—each on himself—the insults laid
On the dear foster-land: of naught afraid,
Save of not finding foes enough to dare
For Italy. Ah, gallant, free, and rare
Young martyrs of a sacred cause,—Adieu!
No more of life—no more of love—for you!
No sweet long-straying in the star-lit glades
At Ave-Mary, with the Italian maids;
No welcome home!

II

This Garibaldi now, the Italian boys
Go mad to hear him—take to dying—take
To passion for "the pure and high;"—God's sake!
It's monstrous, horrible! One sees quite clear
Society—our charge—must shake with fear,
And shriek for help, and call on us to act
When there's a hero, taken in the fact.
If light shines in the dark, there's guilt in that!
What's viler than a lantern to a bat?

III

Your Garibaldi missed the mark! You see
The end of life's to cheat, and not to be
Cheated: The knave is nobler than the fool!
Get all you can and keep it! Life's a pool,

The best luck wins; if Virtue starves in rags,
I laugh at Virtue; here's my money-bags!
Here's righteous metal! We have kings, I say,
To keep cash going, and the game at play;
There's why a king wants money—he'd be missed
Without a fertilizing civil list.
Do but try
The question with a steady moral eye!
The colonel strives to be a brigadier,
The marshal, constable. Call the game fair,
And pay your winners! Show the trump, I say!
A renegade's a rascal—till the day
They make him Pasha: is he rascal then?
What with these sequins? Bah! you speak to men,
And men want money—power—luck—life's joy—
Those take who can: we could, and fobbed Savoy;
For those who live content with honest state,
They're public pests; knock we 'em on the pate!
They set a vile example! Quick—arrest
That fool, who ruled and failed to line his nest.
Just hit a bell, you'll see the clapper shake—
Meddle with priests, you'll find the barrack wake—

Ah ! princes know the people's a tight boot,
March 'em sometimes to be shot and to shoot,
Then they'll wear easier. So let them preach
The righteousness of howitzers ; and teach
At the fag end of prayer : "Now, slit their throats !
My holy Zouaves ! my good yellow-coats !"
We like to see the holy father send
Powder and steel and lead without an end,
To feed Death fat ; and broken battles mend.
So they !

IV

But thou, our hero, baffled, foiled,
The glorious chief who vainly bled and toiled.
The trust of all the peoples — freedom's knight !
The paladin unstained—the sword of right !
What wilt thou do, whose land finds thee but gaols !
The banished claim the banished ! deign to cheer
The refuge of the homeless—enter here,
And light upon our households dark will fall
Even as thou enterest. Oh, brother, all,
Each one of us—hurt with the sorrows' proof,
Will make a country for thee of his roof.

Come, sit with those who live as exiles learn:
Come! Thou whom kings could conquer but not yet turn.
We'll talk of "Palermo"—"the Thousand" true,
Will tell the tears of blood of France to you;
Then by his own great sea we'll read, together,
Old Homer in the quiet summer weather,
And after, thou shalt go to thy desire
While that faint star of Justice grows to fire.

V

Oh, Italy! hail your deliverer,
Oh, nations! almost he gave Rome to her!
Strong-arm and prophet-heart had all but come
To win the city, and to make it "Rome."
Calm, of the antique grandeur, ripe to be
Named with the noblest of her history.
He would have Romanized your Rome—controlled
Her glory, lordships, gods, in a new mould.
Her spirits' fervor would have melted in
The hundred cities with her; made a twin
Vesuvius and the capitol; and blended
Strong Juvenal's with the soul, tender and splendid,

Of Dante—smelted old with new alloy—
Stormed at the Titans' road full of bold joy
Whereby men storm Olympus. Italy,
Weep !—This man could have made one Rome
of thee !

VI

But the crime's wrought ! Who wrought it ?
Honest man—
Priest Pius? No? Each does but what he can.
Yonder's the criminal ! The warlike wight
Who hides behind the ranks of France to fight,
Greek Sinon's blood crossed thick with Judas-
Jew's,
The traitor who with smile which true men
woos,
Lip mouthing pledges—hand grasping the
knife—
Waylaid French Liberty, and took her life.
Kings, he is of you ! fit companion ! one
Whom day by day the lightning looks upon
Keen ; while the sentenced man triples his
guard
And trembles ; for his hour approaches hard,
Ye ask me "when?" I say *soon !* Hear ye
not
Yon muttering in the skies above the spot?
Mark ye no coming shadow, kings? the
shroud
Of a great storm driving the thunder-cloud ?

Hark! like the thief-catcher who pulls the pin,
God's thunder asks *to speak to one within!*

VII

And meanwhile this death-odor—this corpse-scent
Which makes the priestly incense redolent
Of rotting men, and the Te Deums stink—
Reeks through the forests—past the river's brink,
O'er wood and plain and mountain, till it fouls
Fair Paris in her pleasures; then it prowls,
A deadly stench, to Crete, to Mexico,
To Poland—wheresoe'er kings' armies go:
And earth one upas-tree of bitter sadness,
Opening vast blossoms of a bloody madness.
Throats cut by thousands—slain men by the ton!
Earth quite corpse-cumbered, though the half not done!
They lie, stretched out, where the blood-puddles soak,
Their black lips gaping with the last cry spoke.
"Stretched;" nay! *sown broadcast;* yes, the word is "sown."
The fallows Liberty—the harsh wind blown
Over the furrows, Fate: and these stark dead
Are grain sublime, from Death's cold fingers shed

To make the Abyss conceive: the Future bear
More noble heroes! Swell, oh, corpses dear!
But quick to the green blade of Freedom! Death!
Do thy kind will with them! They without breath,
Stripped, scattered, ragged, festering, slashed and blue,
Dangle towards God the arms French shot tore through
And wait in meekness, Death! for him and you!

VIII

Oh, France! oh, people! sleeping unabashed!
Liest thou like a hound when it was lashed?
Thou liest! thine own blood fouling both thy hands,
And on thy limbs the rust of iron bands,
And round thy wrists the cut where cords went deep.
Say did they numb thy soul, that thou didst sleep?
Alas! sad France is grown a cave for sleeping,
Which a worse night than midnight holds in keeping,
Thou sleepest sottish—lost to life and fame—
While the stars stare on thee, and pale for shame.

Stir! rouse thee! Sit! if thou know'st not to
rise;
Sit up, thou tortured sluggard! ope thine
eyes!
Stretch thy brawn, giant! Sleep is foul and
vile!
Art fagged, art deaf, art dumb? art blind this
while?
They lie who say so! Thou dost know and
feel
The things they do to thee and thine. The
heel
That scratched thy neck in passing—whose?
Canst say?
Yes, yes, 'twas *his*, and this is his *fête-day*.
Oh, thou that wert of humankind—couched
so—
A beast of burden on this dunghill! oh!
Bray to them, mule! Oh, bullock! bellow
then!
Since they have made thee blind, grope in thy
den!
Do something, outcast one, that wast so grand!
Who knows if thou putt'st forth thy poor
maimed hand,
There may be venging weapon within reach!
Feel with both hands—with both huge arms
go stretch
Along the black wall of thy cellar. Nay,
There *may* be some odd thing hidden away?

Who knows—there *may!* Those great hands might so come
In course of ghastly fumble through the gloom,
Upon a sword—a *sword!* The hands once clasp
Its hilt, must wield it with a Victor's grasp.

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